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THE TWO BLIND MEN

BY T. A. DALY

GOOD avenin' to ye, Father, will ye be to bide a minyit?
'Tis a week o' weeks since ye was here before.
There's manny feet goes up the sthreet, an' once yer own was in it—
Last night I heard yer footsthep pass me door.
Och! musha, Father, who am I to stop a soggarth passin' by
To wan that needs him more?

Aye! "Conor o' the Brooms." I know; he bragged of it this mornin',
Wid a dale o' windy wurrds, "sez I," "sez he."
Ye may go bail he'd make the tale, wid fanciful adornin',
As wonderful as anny tale could be.
Sure, Father, 'tis mesel' that's glad ye wint to cheer yon poor ould lad,
That's blinder far nor me.

Oh, yes, there *is* a differ, though, I'm free to be admittin',
Ways, the two of us is blind as anny stone.
But times, ye see, Con sez to me: "I feel so blind jist sittin'
Wid no one nigh, jist sittin' by me lone."
They're blind, indeed, poor souls, that need another's mind to see an' read,
What thoughts are in their own.

So ye needn't think I'm jealous of a lad like poor ould Conor,
Fur my own mind's stored wid company galore.
An' 'tis little I'll be carin'—though I thank ye fur the honor—
If ye're passin' by or stoppin' at me door.
Sure ye're welcome, Father Mack, but I'd nivver call ye back
From wan that needs ye more.

OF COURSE SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, SHE TOLD HERSELF.
"I CAN'T SUSPECT OLIVER!"

To accompany "Suspecting Oliver"
See page 51

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The Crime

by

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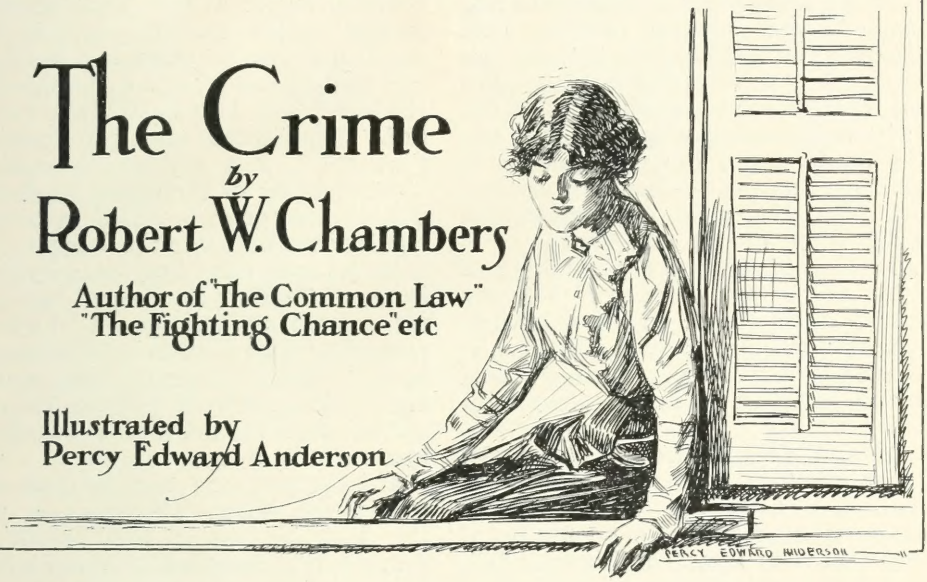


I.

NOW, it happened one day in the early springtime when the sky was china blue and filmy clouds trailed like lace across the disk of a pale sun, that I, Henry Stenhouse, nineteen years of age, well and sound in mind and body, decided to commit a crime.

The crime which I contemplated was murder. For three years past I had watched the object of my pursuit; I had peered at him at night as he lay sleeping; I had crept stealthily to his home, evening after evening, waiting for a chance to kill him. I had seen him moving about on his daily business growing fatter and sleeker, serene, sly, self-centred, absorbed in his own affairs, yet keeping a keen, shrewd eye upon strangers. For he mistrusted strangers; those who passed by him, not even noticing him, he mistrusted less than he did others who came to him with smiles and outstretched hands.

He never accepted anything from anybody. A strange step or the sound of a strange voice made him shy and suspicious. But he was cold and selfish, cold-blooded as a fish—in fact, he—but I had better tell you a little more about him first. He was my enemy; I determined to kill him. Perhaps he read it in my drawn face and sparkling eyes, for, as I stepped toward him, the first time, he turned and fled—fled straight across the Clovermead River.

And although I searched the river banks up and down and up and down again, I saw no more of him that day.

When I went home, excited, furious, I made passionate preparations to kill him. All night long I tossed feverishly in my tumbled bed, longing, aching for the morning. When the morning came I stole out of the house and bent my steps toward the river, for I had reason to believe that he lived somewhere in that neighbourhood. As I crept along, the early morning sun glittered on something that I clutched with nervous fingers. It was a weapon.

This happened three years ago; I did not find him that morning, al-

though I searched until the shadows fell over meadow and thicket. That night, too, found me on his trail, but the calm spring moon rose over Clovermead village and its pale light fell on no scene of blood.

So for three years I trailed him and stalked him, always awaiting the moment to strike—praying for an opportunity to slay; but he never gave me one. He was fierce and shifty, swift as lightning when aroused, but the battle that I offered he declined. Oh, he was deep—deep and crafty, cold-blooded as a fish—in fact, he was a fish, Mine Enemy, the Trout.

Do you imagine that the killing of mine enemy was a crime? No, my friend—that, properly done, was what is known as sport; improperly done, it is murder;—there, the murder's out! I was going to catch the trout with bait!

You, dear brethren of the angle, brave fly-fishermen all, wet or dry, turn not from me with loathing! Hear my confession, the confession of one who was tempted, listened, fell, and fished for a trout with a worm!

Anyway, it's your own fault if you throw down your book and beat your breasts with cruel violence. I told you that my story was to be a story of a crime, and if you don't like to read about crimes, you had no business to begin this tale. There are worse crimes, too—some people habitually fish with bait; some net fish, and there exist a few degraded objects in human shape who snare trout with a wicked wire hook on the end of a sapling.

Now, I don't propose to tell you about these things. I am no depraved realist, so thank your stars that the crime I contemplated was no worse than it was, and listen to the story of an erring brother. Mea culpa!

I was only nineteen, a student at the State School of Engineering, and in my senior year. What I did in engineering was barely sufficient to carry me through my examination; what I did in shooting and trout fishing might have furnished material for a sporting library. I had no particular aversion to my profession; my father before me had been a mining engineer. I was not entirely ignorant, either; I knew mica-schist from malachite, and I could—but that's of no consequence now. It is true, however, that instead of applying myself to the studies of my profession, I spent a great deal of time contributing to a New York sporting journal called the Trigger. I produced a couple of columns a week on such subjects as "German Trout *versus* Natives," "Do Automatic Reels Pay?" and "Experiments with the Amherst Pheasant." But my article entitled "The Enemies of the Spawning-Beds" won me recognition, and I became a regular contributor to the Trigger.

How I ever passed my examinations is one of those mysteries that had better remain uninvestigated. I don't remember that I studied or attended many lectures. I was too busy, shooting or fishing, or writing for the Trigger.

Also there existed a girls' boarding-house a mile away.

This school was run by two old maids, the Misses Timmins. It was the Timmins sisters' aim in life to prevent the members of their school from coming in contact with the engineers from Clovermead; therefore, we knew them all.

The means of communication were varied and numerous, for the little maidens of the boarding-school were quite as enthusiastic as we were. We never went through the formality of an introduction—it was not expected; we spoke when we had the chance, and thanked fortune for the chance.

There was, however, one weird custom laid down by the boarding-house maidens, a tradition which had existed as long as the school; and this was well understood by the Clovermead Engineers. It was this: no youth could expect to spoon with any Timmins maiden unless he first declared his intentions by serenading her.

We were not all blessed with a high order of musical ability—I played a harmonica—but we were willing to try. I had tried several times. The results were very sweet—I don't mean in a musical way.

So between the boarding-school and the Trigger I found little leisure, and the less leisure I had the less I felt

inclined to occupy it with engineering problems. Besides, there was the big trout to think of, Mine Enemy, whom I had sworn to drag from the depths of that most delicious of streams, the Clovermead River.

During these three years while I persistently fished for Mine Enemy (and goodness knows I had never before beheld so lusty a trout!) every fly known to anglers, and many flies unknown to anybody but myself, I tried on that impassive fish.

And he grew fatter and fatter.

I remember well the day of the temptation. I was sitting at the foot of the big oak tree that spreads above the pool where Mine Enemy lurked. Wearied with casting, I had sought the shadow of the oak and had lighted a cigarette to change my luck. And as I sat on the cool turf, I was aware of an angle worm, travelling along at my feet on business of its own. Scarcely conscious of what I did, I picked up a twig and tossed the little worm over the bank.

Then, in a moment, I was sorry, for I never willingly bother little things. I watched the worm sinking slowly into the crystalline depths of the pool.

When at last the little worm struck the bottom, I suppose it was both astonished and indignant, for it began to twist and turn and shoot out like a telescope over the gravelly bottom.

I was sorry, as I say, and I hoped it might make its way to the bank again and bore into it.

Several inquisitive minnows, half as long as the angle worm, gathered around it, staring and opening their diminutive mouths. Then, all at once, the minnows darted away, scattering in every direction, and a huge shadow fell upon the gravel, a trout, monstrous, lazy, slowly gliding out from the dark bank to where the worm wriggled, pushing his pink head among the pebbles.

Very deliberately, the great fish opened his mouth—not very wide—and the little worm was gone. For five minutes the trout lay there, and I watched him, scarcely daring to breathe. After a while I cautiously reached for my rod, freed the line and leader, bent a little forward, and cast over the fish. Lightly as snowflakes falling on window panes, the flies drifted on the placid surface of the pool. The trout did not stir.

It was at this moment that temptation overtook me; my sinful eyes roved over the turf where the angle worm had been, and, brethren, forgive me! —I lusted after bait! !

"It will be so easy," whispered the tempter, "no one will ever know!"

"Get behind me, Satan," said I.

"But it's so easy—and the big trout will never touch artificial flies!"

"Avaunt, Apollyon!" I groaned, while the sweat stood in beads on my eyebrows.

So I overcame the devil and went away to avoid further contention. And heaven rewarded me with the sight of a pretty girl playing a guitar at her window.

She was so pretty that the fact alone was reward enough, but Heaven never does things by halves, Madame, and when for an instant I paused by the brier hedge to listen, the pretty girl gave me one of those swift, provoking sidelong glances, and then, touching her guitar, looked innocently up into the sky.

And this is what she sang:

"Young am I, and yet unskilled
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain,
When to love and when to feign.

"Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest!"

And the guitar went strum! tum-tum! strum! tum-tum! tinkle-tinkle-tinkle-strum! tum-tum!

"The little innocent thing," I thought, and looked at her through the hedge.

She was not so very young; she might have been my own age. She was sitting in one of the windows of the dormitory which belonged to the Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-school for Young Ladies!

Evidently the Misses Timmins were not in the immediate neighborhood.

"Dear little innocent thing," I repeated to myself.

I moved slightly. She looked at me with that dreamy, confiding look that stirs the pulses of some people. I am one of those people.

"She is lonely," said I to myself. "It is the duty—nay, the precious privilege of the happy to sympathize with the lonely."

There was a bud of sweet brier beside my cheek. I picked it, sniffed it pensively, and looked at the girl in the window.

She looked at me, glanced down at her guitar, thrummed a little, sighed a little, and ate a bon-bon.

Ah, that sigh!—gentle, troubling, irresistible.

"She," thought I to myself, "shall be my goddess—this humble dormitory shall be my temple, this window my shrine! Hither will I come to worship and bring burnt offerings—almonds and bon-bons. This village will not be so dull, after all," I thought to myself.

"What time," said I, speaking very gently, for I did not wish to disturb the Misses Timmins with my rude voice, "what time, Mademoiselle, would it be advisable for an enamoured lover to serenade the delicious object of his adoration?"

"We retire at half-past nine, fair sir," said the maiden innocently.

I knew I was not mistaken. The poor child was lonely.

"Heavens!" said I, "driven to retire at half-past nine! Are—er—the—Misses Timmins—er—fierce?"

"They are deaf," said the maiden, with a child-like smile.

"Ah—unhappy ladies! This is a fine old building—a noble facade. Are you fond of architecture?"

"My window is the one I am sitting in," said the maid with simple confidence. "I could let down a string in case you had matters of grave import or state despatches to communicate."

"Ahem!" said I, "have you a string there now?"

"Yes, fair sir."

So I slid through the hedge and stood under her window holding up my creel.

"I have," said I, "a few small brook trout here—nothing to boast of—but if you would accept——"

"Indeed you are too kind——"

"They may vary the monotony of prunes and weak tea for supper——"

"Fair sir, I see you have known other boarding-school maidens!"

"Foi de gentilhomme!" I protested.

"Which is not pronounced the way we pronounce French here," she said "Let me see the trout."

I opened the creel.

"I will accept," said the girl graciously, and let down a string, to which I fastened my creel.

"You are very daring—how do you know that the whole school are not watching?"

"Because," said I, "this is the afternoon when the whole school takes a solemn ramble into the country."

"I am not rambling," she said.

"All do not ramble on days of recreation," I replied significantly.

"You know a great deal about this boarding-school, fair sir. I suppose you also know I am confined to my room as a disciplinary precaution."

"Monstrous!" I cried, suppressing my satisfaction.

"I only made a cider cocktail," she said.

"Monstrous!" I repeated. "Cider cocktails are no good."

By this time she had lowered the creel to me again and I slung it on my shoulders and picked up my rod from the lawn.

"I will bring offerings," I said. "Do you like bon-bons, gentle maiden?"

"Yes, and pickles," she said gravely.

"And music?"

"Sometimes—not too classical——"

"I will serenade you!" I cried enthusiastically. "You say the Misses Timmins are deaf?"

"Shame on you! You know they are. What do you play? I am not sure that I will accept a serenade."

"The banjo and the harmonica—not both at once. I play the harmonica best, but I couldn't sing to it at the same time, you know. Shall I come?"

"Y-es. Are you fond of pickled peaches? I can let some down to you."

I was on the point of accepting a pickled peach—I would have accepted a pickled turnip from her—when, out of the tail of my eye, I saw the tops of

multi-colored sunshades appearing above the crest of the hill, and I knew that the Misses Timmins were returning with their flock.

"You must go!" she whispered hurriedly. "Go quickly."

"Good-bye, good-night," I said. "You are the loveliest, sweetest——"

"Quick—what?"

"Angel—divine—glorious—er—"

"Oh, hasten! What!"

"And I love you!"

"You mustn't say that—must you? Oh, hurry and say it again—if you must——"

"Oh, I must!" I cried, heedless of all the Timminses on earth. "I really must——"

"My name is May Thorne—go quickly now."

"Mine is Harry Stenhouse—the deuce! They're at the gate!"

They were.

Scarcely had I slipped around the building before I heard the chatter and laughter of girls and the patter of feet on the gravel walk. I had heard it before under similar circumstances. But there was a back gate; and I went. Now see how virtue is its own reward! I had resisted the devil and—he gave me another chance.

II.

"Yes," said I to myself, remembering how I had piously ascribed my reward to Heaven—"yes, I was mistaken. I should have said: 'The devil, Madame, never does things by halves.'"

I looked back at the dormitory door. One of the Misses Timmins was snipping roses from the porch trellis.

"To eke out the meagre evening meal," I thought; "poor little maid—poor little May! Only nanny-goats eat roses, and an empty stomach rejoiceth not in perfumes."

This sounded to me like an Eastern proverb. It smacked well, and I repeated it to myself luxuriously.

"Some day," thought I, "when I am famous, and people begin to write books to prove that I'm not, I'll marry May—if I like her as well as I do now—and she likes me—ahem!" I'd forgotten that part.

"There is something about this little maid," I mused, "that touches my better nature: something too subtle to analyze, and anyway, I'm not good at that sort of analysis. She is fond of eating trout, I'm fond of catching them. Clearly we were designed for each other—if only for an hour or so."

By this time I had reached my own gate and stood pensively regarding a pair of tiny chipping birds that were absorbed in the excitement of a violent spring courtship.

"Certainly," said I to myself, "I am infatuated, and I'm proud of it. Any man would be—any man whose mind was not all mouse-coloured and neutral."

In the mellow evening light the pools of rainwater glimmered like sheets of gold. Two swallows sat on a telegraph wire twittering to each other of the coming summer, two migrating blue-jays stopped in the apple tree by the porch to chatter scandal. A pair of belated white butterflies fluttered sleepily about the lower branches of the lilac bushes.

"They're probably married also," thought I, "and now they're going home to bed. Everything that runs or flies or hops seems to be mated—except me. True, I don't fly—unless from the Misses Timmins.

I opened my creel and looked moodily into it. Fishing, after all, was cold comfort compared to stealing an interview with a winsome maid who ate bon-bons to guitar accompaniment.

"May," said I to myself softly, "May—might—May makes might and might makes right — pshaw! I'll not go bothering my conscience with every little incident that comes up." I had some consideration for my conscience; I knew how tired it was.

The rain-water in the long road ruts glimmered with a deeper orange light. A bat fluttered around the darkening foliage of the maples; a cricket creaked from door-sill.

"The bat," thought I, "is looking for a little lady-bat; the cricket is serenading; I think that I'll follow their example. I wish I could play on my harmonica and sing at the same time."

About ten o'clock that night, the

HE SAT DOWN ON A SUNNY ROCK JUST BEYOND ME, "IF SHE ONLY HAD HER

AND STIRRED THE SANDY BOTTOM WITH HER LITTLE TOES
STOCKINGS ON," I SIGHED

moon being well up, I went out onto the porch and looked at it until I felt sufficiently sentimental to sit on the damp grass under May's window and make music as I understood it. So I took my banjo under my arm, dropped my harmonica into my coat pocket, and tip-toed off down the road as many a better man had done before me, and would continue to do as long as that boarding-school existed.

O, delicious night in early spring! Lured by the balm in the soft night winds, all the little field creatures had come out of their holes in meadow and pasture, in orchard and thicket, and were scraping away on monotonous shrill melodies, accentuated by the treble of hundreds of tree toads.

In every shadowy orchard Katydids performed countless encores to the bass "bravos!" of the great bull-frogs along the mill-brook's reedy banks. All living things did their part to celebrate the coming summer, even a distant skunk added his mite to the spicy night. Personally I preferred the roadside lilacs, but it's all a matter of taste. and George the Fourth liked his oysters over-ripe.

"If these bull-frogs," thought I, "keep up their sonorous tom-toms, it will ruin my serenade—I know it, from experience."

By this time I had reached the dormitory hedge.

"A brassy cornet would be lost in this hubbub," I mused bitterly, looking up at the third window on the second floor.

I thumbed the bass string of my banjo doubtfully, paused, cleared my throat, included frogs, toads, katydids and crickets in one general and comprehensive anathema, and sang this rehashed song:

"Ye little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As May upon her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—Harry dies.

"If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Henry scorns to die!"

"Bother take it," I muttered, "I shouldn't have sung that last verse—it may offend her. That's the trouble about those old songs; you never can tell what you're singing until you've put your foot in it."

This mixed metaphor was probably due to the confusion in my mind, for what with the frogs and a lurking fear of the Misses Timmins, I was not as cool as I might have been.

While I was singing two or three windows were softly raised, and now more were being raised, and I caught glimpses of shadowy white-draped figures leaning from sills or dodging behind curtains.

And now her window opened softly; I saw a shape between the curtains and the sweet notes of a guitar came throbbing out into the night.

"Miss Thorne," I whispered, "ask those young ladies to go in, please. They always come and bother."

Some of them took the hint. I did not care for the rest, for time was precious, and I feared the Timmins! So I told Miss Thorne in a hollow, passionate whisper that it was out of the question for me to try to live without her—and a few other facts calculated to melt solid rocks into tears. But when I desired to be informed concerning her constancy, she interrupted me.

"What was that last verse you sang?" she asked.

"Oh, that was only one of those old songs, you know; I didn't intend——"

"One of those old songs? Very well. Listen to this one then, and be assured of my constancy:

"The time that is to come is not;
How, then, can it be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Harry, is only thine!

"Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows."

It was a pretty revenge for my parrot-like repetition of a verse that was out of place, but when, from a neighbouring window, another voice cried "Brava, May! Serves him right!" I was annoyed and protested in hoarse whispers.

Then all those little maids began to make fun of me. I thought I could distinguish May's silvery mocking laughter, and, hurt and angry, I shook the dew of the lawn from my shoes and went away, nursing my wrath and my hurt pride.

"That's what one gets," I mused; "that's what a man gets by meddling with things that don't concern him! I was an ass to make eyes at her. I was doubly an ass to think that she would care for good music—I was a triple ass to sing that idiotic old song. It was a too-cock-sure-independent—well, don't-if-you-don't-want-to sort of song, and women don't like that. Women are all alike—it is only circumstances that change them. I wish I had sense enough to let 'em alone! The confounded song hurt her vanity—that's what's the matter!"

I sat down on a flat rock by the roadside and blew a dismal strain from my harmonica. It comforted me a little, so I played "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" and "Casey's Lament."

The weird strains of the latter wrung howls from a dog in a stable near by, so I changed to a pleasanter air to save his feelings. But my heart was heavy; I eyed the moon furtively and moped.

"Those feather-headed girls always come and listen every time a fellow tries to do a little wooing on his own account," I muttered; "Barclay had the same experience, so did Kendall and Gordon. I'll be hanged if I repeat this fiasco—it's cursedly silly, anyway, and I don't care whether it's customary and traditional. I'll not play circus for any woman on earth!"

I wiped my harmonica on my handkerchief and played "Bannigan's Barracks" in a minor key. The dog in the stable howled intermittently.

I could see the dark mass of the dormitory out of the corner of my eye. A candle flickered behind one of the windows, I could not tell which, from where I was sitting.

And, as I eyed it askance, tooting resignedly the while, I saw somebody appear at the great gate, open it, and move swiftly out and up the road toward me.

"Some of those girls have told a Timmins, and she's coming to do me!" I thought. "I don't care. Miss Thorne made me ridiculous, and I'll not see her again, and I'm on the public highway! Let the Misses Timmins advance!"

So I struck up a lively quickstep on my harmonica and blinked innocently at the moon. The figure was close to me now. I saw it, but I tootled away, regardless.

"Mr. Stenhouse!"

I turned slowly.

"Oh, I know it is terribly imprudent, and if I'm caught I'll be sent home, but I heard your harmonica—oh, such dismal strains!—and I thought if only I could see you for a second to tell you that it was not I that laughed, for I think your serenade was—was perfectly charming—there!"

We were standing face to face in the moonlight.

At last, I said: "I was a fool to sing that song; I'm sorry, Miss Thorne."

"Oh, it was not the song so much as it was that you said—you gave me to understand quite frankly that you had—had been to the school before. You said 'the girls always bothered—'"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes,—it was most humiliating for—for me."

"Oh, I'm a perfect idiot," I admitted.

She looked down at her slippers—they had been hurriedly and carelessly tied—and I noticed it and knelt to repair the oversight.

"I was in such haste," she said. "Is it true that you have serenaded the dormitory before?"

"Not the dormitory——"

"You know what I mean; have you?"

"All the fellows do," I said vaguely.

She tapped her foot on the gravel.

"Those strings are sufficiently tied," she said. "Tell me whom you serenaded?"

"I can't do that, Miss Thorne."

"Why? Then tell me when it was."

"When? Oh, last year, before I ever imagined such a girl as you existed. It's a silly custom, anyway——"

"It isn't—it's charming when the

man has any tact. It's the tradition of the school that no girl shall spoon with a man who hasn't serenaded her, and I do not expect to break the traditions in my school——"

"Only the rules, Miss Thorne?"

"Only the rules— and a heart or two!"

"Faith, sir," she said maliciously, "did you think you were the only one?"

"Yes," said I, "I did."

"And you tell me deliberately that you had serenaded other girls there before I came—I don't know how many, perhaps a dozen, twenty, fifty, the whole school!"

"What!" I cried, bewildered.

"Oh, I don't care," she said. "I only wished to show you what men are and what their selfishness requires of women—to sacrifice everything while they sacrifice nothing."

"And you don't care?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Stenhouse."

"Then why did you risk everything to come and tell me?"

"W-what?" she stammered.

"Miss Thorne," said I, very gravely, "your school is noted for its escapades. It is known in the village, not as the 'Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-School for Young Ladies,' but as 'The Devil's Own.' We engineer students are a reckless lot, also. We are, to put it plainly, a godless crew, but this—this is somehow different. I am beginning to believe that our thoughtless folly—yours and mine—may leave one of us miserable for life."

"Me?"

"Who knows? I can only speak for myself. I have changed already—yes, in these few moments that we stood here, face to face——"

"What do you mean?" she said mockingly.

"I mean that in another minute I shall love you—in another second!"

"Are you serious?" she demanded incredulously. Then, "Oh, I thought you jolly and clever, and you prove to be soft and silly! Master Harry, you bore me!"

"I do!" I answered angrily. "Well, I'll never do it again, and I was a fool to believe you would understand anything but chocolate-creams and dormitory flirting!"

"Not only soft and silly, but a boor," she said. "Good-night. No, you need not walk to the gate with me—I never wish to set eyes on you again."

III.

On the first day of June I passed my final examination at the great Engineering School at Clovermead, and was then ready to let myself loose on the mining regions of a deluded world.

The commencement exercises bored me; I went fishing most of the time, or else stayed in my rooms writing "Dry Fly Casting as a Fine Art" for the Trigger. In the long fragrant evenings I took lonely walks by the river or sat under the oak playing minor airs on my harmonica.

At the end of the first week in June the commencement exercises were over, the visiting hordes from New York and Boston had flitted away to Newport or Bar Harbor, the Government officers went back to Washington and West Point, and the little village of Clovermead lay in the sunshine, white, sweet-scented, deserted.

"The Misses Timmins' Select Boarding-School for Young Ladies" had its commencement — a rainbow affair— and dissolved, leaving, as residue, an empty school-house and a dormitory dedicated to silence.

I didn't go to their commencement, not because I was not invited, for most of the fellows went, anyway. No, since my last serenade, I had shunned the school and all its works.

It was true that I lingered in the village of Clovermead after my fellow-students had departed, not, as I frequently explained to myself, to catch a last glimpse of Miss Thorne, but to catch that veteran trout in the Clovermead River. "I shall never see Miss Thorne again," I said to myself, "and I'm glad of it."

So on the day of her commencement I went fishing, very far off, and I passed a miserable day. It rained, among other things.

The next morning the sun shone in at my window and I looked out into the village with a strange weight at my

heart. I did not feel hungry, but went to breakfast, determined, to let nothing disturb me or my appetite. As I touched the sugar-tongs to the sugar, a faint whistle came on the June wind from the distant railroad station.

"There go the young ladies from the boarding-schoool," said my landlady; "do take one of these shirred eggs, Mr. Stenhouse."

"Thank you," said I, with a queer sensation in my throat.

"May has gone," I was thinking. After a while I said aloud: "What of it?"

"I beg your pardon," said my landlady, smiling.

"I beg yours—it was nothing; I was only thinking that I was alone in the village."

"I hope you will stay," she said, fingering the black-edged handkerchief in her lap.

"You are very good," I replied; "I shall stay until I catch that big trout in the river."

"Then poor luck to you!" smiled the kindly old lady. "What time will you have your dinner, Mr. Stenhouse?"

I went back to my room and sat down by the window. A flowering branch of late apple blossoms scraped across the sash as I threw it open and leaned out.

For a long while I listened to the droning of bees among the half-opened buds, thinking that the warmth had fled from the sunshine and the scent was gone from mead and sedge.

And "why?" I repeated to myself again and again, until a sullen anger seized me and I tramped up and down my room, my hands buried in the canvas pockets of my shooting coat.

"Now," I said to myself, "this is d——d foolishness. I'll just go and try for that trout, and I'll catch him, too," I added, gritting my teeth to dull the pain in my heart. "I'll catch him by fair means or foul—yes, by jingo! I'll use a worm!" No, I felt no horror for the deed I was about to commit. All that was base and depraved in my nature had risen with my better feelings to combat a depression, a sorrow that was so sudden, so deep, that I hardly understood it.

Under such circumstances the truly good come out strong—in novels; others do something wrong to occupy their minds. Wallowing dulls the capability of suffering—for a time. It is much practiced by weak and strong, contemporary fiction to the contrary.

So it happened one day in early June, when the sky was china blue and filmy clouds trailed like lace across the disk of a pale sun, that I, Henry Stenhouse, well and sound in mind and body, decided to commit a crime.

I started down the road, swinging my creel over my shoulder and whistling, buoyed up by that false exhilaration which always took possession of me when I felt myself on good terms with the devil. In my pocket nestled my luncheon, a small flask of Bordeaux, fly-book, harmonica, reel, and a tin bait-box.

Imagine what it costs me to write this!

Well, it's written—and on I went, whistling "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" as though I had not a care in the world and love was but an old wives' tale.

Yet, whistle as I would, I could not close my eyes to the caustic criticism of the sunny world on my solitary condition. Robins hopped about the pastures in pairs, blue-birds flew from sapling to fence, in pairs, yellow butterflies whirled over the clover in dozens and dozens of pairs, and the very trees, the silver birches, the maples and elms, all seemed to grow in pairs. Two by two I counted oak and beech, nestling in each others' shadows, two by two the twinkling silver aspens seemed to wink at me with every leaf.

I alone was alone.

"Because," said I to myself, "I've got brains"; but the boast fell only on the idle, unbelieving ears of the corn, too young to understand or sympathize.

A great tenderness was in my heart, but I crushed it out, and turned into the fields, treading my way through rustling corn where June breezes lingered, whispering.

When I struck the hazel patch I felt

better, and I whistled "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" again.

A wood-thrush, striving to imitate me produced an unconscious masterpiece; a cat-bird mewed unceasingly from the deeper growth. Both had mates.

I took the hidden path through the beech-woods until I came to a big pine. Here, following a trail known to myself, I entered the denser woods, crossed the two spring brooks that feed the river, and after a few minutes' rapid walking came to the oak which spreads above the limpid silvery pool, the abode of Mine Enemy.

"As long as I have sunk to the level of a pot-hunter," said I, treading softly over the moss, "I might as well do the thing thoroughly."

Very cautiously I produced an angle worm from my box, baited my hook, cast the infernal machine into the pool, and then, placing my rod on the bank, put a flat stone on the butt and sat down to smoke. When I had finished my cigarette I lay down, stretching out on the moss under the oak tree.

And as I sprawled on my back looking skyward, I was aware of a pair of stockings, black stockings—hanging from a limb directly over my head.

Astonished and indignant I lay perfectly still, staring at the stockings. They had been wet, but now were rapidly drying, swinging gently in the warm June wind.

"This is pleasant!" I thought; "some credulous country wench has taken my pool for a foot-bath. I'll not put up with it, by jingo! Have fishermen no rights? Is this a picnic ground? Is that river a resort for barefooted, giggling girls?"

If there were any people splashing and paddling about among the stones down the river, I knew that every trout within range would be paralyzed with fright. I sat up and tried to see through the foliage which bordered the narrow river where it curved into the woods.

"They're down there," I muttered, "and I bet they've done the business for every trout between here and the falls. Idiots!"

I looked up at the stockings. They were certainly silk, I could see that. The sun bronzed the pointed toes, now almost dry. And while I looked there came a faint sound of splashing close by, just where the river narrows to curve into the woods. Something bright was glistening down there between the branches, something white that moved slowly up stream, nearer and nearer, now plainly in view through the leaves.

It was a young woman in a light summer gown, with a big straw hat on her head, and she was slowly and deliberately wading through the shallow water toward my pool.

She seemed to be enjoying it; the swift water rippled around her ankles, dashing her skirt with spray as she lifted her wet pink feet carefully over the sharp rocks and deeper channels. Her skirt, gathered naively in both hands, fluttered perhaps a trifle higher than it might have done under other circumstances. It was a pretty innocent picture, but it was out of place in my trout pool, and I stood up, determined to expostulate. After a second I sat down again, somewhat suddenly. The black stockings waved triumphantly above my head. I looked at them, bewildered, utterly upset. The young lady in the water was Miss Thorne.

Before I could decide what to do, she came in sight around the trees, stepping daintily over the sandy shallows. I dared not move. She did not look up.

"What the mischief shall I do?" I thought, keeping very still so that no movement should attract her eyes to the oak on the bank above. I could not retreat and leave my rod, I dared not creep to the pool to recover it. Besides, I didn't want to go away.

She sat down on a sunny rock just below me, and was stirring the sandy bottom with her little toes. It was, as I said, a pretty picture, sweet and innocent, but utterly fatal to my peace of mind. I wondered what she'd do next, and lay silent, scarcely breathing.

"If she turns her back," I thought, "I'll get up and go. I'm no eavesdropper, and I'll go—only I hope she won't give me the chance."

She had drawn a book from the folds

of her dress and, as I lay there without sound or motion, she began to read, repeating aloud to herself the passages that pleased her.

"I am the magic waterfall
Whose waters leap from the fathomless and living springs,
Far in the mist-hung silence of the Past."

She paused, turning the leaves with languid capriciousness; then;

"I fill the woods with songs; the trees,
Through whose twigs flow prophecies,
I deck with vestments green."

And again she read:

"The shower has freshened the song of the bird
And budded the bushes
And gilded the maple and tasselled the linden and willow,
Staining with green the forest-fringed path."

She sat silent, idly touching the fluttering pages. Then she raised her head, singing softly odd bits of songs to herself—to the thrushes around her.

A great belted kingfisher flashed past, a blurr of blue and white against the trees. His loud harsh rattle startled her for an instant.

And, as she turned to watch his flight along the winding stream, I rose and slipped noiselessly into the forest. Before I had taken a dozen steps, however, I remembered my rod, and halted involuntarily. Looking back through the thicket fringe, I saw that she had turned my way again, and it was out of the question to recover it without being seen.

"If she only had her stockings on," I sighed.

Should I wait, taking discreet observations occasionally? Should I go and let the rod take care of itself? Suppose the big trout should seize hold and drag it into the river? Suppose Miss Thorne should step on the barbed hook with her bare little feet! At the thought I turned hastily back in my own tracks, halted again, started on, wavered, took one irresolute step, and stopped.

I could see her now quite plainly without being seen. She had tossed her book up on the moss and was picking her way along the ascending bank, holding on to branch and root.

She's coming for her stockings, that's what she's doing," I thought.

Until she had safely passed the pool where the hook lay I kept my eyes on her. After that I waited until I saw her reach up to the oak-limb for the stockings; then I looked the other way.

I gave her ten minutes to complete her toilet, holding my watch in my hand.

Once she sang pensively that puzzling but pathetic ballad:

"'Mother, may I go out to swim?'
'Yes, my darling daughter—
Hang your hose on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.'"

Then ten minutes were up at last. "Now," said I to myself, "shall I look? No—yes—no, indeed!—I don't know—I'll just see whether——"

I turned around.

She had left the shelter of the oak and was hurrying down the bank toward my rod, with every appearance of excitement.

"I'll bet there's a fish on it," said I to myself, "by jingo! there is!—and it's bending and tugging as if a porpoise had the line! It'll be into the river in a moment! There! It's gone!"

But I was mistaken, for Miss Thorne grasped it just as it slid over the edge of the bank.

"She'll break it! I'll bet it's my big fish! There! She's pulling the fish out—she's trying to drag the fish up! I can't stand this! It's no use—I've got to go."

When she saw me hastening down the slope she did not cry out, neither did she drop the rod, but her blue eyes grew very large and round. And as I hurried up she gave one last convulsive tug and hauled up, over, and on to the bank an enormous trout, flapping and bouncing among the leaves.

In a second I had seized the fish—it took all the strength of my arm to hold him—and the rest was soon over. There he lay, a monarch among trout, glistening, dappled, crimson-flecked. I walked down to the water's edge,

washed my hands mechanically, and slowly climbed back again.

"I didn't know it was your rod," she said. "I only saw a big fish on it, and I pulled it out."

"I—I thought you had left Clovermead," I stammered.

"I thought you had also," she said; "all the others have gone. To-morrow I go; my guardian is coming."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; at eight o'clock in the morning."

There was an awkward pause. I glanced askance at the fish, already ashamed of my work, dreading to know what she thought of a man who fished with bait.

"It is a large trout," she said timidly, "it is a wonder that I didn't break your rod and line. You see, I never before caught a trout."

"And—and you would not—you don't think less of a man because he fishes with bait?" I asked, red with shame.

"I? Why, no. What else would you use?"

"Flies," I said desperately. "You know it."

"Flies? Can you catch enough?"

"I mean artificial flies," I said. "You don't understand, you can't conceive the depth of depravity that leads a man to catch a trout as I've caught this—can you? It's simple murder."

"But," said Miss Thorne, with a puzzled glance at the fish, "I thought that I caught him."

"I—I baited the hook," I faltered.

"Then," said she, "it's a clear case of collusion, and we're both responsible."

We looked at each other for an instant. She sighed, almost imperceptibly.

"I am very sorry for what I said that night," I began. "You can't think how it has troubled me ever since. I have suffered a great deal—and I'm deucedly miserable, Miss Thorne."

"I forgive you," she said sweetly. "Why did you not ask me before?"

"Because," said I, "being an idiot, I didn't dare."

"It made me very unhappy," she said. "I shouldn't have spoken so—"

"Oh, you were quite right!" I cried. "It was my fault entirely."

"No, indeed!"

"It was, really."

"And to think that I should have spoken so after the trout you gave me and the serenade——"

"If the music had been as good as the trout——"

"It was—it was charming and you said some things that first afternoon under my window——"

"I meant them—I mean them now a thousandfold!"

The crimson stained her cheeks. She half turned toward the river.

"I think," she said, "that I am late for luncheon."

Very humbly I produced my flask of Bordeaux, my cold chicken, bread, and hot-house pears. She looked at them, her head on one side.

"It is not very much," I ventured, "for two."

"I think it will do." she said reflectively. "There are some cresses by the brook. I am fond of cresses. Have you pepper and salt?"

I rummaged in my pockets, produced the harmonica, a package of tobacco, a spare reel, a knife, a steel hunting watch, a cigarette case, a box of dry flies, a match-case, a box of leaders, and finally a neat little parcel of pepper and salt.

She watched me with perfect gravity.

"If you please," she said, "you may go and play on your harmonica under the oak tree while I arrange the table. Will you?"

"Can't I help you?" I murmured, giddy with happiness.

"No. Go and play 'Sir Daniel O'Donnel.' "

I watched her, tooting fitfully the while, and presently she called to me that luncheon was ready, and asked me to lend her my handkerchief to dry her hands.

We drank in turns from the flask, gravely begging pardon for the goutte sans facon.

But the luncheon! There was never such a luncheon served in the palaces of Stamboul! I ate ambrosia—some name it chicken—and I drank nectar—

foolish people would have called it Bordeaux, and I sat opposite to and looked in the blue eyes of the sweetest maid in the world.

And so we sat and chatted on, I knowing little of what was said save that it was her voice, always her voice on my ears, and every word was melody. The swift droop of the long lashes on the pure curved cheeks, the gentle caress in every movement, the light clinting on tawny hair, on stray curling strands blown across her eyes—these I remember.

The shadows came and laid their long shapes on the sands of the shore, the trees darkened where the massed foliage swept in one unbroken sheet above the moss; the red west blazed.

Once a fish splashed among the weeds, a wood-chuck steered fearlessly past, peering and turning, sousing its gorgeous neck in the shallow stream.

At last she sprang up, touching her hair with light, swift fingers, and shaking out her skirts.

"I must go."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Shall I say good-bye now for to-morrow?"

"Say it."

"Good-bye, then."

"Is that all?"

"Good-bye——"

"Nothing more?"

"Oh, what—what else?" she murmured. "I can say no more."

"I can," said I.

"You must not—ah, do you mean it?"

"Yes. I love you."

"Then we will go back together," she said, innocently, and came close up to me, laying her white hands in mine.

"Ah," said I, as we entered the road by the dormitory, "the trout is a noble one, but, May, it was murder that was done on Clovermead water."

"And theft," she said, with a faint smile; "where is my heart, if you please?"

And we looked long, smiling into each other's eyes———

It all happened years ago. I have never touched bait to hook since, but I confess that I do still, at times, play "Sir Daniel O'Donnel" on the harmonica. May permits it, especially when the children beg me; and, as they are teasing me now, I shall probably play it to-night.

AS IT HAPPENS

BY S. E. KISER

THE fool speaks out before he thinks,
And when his words have sped
Beyond recall, on fatal wings,
He learns that he has uttered things
He never should have said.

The wise man thinks before he speaks
And when it is too late,
Sits down, defeated and alone,
To think what might have been and moan,
"Alas! why did I wait?"

BALBOA HILL
The only point on the continent from which one can see the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans simultaneously

The Tropical Tramp

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs

IN the construction of the Panama Canal there are, roughly speaking, four classes of employees: the commissioners and engineers in charge, the clerical force (appointed in Washington), the navvy and the expert white railroad construction man, speaking Spanish like a native, all of whom have for years made Latin America their stamping ground.

Here they have foregathered from all parts of the tropical world, partly because living conditions are better on the Isthmus, and partly because the wages are good, but principally on account of the hum and bustle of life and activity. Things are happening here, and to the tropical tramp with whom this article has to do—the irresponsible, rollicking, happy-go-lucky construction man—the happening of things is the breath of his deboshed nostrils. For the tropical tramps, indeed, the Isthmus is a sort of halfway house, where passes all the drift of the Latin American countries. From Mexico to Guatemala, Guatemala to Honduras, Honduras to Costa Rica, Costa Rica to Panama, Panama to Ecuador, Ecuador to Peru, and thence upward, taking in Cuba on the return drift to Yucatan and Mexico the wanderers go, flush or broke, sober or three sheets in the wind, driving the railroad through difficulties before which a northern man on a four-tenths per cent. grade would lie down and weep, and good fellows always.

From Colon on the north (for the canal runs much more nearly north

and south than it does east and west) to Panama on the south, there are scattered hundreds of these men, speaking three or four different languages and as many dialects again, who are as much at home in Sonora, Jamaica, or the little Central American republics as the average business man is in Montreal or Winnipeg or Calgary. They form a vast free-masonry, spread throughout Latin America, having their own code of morals, their own social etiquette, and their home wherever their hat happens to hang. I speak now of the engineer, conductor, brakeman or construction man who has made good elsewhere, and who roams only because he has the "itchy feet," that wonderful, uncontrollable desire to be somewhere else that makes a man drop his job and dig out, trusting with child-like faith that the future will take care of itself—a faith that more often than not is abundantly justified.

Of course, there's the regular drifting tramp, the "no-good," the failure, who carries the stamp of his profession on his drink-sodden face, in his bleary eyes, his feeble and trembling hands, and his unkempt garments. Kicked unmercifully from one country to another, a blotch on the face of the earth, leaving a muddy trail behind him that nothing can obliterate, he goes the rounds until he ceases even to be able to do that, and drops out of sight —heaven knows where—forever.

From El Paso to Lima you'll find him, frequenting the filthy native saloons, leaning up against the spotted bar counters, yellow, gaunt and unclean. He looks at you out of his sunken, hope-stricken eyes, asking your help for a job, a meal, another chance to get on his feet, or a drink—above all things, a drink. Both he and you know that he doesn't want work; that he wouldn't do it if he had it; that he's beyond all human assistance.

And yet, every man has had his opportunities, a once bright future stretched before him; he was a good fellow, too, in his day, and had filled positions of importance and prominence. He's had his dream of riches and happy home, like the rest of us, but alas, the atmosphere of the tropics, siren-like, laid hold of his heart strings, while the rum of Jamaica, the pulque of Mexico and the thousand and one fancy liquid concoctions of the south, iced, spiced and tantalizingly colored, possessed themselves of his body, while the devil took a short-time mortgage on his soul.

For such as he, it's a little wooden cross with a number on it on La Boca Hill; a hired niche in the wall of Havana's great show graveyard, or an added heap on the public bone-pile in this, that or the other Latin campo santo.

And who cares? Perhaps, doubtless, somebody does, but they're so far off they seldom know. "Let the dead bury the dead," we're all too busy here to worry over it. He was forgotten long ago. Life's too strenuous these days.

"Poor devil," they say, as they sit around the table rolling the bones. "So old Bill kicked the bucket down in Guayaquil, did he? Poor old William, he wuz a good un, he wuz. 'Member him on the Pearson dock job at Vera Cruz in '97, Harry? It's hard luck.

COOLIE YOUNGSTERS OUT OF SCHOOL

WHEN YOU MUST LEAVE THE RAILROAD THE ANCIENT VOLANTA-WAGON TAKES YOU ON YOUR WAY

By Jove, it's hard luck. Well, roll 'em up, boys, roll 'em up!"

. . . . . .

I ran on half a dozen of them the last time I landed in Colon, and it made my heart sick. Men I'd known in Demerara who, in their early days, for some little time at least, had held down fairly good positions. They were all broke; all down on the luck—down—down—down; and out.

They cursed the climate, the canal, the system and the U. S. Government. "The sanitation's hell," they affirmed; "the grub's rotten; the heat's killin'; an' the red tape's a yard wide."

"Great Scott, Andy," I was indiscreet enough to say to one of them, "you surely have got thin, old man. What's been the matter? Where have you been since I saw you in Greyton? What are you doin' now?"

"Doing?" he laughed recklessly, "doing? Why, any old thing, and any old person. Knocking about Salvador and Honduras, railroadin' an' farmin'. Was took sick shortly after comin' to the Isthmus, and lost my job in the material department—they fired me. Say, old man," he whined nervously, "couldn't lend me a fiver, could you? I sure need it. I'm properly down on my luck; right on me bloomin' uppers," and he peered wistfully into my face, fearing a refusal.

I passed him over the fiver for old time's sake. I knew it was not a kindness I was doing him, but what could I do? Turn him down, you say. Would you have? An old friend of better days?

Late that evening when I was passing up Bottle Alley, I caught a glimpse of him through the door of a Chinese saloon, asleep in a chair, with his arms stretched across the bar table, and his head dropped forward on his arms—drunk. Dead drunk.

"The liquor's got him gripped by the soul," said my companion, who saw me hesitate, as if to go to him, "and you can't do nothing for him. He's been discharged by the Commission as 'unsatisfactory' — blackballed for future work on the zone." And he spat wickedly upon the new vitrified pavement to hide his emotion. "Come ahead, let's be movin'; you can't do nothin'," and he dragged me forward by the coat sleeve.

Did you ever feel your heart sink down into your boots in disgust and pity? A sort of prelude to sea-sickness caused by an extra heavy roll of your

THE BULL-FIGHT IS A COMMON SPECTACLE IN COLON, AND ALL SOCIETY TURNS OUT TO SEE

ship at sea, or a sudden, too swift dip of a swing or see-saw, the sort of feeling that can't be expressed on paper in any way?

Well, it came over me then. I knew the boy's people back in New England, and hated myself because I did. I realized that what my companion said was true, and we slid away and tried to forget it. But it was a long time before my nerves were steady again. A long time.

Rellips, the proprietor of the hotel at which I stopped, said little, but he gave me a hearty grip and ordered the bar-keep to dole out the pizen.

"This is your house," he said to me, Spanish fashion, "including the bar-keep, the booze, and everything else in it."

I'd known the proprietor before, and I knew I'd get the best the house afforded, despite the rush. I did, too. The best, most comfortable and coolest room in the building was mine, and when I came to pay my bill a day or two later, I found that it was only half rates.

In converse with some friends in Colon, they told me that when Rellips struck the isthmus mudbank he'd only a twenty dollar greenback in his clothes. Afterwards he ran the two most popular hotels in town, the rent of the two aggregating some two thousand dollars gold per month. Some of his former construction-days friends were in funds and staked him, as is the custom in the tropics.

A man passed through Panama a short time ago on his way back to Peru. I had known him on Jamaica street car construction work nearly ten years ago, but had lost sight of him. Conductor Deens at Matachin told me his story.

"Nick?" he said reminiscently, "Old Pay Nick? Why, yes. I knew him well. About three months ago he blew in here goin' Mexico way; said he'd a job waitin' for 'im in Yucatan. We staked him, of course, and wished 'im luck, and by the great jumpin' eagle if the beggar didn't get it, too. Yes, sir, great luck. Hadn't been there three weeks on his new job w'en he won the Mexican lottery—drew ten thousand Mex. in big round iron men, an' all for doin' nothin'. Some fellows sure is lucky. Lord, if we didn't all yell w'en we heard it! Lucky devil.

"Well, sir," he continued slowly, "we didn't see no more of him after that. Guess he done went to Gawd's

country to spend that there dago money. We heard he'd been drowned off New Orleans, but it was a false alarm, for last week he turned up again lookin' as spick and span and happy as a clam, wearin' the smile that won't come off and packin' a roll o' dough as big as your two fists. He refunded the stake with liberal interest, and washed us all out inside, and some of us outside, with fuzzy-buzzy water. Yes, we did have a good night of it. Gone back to his old job in Peru," he concluded. "Didn't have no use for that low-lyin' leper country nohow, he said."

Along the railroad and canal work I bumped into many men, many "made goods," whom I'd known in other countries on other jobs. In the bar of the Hotel Central in Colon I ran against old Sirrom, a railroad rover and all-round good fellow. He could erect a trestle bridge, polish off a bottle of old rye, or sit all night over a pleasant little game of draw with the same unaffected sangfroid. When I entered the hotel he occupied one big chair carefully tilted back against the wall, with his feet reposing comfortably on another. His coat was off, and from the little finger of his left hand a bright glare of light sprang and stabbed me in the eyes so that I could hardly see. It came from a diamond as big as a small pigeon's egg. I knew immediately that he "was restin' up and in funds." Whenever a tropical tramp wears diamonds — real ones, not Montanas—big ones like those you often see in the camp jack pots in the early mornings of the nights following the visit of the paymaster, you'll know instanter that he's not working, and is flush.

He looked at me lazily through half-closed eyes and pulled meditatively upon a big, brown cigar. Heavy rings of blue smoke circled round his head. Only six weeks before I'd left him bridge building in Eastern Cuba, holding [illegible] a man will fall into in a lifetime.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he called out when he finally recognized me; "I'll be [illegible]! What [illegible] a tenderfoot like you down to these 'ere regions?" and he roused himself and sat up in his chair. He was big, hearty and sun-tanned, and I felt my heart go out to him as I clasped his hand. I knew he was the real thing—a friend for either a rainy or a sunny day. What matter if his language was a little rough, or his moral platform entirely his own? What matter if he couldn't trace his ancestors back to the sailing of the Ark? He'd proven himself a man before, he'd made good in a dozen different places, and his friends knew that his heart was in the right place.

"Well, I like that!" I joshed back. "It's rather up to you to explain to me why you left a good, independent job to wander down to a feverish, damp sink-hole like this. 'Fess up, now, 'fess up. Own you were fired, and deserved it, too."

"Fired, nothing," he answered quickly, coloring up like a girl; "fired be blowed! I just plum done fired myself, that's what I done, and without any deliberatin', neither. Got dead sick stayin' in one bloomin' place for so long a time, and after the boys all left, decided I'd come down here and look up old friends. Hist, boy," and he beckoned over the bar-tender, "bring the dice box, pronto, sabe?" And he drew his chair in closer to the table preparatory to rolling the bones.

Of course, I got stuck for the drinks, but I put up cheerfully. Over the beer—at fifty cents Panamanian silver per bottle—Sirrom gave me all the latest canal news and gossip, and we discussed and laughed over past experiences on a dozen different jobs. Every man we'd ever known was mentioned, and his health drunk or his soul consigned to eternal damnation. Good old Sirrom! There's a man for you. And there are a hundred like him along the canal zone to-day. Independent men of iron constitution, brains, perseverance and indomitable will, men who can do anything on a construction job from grading a dump to running an engine, men who, fever-proof, liquor-proof, fearless and enthusiastic, have been the pioneers of

southern railroad construction and have made the tropics their working playground.

"By Gosh!" said the conductor from the New York road to a group of sympathetic listeners at Empire Station, "I can't see why in thunder the Commission gives big jobs to so many of these darned tropical transportation men, anyhow. They're a wild, card-playing, soft-shirted lot and most of 'em couldn't even get a job braking on our roads in Canada," and he glared around challengingly as he brushed the dust off his trousers.

"I'll tell you why, if you're anxious to know," said a long, lean conductor who belonged to a material train loading track supplies and who was generally known as Lanky. "They're all-rounders, that's why. Now, what can you do besides run a train? What's your talent, or mine either? You're a conductor, and you've been a brakeman afore that, runnin' a gilt-handled string o' Pullmans over a billiard-table road an' speakin' the King's English. That's all right, but when you get beyond that, why, you side-track—you ain't got no clear."

"What's that got to do with it?" growled the kicker, jamming the tobacco down in his pipe-bowl.

"Everything," responded Lanky. "A tropical tramp can mostly run a train from either end, can get up on the engine an' run that, brake, flag or fire, act as conductor, wrecker, tracklayer, grader, or take over any other old job there's ever been in railroadin', an' besides that, he can take care of himself where the mosquitoes are big as sparrows an' talk to the spick-a-dees in their own seven different kind o' lingo. That's why the tropical transportation man is holdin' down such a bunch o' the best transportation jobs on the zone to-day—that's why he's king o' the I. C. C. pike. Paste that in your hat with my regards." And with the word he swung on to the tailboard of his engine as she took the main line again at an eighty-mile clip.

* * * * *

Colon, with its constant coming and going of steamers and trains, its vast, cosmopolitan, floating population, presents more the appearance of a great mining camp than a civilized city. Its main way, Front street, formerly called Calle Cristobal Colon, is a miniature Bowery, up and down which from dawn till dark tramps a miscellaneous collection of nationalities. You have the swarthy Greek with his head wrapped round in his folding turban; the red handkerchiefed Italian, and the shuffling Chinaman; the black-faced, jabbering West Indian negro, the corduroyed Spaniard, the bronzed and coatless American with his negligee shirt open at the throat, and in riding breeches and leather leggings. His sleeves, too, are

STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT PARIS, JUST PRESENTED TO THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA BY QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

often rolled up and show his red and tanning arms, for to go back home to the girl he left behind without a picturesque coat of sunburn would be folly indeed. He generally wears the soft slouch hat or the Stetson sombrero pitched recklessly over one eye, and drawn up abruptly to a poke, Mexican fashion. Why he should wear riding breeches and leather leggings in this hot climate, suitable only to the man whose business takes him horseback afield, is a mystery, but it seems to have become the style, and every new clerk or employee immediately upon arrival gets himself up that way.

To sit on the wide veranda of the Hotel Angelini in front of the railway station at Panama and watch the crowds circulating through that public structure is certainly entertaining. On a Saturday evening, or a Sunday, it's like a corner in the Grand Central station in New York. Such a hustle and bustle, rush and commotion!

Rickety cabs, backed up against the curb, form a long line down the street, while every saloon in the vicinity engorges and disgorges thirsty swarms. Two big automobile buses come and go with a great deal of honk-honking, and the sidewalks and the street are black with moving pedestrians.

Angelini is an Italian, with a red face and big moustachios. He can mix a swizzle or a cocktail that is a creation. His time dates back to the French days, when he had to beg for his meals. I asked him what rent he got for the small house nearby, occupied by a bar-hotel.

"Four hundred dollars a month, gold," he answered, smilingly, "paid in promptly on the first morning of the first day. Four years ago I bought it for $1,600 gold. To-day I could get $25,000 for it."

"That's like getting money from home," I told him. "But let's have another of your swizzles."

Now, you have to behave yourself if you're an I. C. C. employee—that is, while you're on the zone. You mustn't get drunk, nor gamble, nor do anything else that is really wicked, or you'll right promptly find yourself on the carpet. But human nature, being perverse, wants to do the forbidden thing just as soon as it's forbidden. So, when the end of the week comes round, the result is that all the wickedly inclined employees slide into San Cristobal or Ancon, and stepping over the imaginary boundary between the zone and Panamanian territory, "cut loose." On Monday morning they go back to work—if they're able.

"Do they gamble on the Isthmus?" a man asked me in Kingston one day. "Well," I answered, "a little!"

One of the most striking things to the visitor who crosses the Isthmus by railroad is the manner in which the line is maintained in cleanliness and order. On either side the woods have been thinned out, and the grass kept neatly trimmed, while hundreds of little drains and ditches carry away the waste water. The stations and section houses have been renovated and repainted, while not a blade of grass is allowed to spring between the rails. When the Government took hold of it, there was only a trail through the woods with two gleaming rails occasionally shining out through the jungle. To-day it is a double-tracked road reminding one of a stretch on the New York Central.

Mosquitoes? Of course there are, but they do not abound as formerly. The clearing of the forests, the cutting of the long grass, the filling of the swamps, the oiling of stagnant pools have discouraged them. Against those that exist, the houses and offices of the I. C. C. are all thoroughly screened with fine-mesh copper netting.

At the beginning of canal operations the Administration Building, facing the plaza in Panama City, was the daily working place of one hundred and fifty clerks. And one after another they began to sicken with yellow fever. Every time one was carried out the entire building was fumigated from cupola to basement. This was no small or inexpensive job, the building being double and four stories high, with numerous apartments. It took fourteen barrels of disinfectant pow-

der and ten cases of bar sulphur every time, at a cost of between $600 and $700.

Double doors were placed at the lower exits, and between these, in office hours, janitors were placed to burn precautionary smudges, so that any mosquitoes that might slip in between the opening and the closing of the doors would be effectually killed off. Nevertheless, with all this, the clerks continued to fall ill within the building. The doctors were puzzled, to say the least. Where did the mosquitoes come from? Where did they breed? It took some time before the discovery was made.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TROPICAL ENGINEER ARE MANY. OLD "OFF AGAIN HAS JUMPED THE TRACK ONCE MORE

One day an inspector, poking in an old cupboard on the ground floor, where the copying boy placed his letter books and other utensils pertaining to such work, came upon an old, disused copying brush receptacle, thrust well back in the corner, and half filled with stale, dirty water. This dish was found to be a veritable breeding nest. It was estimated that not less than five hundred mosquitoes were fostered there during the night, and many of them filtered out and spread through the building. From the rafters and ceilings they would come down and bite someone.

* * * * *

The man in the north, the man in the States, looks for facts and figures, for results, and immediately raises a howl because these facts and figures are not to his liking. "There must be graft somewhere," he cries excitedly, "when such a showing is made on such an enormous expenditure. Something must be rotten in the State of Denmark."

If he has not visited the Isthmus he may not know of the great preliminary works—the vast preparatory operations to house, feed and take care of the health and government of from 35,000 to 40,000 canal employees, the houses, villages and towns built; the reservoirs, bakeries, schools and mills erected, and the establishment of the most efficient hospital system ever operated in tropical America. Not only is the bodily health and comfort of the men provided for, but also their spiritual needs are taken in charge as various Y. M. C. A. establishments stretched across the zone.

In connection with the hospitals

there are regular resident chaplains and priests, who minister to the wants of the sick and convalescent. These chaplains not only extend spiritual consolation and communion, but read to and write letters for the patients. On Sunday they hold public service and school.

Everyone who has read anything concerning the early days of the Panama Canal construction has heard of the great quantities of waste material left by the French along the line of the railroad and canal, engines, dredges, derricks, barges, cars, tools, etc., representing thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of stock and plant. Some of the Belgian engines and tipping flatcars have been repaired and put into service, but the great bulk lies grass-covered and neglected, just where it was left when the French went away.

"Why not sell it?" asks the visitor. "Why not ship it north? Why leave it go to further waste where it is?"

Well, there are two reasons why. First, every car and engine belonging to the work is occupied from morning till night and cannot be spared from more important work for any such salvaging. Second, the proceeds from the sale of this old iron, as well as anything else sold on the Isthmus by the I. C. C. (with the exception of the commissary supplies, which evade such obligation by taking refuge under the concessional Panama Railroad) would go directly into the treasury of the United States, and would not in any way swell the available funds of the commission.

It is estimated that the big artificial lake or dam at Gatun, over which so much controversy has occurred (the dimensions of which are 8,000 feet across, a half-mile thick at its base, and one hundred and seventeen feet high, and the contents of which will flood an area of two hundred square miles) will take at least one year to fill. This dam will back and control the water thirty-one miles up the Chagres River, which has been known to rise seventy feet in twenty-four hours. In flood times the Panama Railroad at this point has been forty feet under water.

To sum up, you must visit the Isthmus to realize the magnitude and complexity of the work, its gigantic combination of systems, its busy atmosphere, its institutions, its laws, its homes and its amusements. It is a world of its own, whose principal object is to excavate dirt, and meanwhile to live, eat, drink and be amused.

There is no place in tropical America where office holders and employees are better paid, better housed, better taken care of, or enjoy greater advantages. The salaries of the train men, for example, are most liberal, with an increase of five per cent. after the first year's service, and an additional three per cent. for each succeeding year until the increase aggregates twenty-five per cent. of his monthly rate. Six weeks holdiays every year on full pay are granted each man, with an additional thirty days' leave in case of sickness. Eight hours' work a day, with two hours off at midday, and all work done at five in the afternoon (or if there is overtime, corresponding pay for it) make the lot of the tropical tramp in Panama pleasant.

I asked Monty—he was a division dump superintendent at Tabernilla, and I'd just been introduced to him—if he was satisfied with his job, living conditions and the rest of it. He made a picturesque figure in an old slouch hat, khaki riding clothes, long drooping moustache and regulation leggings. His face and hands were burned the color of a Mexican saddle, and he knew every inch of the canal from his connection with it in the old French days. There wasn't a two by four republic in all Central or South America into which he had not ventured, and he spat out fluently at least five languages.

"Satisfied with my job?" he asked; "satisfied with my job? Well, I'd be most blankety-blank hard to please if I wasn't. Yes, most blankety hard to please. I have as good a salary as I ever earned at such work, an excellent house for my wife and family to live in, with water, light and rent free, and free coal delivered at my kitchen door when I ask for it. I'll bet there ain't less than a thousand dollars' worth of furniture in my house," he

concluded, "and everything taken into consideration, what more can a man want?"

I had to agree with him that he had reason to be satisfied, but investigation proved that he was only getting the same as other married employees whose record showed six months satisfactory service.

All this is as it should be, however, and there is reason for it. Life on the Isthmus is not all gold, milk and honey. It is hot and monotonous and languid. The middle-aged man who spends eight or ten years of his life there may find that at the termination of his employment that he is unfitted physically to take up again the strenuous struggle for position and existence in the big cities. He must therefore be sufficiently well paid during his tropical career, to enable him to lay away provision for the arrival of such a day. He is eminently entitled to the highest remuneration and consideration.

The young man, when his term is finished, may go further down south into the new construction lands, but then again, he will be up against Spanish-speaking people, and along the Isthmus one cannot to-day pick up Spanish as in Mexico, Cuba or Porto Rico. The Spanish-speaking people of the Isthmus—that is, the educated classes—are lost in the crowd. That is why Canada and "God's Country" generally are getting so much attention among the younger set, who have not yet caught the spell of the torrid zones, nor the sweet sound of the home language, the sanity and beauty of that better-ordered life in the broad and healthful world of the north.

WHEN THE COWS ARE COMING HOME

BY CY WARMAN

COME, my love, and let us wander
'Cross the hills and over yonder;
We shall find the tangled trails we used to roam;
Where the distant sea was moaning
And the honey bees were droning
In the twilight when the cows were coming home.

Hear the tingle, tongle, tangle of the bells,
As they dingle on the downs and in the dells;
O'er the meadow in the gloam
See the cows are coming home;
Hear the dingle, dongle, dangle of the bells.

O, the sweet forget-me-never,
I should like to live forever,
Never more than two months either way from June;
Where the cherry blooms were falling
And the silver bells were calling
Through the twilight of a summer's afternoon.

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6", in his monoplane.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN IN THE BUFF BOOTS.

I meet old friends and enemies at the Coronation and forget to look at the King.

ESTELLE was half hysterical when she got home to our London boarding-house after my venturesome flight in the monoplane of the unknown aviator. When she revived she began scolding me.

"Mercy, child!" she exclaimed, when we were settled in her room that evening. "It made my blood run cold, to see you up there, a tiny dot in the sky, circling round the grounds. What notoriety, too! And with an unknown man. Who was he, I wonder? How handsome he was! If the reporters had got hold of your name——"

"I thought you told me that you wanted to be thrilled," I observed meekly. The fact was that a realization of my own audacity had been growing upon me ever since the event, and I could not but admit that my scolding was more than half justified.

"But with an unknown man," said Agnes. "And a Frenchman, too. You know what sort of reputation Frenchmen have."

"My father was a Frenchman," I answered, coldly.

Estelle kissed me. "Well, my dear, I'll say no more about it," she concluded. "And I must confess you certainly were a mascot, for you won a big prize for him. He ought to have offered you a share in it." Her face lit up. "Ah, doubtless that was why he hurried away afterward without waiting to speak to us—he didn't want to divide with you."

"It is not true," I exclaimed hotly. "He was a gentleman. He knew instinctively that I would not have accepted any share in the prize. He ——"

But my protests died away upon my lips. The fact is, I was furiously angry with the unknown; angry first, because I had so passively permitted that airy flirtation on the part of a complete stranger; then, again, because of the unceremonious nature of his departure, without mentioning his name. That was no way to treat Anne Ives, who generally gave as good as she got, and better, and was not used to cavalier

treatment. Smarting under the sting of my humiliation, I longed for another encounter with the unknown that I might prove to him that he had held me in too cheap estimation.

A few days later, on the very eve of the Coronation, an answer came from the Lord Chamberlain to the letter which Estelle Christie had sent him, asking for seats in the Abbey as the accredited representative of Cedar Plank, Iowa. It was of the most formal character, and briefly regretted that he had no seats in the Abbey to place at her disposal. Estelle wept after she had read it.

"It isn't for myself I care at all," she sobbed. "But how can I ever face the citizens of Cedar Plank, Iowa, again, and say that I could not obtain permission to witness the Coronation, when they have elected me a special delegate to represent them, by a plurality of seventy-five?"

Estelle had been so sure of obtaining leave that she had not even purchased a seat upon any of the high stands that had been erected throughout the city, from which one could at least obtain a view of the procession. Now it would be impossible.

I had an inspiration.

"Listen, Estelle!" I exclaimed. "Do you know what I have always found? That if you want anything done for you you must do it yourself. It's no use applying to anybody else. Dangers exist," I continued, rising to a heroic pitch, "just to be conquered. Let us apply in person at the Abbey doors."

"But suppose they turn us down," said Estelle, ceasing to weep and regarding me with eyes wide with wonder.

"Then, at least, we shall have tried before accepting defeat," I answered, bravely. "But we shall not fail. No, I am confident of success. Have I not told you that I am a mascot? I always bring others luck."

Estelle began to catch the contagion of my mood. "We will," she cried, her spirits rising with the rapidity of the thermometer after a thundershower on a warm day. "We'll start to-morrow early, so as to be an hour ahead of time."

I laughed her to scorn. "Come here!" I cried, and dragged her to the window. "Do you see those poles, hung with decorations? Do you hear those drums in the distance? Now, do you see those barricades? All London is filled with soldiers and police. To-morrow it will be a series of enclosed boxes. Nobody will be able to stir beyond the limits of his street. No, Estelle, we start to-night."

And so we did. For Estelle was, to me, as clay in the hands of the potter. That is the advantage of knowing what you want; it is the secret of power.

"But, suppose we get separated in the crowd," she suggested meekly.

"Then," I answered, sternly, "we shall each find our way home as best we can."

Estelle slipped off her wedding ring.

"Anne Ives," she said, with some spirit, "you may be stronger willed than I, but I am a married woman, and it is my duty to chaperon you. If I go with you, you shall wear this for your own protection." She placed it on my finger. "Now I feel more content," she sighed. "I feel that I have done my best to protect you against this madness of yours."

For she had already forgotten that it was she who had been the prime mover in our undertaking.

We slipped out of the house and made our way cityward. Dawn found us waiting in a dense crowd as close to the Dean's Yard entrance to the Abbey doors as a triple line of policemen would permit. We had stood there for hours; we had been jostled and mobbed, our hats were askew and our dresses crushed; but we were in the front rank of the spectators, and even the hundreds on the grand stands, that had been built close to the Abbey entrance, could see no more than we. By ten o'clock we were scarcely able to stand.

"Is there any chance of getting in to see the Coronation?" I asked a mounted policeman, as he backed his horse into me.

He laughed out loudly.

"Not much there ain't, Miss," he answered. "W'y, all the seats was allotted weeks ago, to peers and their ladies and the foreign princes and nobles. Folks like you and me can't see nothink."

"The impudence of the creature!" murmured Estelle, bridling in her new-found British dignity. "If I had you in Cedar Plank, ——"

"Hush, never mind," I said. "Listen! Here comes somebody!"

A murmur that came out of the distance swelled into a cheer, which, taken up by those in our vicinity, announced that the procession was approaching. Of course the main body of the participants in the ceremony entered the main doors of the Abbey; at the Dean's Yard entrance, where we were standing, the "lesser fry" came in. Nevertheless, their presence was sufficiently imposing, their uniforms and robes awe-provoking, and the equipment of their carriages alone, I could see, impressed Estelle, who was more used to motor-cars and buggies than coaches with out-riders. The crowd closed in round the dignitaries whose vehicles pulled up around the Dean's Yard entrance; but the police quickly massed themselves into a solid phalanx in front of us, and I could only perceive, through the occasional spaces in their blue ranks, the strangely-clad ministers and lesser envoys of foreign states who were not permitted to join in the main processional. Each was saluted with ringing but half ironical cheers as he descended from his carriage and strode to the entrance, where, after a glance at his card of admission, the watchful guardians made way for him. So dense became the crush that we were swept off our feet, tossed hither and thither, and even the police could barely keep their ranks. Suddenly the cry went up:

"Pickpockets! Look out for your purses!"

I clutched at my hand-bag. Thank Heaven I had it still, tucked away safely inside. Hastily I inspected the contents. Yes, there lay my precious $500. And there was the key to the safe in the vaults of Magniff & Co., Bankers, of Paris, where lay my Panama bonds which were so eagerly sought by Magniff, junior, and his villainous associate, Zeuxis. I clutched my purse tightly in my gloved hand, resolved not to let go of it.

"Why should those people enter when we are excluded?" murmured Estelle, plaintively. "Look, look, Anne," she exclaimed, grabbing me excitedly. "They're letting black men in! Isn't that a shame? Black men, with towels about their heads, and we kept standing here. What shall I tell the folks at Cedar Plank?"

"Estelle," I answered, speaking from some curious interior conviction, "we shall yet find some way of entering. I am a mascot."

She glanced at me incredulously, yet with the pathetic confidence of a small child. Although full ten years older than I, she felt the dominance of my own purposeful nature. I am not lightly deterred from my intentions. And just then, while I was wondering how to make good my foolish boast, I saw an acquaintance.

The police, as I think I have said, had temporarily lost control of the crowd and had been forced back until they were lined up against the carriages which brought up the rear of the procession. At this moment a carriage halted quite close to us, and its occupants, seeing that it would be impossible to drive up closer, descended, with the object of making the few remaining paces of the journey to the Abbey doors afoot. One was a tall, distinguished-looking old man, with snow-white hair and mustache, attired, like the younger man upon whose arm he leaned, in a rich military uniform. A broad sash crossed his breast which was covered with orders; he wore a cavalry coat, riding breeches and a pair of the highest, widest buff riding boots that I have ever seen, rising far above the knees and ending in wide, gaping, cavernous tops in which, I thought incongruously, he could have concealed his luncheon quite easily. And the younger was my unknown aviator!

They descended from their carriage and surveyed the mob with some

"ESTELLE", I ANSWERED, SPEAKING FROM SOME CURIOUS INNER CONVICTION, "WE SHALL YET FIND SOME WAY OF ENTERING THE ABBEY. I AM A MASCOT."

curiosity. Evidently, I thought, the older man represented his government in some military capacity. Then who was the other who had masqueraded as "Competitor No. 6" at the South Northwood aviation grounds? He was quite simply dressed in a silk hat and frock coat; he might have been anybody. They halted immediately in front of us and began conversing in French.

"It is well, Charles," said the elder, "that we did not bring your mother with us. She could never have forced her way through this loyal crowd."

"We might have taken some of our friends instead," answered the younger. "Our cards read, 'and two ladies'. Who the ladies may be is not specified."

During this brief conversation the pair had been standing almost cheek by jowl with us. Angry feelings, coupled with humiliation, coursed through my mind, and I felt my face flush intolerably. I was endeavoring with all my power to edge away from

them, when, to my horror, I perceived that Estelle recognized the younger man, and heard her, at my elbow, exclaim in plaintive tones

"Oh, won't you please take us into the Abbey?"

They spun round in astonishment at this unexpected address. I saw a look of recognition come into the aviator's eyes. He turned to his companion and muttered something; both raised their hats, and, with the gallantest of bows, our unknown offered his arm to—me! At the same time the elder man offered his own to Estelle. It was all done so aptly, and took me so by surprise, that I placed my hand mechanically upon the arm that was offered me and followed the old officer and my friend. Luckily at that moment the crowd was cheering the huge, black, portly coachman of the Maharajah of Travancore, under the impression that he was that potentate himself, and so attention was distracted from the little drama in which we played our roles.

"Your presence makes this event seem like my own coronation, my bright-haired sun-goddess," whispered my escort, as we passed between two lanes of policemen.

I was so angry I could have struck him. My hair is my most sensitive feature. I have been called "Carrots" in childhood, and made miserable for days thereby, and Mary Jenner insists that it is emphatically not what the poets call "auburn". That horrid little Mr. Spratt, too, who was so smitten with me, had roused my ire one evening by an untactful allusion which was meant to be complimentary. But I had never before been mocked by a stranger, by a man whose name I did not even know, whom I had met once only, and then as "Competitor No. 6" in an aviation contest. Did he suppose American girls to be so shallow and foolish as to accept these half-baked compliments for genuine? I loathed and hated him then more than I had ever hated anybody before.

However, being a Frenchman, he had the perspicacity to read my emotions in my face.

"Forgive me if I offended, Mademoiselle," he said, humbly. "If you delay we shall not be able to gain admittance. See, that policeman suspects us. Let us go in."

I let him draw my own arm through his own. A fatal indecision possessed me. I own I did want to see the Coronation, and I wanted Estelle to do so too, if only to save her reputation in her native city of Cedar Plank. Then, too, I was faint from the long standing in the sun, and hardly in full possession of my faculties. As I moved onward toward the Abbey doors, a pace behind the elder man and Estelle, suddenly the cry "Pickpockets" was raised again. I clutched my purse tighter. And then, while I moved on, half conscious, eager only for the cool seclusion of the interior of the building, as in a dream I saw the evil face of the Greek Zeuxis swim before my eyes. The man brushed against my companion. I thought I saw his hand go to his breast pocket, as though to search it. It was the act of a moment; I could not be sure that he had really robbed him, and then the recollection of it was driven from my mind by the most humiliating catastrophe.

Zeuxis swept past me; there was a little rush of spectators; somebody struck my hand, and my purse flew from it and disappeared right in the hollow top of one of the old gentleman's buff boots. And he walked on serenely unconscious of the disaster, carrying with him my $500 and the key to the vault which held my Panama bonds!

Suddenly the murmur of a thousand subdued voices broke upon my ears, and a grateful coolness relieved my tired eyes. We were within the Abbey, marching up one of the aisles as though by right equivalent with that of the five hundred peers and peeresses in brilliant robes, who sat dandling their coronets upon their knees and looking uncommonly commonplace and unimportant in that vast Gothic building.

While my mind hurriedly ran through all the possibilities of my situation, the elder gentleman bowed Estelle to the seat which the usher offered them and ceremoniously departed, to take up his station at the side of the French ambassador, among a little group of foreign dignitaries near the high altar.

He brushed past me in his high buff boots—and, for the present, at least, my purse was lost to me. I prayed fervently that his duties did not call for his kneeling; I would not trust my property even among the peers and their ladies, should it roll out of his boot-tops!

Well, for the present there was nothing to be done. My escort sat between myself and Estelle, who peered ecstatically toward the altar. We two had not a good sight of the proceedings, but we did not care. We were engrossed with the novelty and piquancy of our situation—at least I know I was, even though my hatred for this man was becoming insupportable.

Whether or not I actually saw the crowning of King George I have not the smallest idea. I know the organ pealed and tenor voices sang anthems, and that from time to time we rose upon our feet and then sat down again. In that kaleidoscopic series of changeful coloring, those swaying, moving, loyal crowds, we were as solitary as travelers in a desert of prismatic sands.

"Will you not tell me your name, sun-goddess?" besought my companion. "I sought you everywhere that afternoon; I was disconsolate—"

"You sought me?" I answered, sharply. "Why, you had not the common courtesy to wait until I had recovered from my fright."

"Fright?" he repeated. "It was the change of temperature that made Mademoiselle faint, not fright."

This was ingenuous; in spite of my hate of him, I felt slightly mollified.

"Why didn't you wait?" I asked, and then hated myself for having asked it.

He hung his head, quite like a boy.

"I'll tell you, sun-goddess," he answered. "The fact is—my grandfather is one of the French military embassy, you know."

So that was his grandfather! I had thought the old gentleman his father. He looked hardly over sixty.

"My grandfather is eighty-four," he said, smiling, as though he read my thoughts. "When you have favored me with your name I shall tell you our own; it is a name well-known in the annals of France. On account of some pride of his—you know he has old-fashioned ideas, sun-goddess—he desired that, if I insisted on flying, I should do so incognito. Besides, though I have no official rank here except that of an army captain, I am really here on quite an important mission on behalf of the French Foreign Office. You will understand, therefore, how essential it was that, on the eve of the Coronation, our name should not become the common property of the public. Accordingly, I hurried away to change my clothes after the flight, being sure that when I returned to the grounds, unrecognized, I should find you there and be privileged to offer you my most respectful thanks and homage. Imagine my chagrin, then, to discover that you and your companion had disappeared. I was disconsolate."

"You thought more of your machine than you did of me," I said, and next moment I could have bitten my tongue. I hastened to add that it made no difference to me.

It was bewildering, the medley of emotions that this young Frenchman inspired in me. Hate was predominant, but yet, perhaps because of my own French blood, I found his presence stimulating, inspiring. He was so different from Mr. Spratt!

"And now, you will favor me with your name, that I may present my grandfather, will you not, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"My name," I answered, "is Anne Ives. It is a short one, but it serves all useful purposes."

"And—pardon me if I am presumptuous, Mademoiselle—but you are an American, making a journey to England unchaperoned, doubtless in accordance with the customs of your charming countrywomen? My mother will be delighted with you. Permit me to offer you my card."

He handed me an oblong piece of pasteboard, slightly larger than the cards that our men use, engraved with a long name which I could not at first discern, owing to the dimness of the Abbey after the glare of the hot streets.

But I hardly glanced at it. I had not yet recovered from the sense of humiliation which he had inspired in me; and I thought he needed a further lesson. So I gave him one.

"No doubt such personal interrogations are the custom in your own country, Monsieur," I answered him. "Therefore, I will not only tolerate them but will give your further information." In my agitation I had unconsciously stripped off my gloves, and, as I did so, there flashed upon my eyes Estelle's wedding ring, reposing calmly on my third finger. My companion saw it at the same instant that I did.

"I see," he said, in a voice curiously constrained, "that my use of the term 'Mademoiselle' was a trifle premature."

"Monsieur is entitled to draw his own inferences," I answered haughtily.

My triumph was complete. Now for the denouement! What would it be? Should I enlighten him? Of a truth, so bewildered was I by the complexity of my feelings that I did not know what I was going to say or do. I fingered his card idly and waited.

As I did so, for the first time I read his name, and I grasped at the air, seeking to save myself from falling. For the name upon the card was that of the Chevalier d'Yves, of Clichy, Normandy, my half-cousin, and his companion was our common grandfather—the man who had turned my father out of his home and sent him to Canada to suffer poverty and despair!

The old hate rose up in my heart again, gripping me so tensely that I could utter no word. I crumpled the pasteboard in my hand and passed out of the pew. I have since come to the conclusion that the Archbishop was just then placing the crown upon His Majesty's head, for I remember that people looked at me, scandalized, as I staggered down the aisle toward the door, and that some cried "Hush!" after me. I remember the blaze of sunlight that beat on me, the eager voices without, the calls for my carriage. Somehow—how I know not—I forced my passage clear of the crowd, seeing and hearing nothing distinctly, crossed Parliament Square in the face of a hundred policemen, and at last found myself, at mid-day, in a deserted street close to the Thames Embankment.

Even then I did not at first remember that I had lost my purse and key.

CHAPTER IV.

I SELL MY BIRTHRIGHT.

Showing that it it is sometimes possible to dispose of what you do not have.

"WELL, ANNE," I said to myself, "you certainly have managed your affairs splendidly. Here you are in London, without a penny, and, worse still, without the key to the box in the Paris vaults which contains your fortune."

Angry tears came into my eyes. My scorn for the man who had disinherited my father, and for his grandson, the Chevalier, had hitherto supported my spirits; but now, in this realization of my extremity, I felt crushed down by my misfortunes. Oh, why hadn't I taken the advice of my room-mate, Mary Jenner, and waited until we could all make up a party to go to England at the close of the school year!

One thing was clear; I must make my way to Paris at once, key or no key, satisfy the banker Magniff as to my identity, and recover my bonds. Doubtless, at a pinch, he would offer me a fair price for them—enough, at any rate, to make the $500 that I had lost look small. And—this thought buoyed my spirits wonderfully—I should thereby thwart his scoundrelly son Leopold's scheme and prosecute his own revenge against my relatives.

I made my way back to the boarding house. Estelle had not yet returned. When at last she arrived, several hours later, desperately tired but radiant, she clasped me in her arms in a delirium of gratitude.

"Anne, you have saved my reputation," she exclaimed. "If we had not gotten into the Abbey, through the kindness of your mysterious aviator, I should never, never have gathered courage to face the folks at Cedar Plank, Iowa, again. Oh, Anne, do you know that old man is a real Count, and a general in the army? But why did you run away?"

"I had no wish to continue the acquaintance after I discovered who our friends were," I answered coldly. "The Count, as you call him, and my father were not on speaking terms. He is my grandfather."

"You—your grandfather?" Estelle stammered, looking at me with mingled awe and amazement.

"And I have got to start for Paris by the night train," I continued, without leaving her time to recover her breath. "Do you happen to know of a good pawnbroker round about this neighborhood?"

"What do you want a pawnbroker for?" she inquired, staccato.

"To raise the fare," I answered. "My purse was stolen to-day, and so I want to pawn my watch."

"But you can't go to a pawnbroker," she cried, still more staccato than before, and eyeing me as though I were some new species of animal. "Where are you going to stay?"

"Unless I pawn my watch, you may address my letters to the third bench inside the main entrance to the Bois de Boulogne," I answered, calmly.

"But I'll lend you the money, dear," said Estelle, her mind at once diverted to this new problem. "I've got ten pounds I have no use for." Already she was unlocking a drawer of the secretaire. She took out two five-pound notes and thrust them into my hands. "You must take them, Anne," she insisted. "We don't go back on one another in Cedar Plank. And it's only fair payment for getting me into the Abbey and saving my reputation at home."

"You dear thing!" I said, pocketing the bills. "When I get my bonds from the Paris bank I shall return this promptly."

"Where are you going to stay?" cried my companion, branching out along another trail of speculation. "Do you know what a dreadful city Paris is? No single woman should go there, nor any married one, either, until she's thirty-five, at any rate."

"How old are you, Estelle?" I asked.

"Thirty-five," she said, innocently.

I went into hysterics quite suddenly; I suppose it was the reaction from the strain of the morning.

"Now, dear, if you go to Paris, do go to the Pension Anglais," she insisted, when she had shaken and slapped me into sanity, and bathed my face with eau de cologne. "Promise me that and I know you'll be well looked after and come to no harm."

"I—I—I promise," I gasped weakly. "But one thing I won't do," I continued, pulling off her wedding ring. "I—won't—wear this."

And then I realized that, instead of laughing, I was crying. And for my life I couldn't tell why, unless it was with anger against the man who had humiliated me.

I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to let me depart. Especially she insisted that the wearing of her wedding ring would be necessary to my safety in the French capital, of which, not having yet been there, she entertained exaggerated and, I secretly believe, delightful fears. But somehow I eluded her well-meant intentions of detaining me, and eight o'clock found me at Charing Cross station, waiting for the Dover train.

I had ten minutes leeway, and strolled idly up and down the platform, watching with interest the various travelling types. There was a party of Frenchmen on their way home after the Coronation who interested me in particular. The faces of more than one seemed half familiar to me, and especially I found myself regarding a tall Englishman, immaculately attired, who, evidently in the guise of interpreter, went busily from one to another, settling difficulties, labeling baggage, and generally smoothing away the little troubles of their journeying. Turning suddenly as I was passing, he almost ran into me, stopped dead, and lifted his hat. Then I knew who he was, and who these others were. They were aviators and their friends, and he was the chief steward, with whom I had exchanged words at the aviation meeting the week before when I volunteered to ascend with the Chevalier d'Yves (then unknown to me) in his monoplane.

"My dear Madame, why in the world didn't your husband call for his prize?" he ejaculated, pulling out his pocket-book. "I've carried it with me ever since, trusting to run across him. And do you know that to this day I haven't learned your name? Ah! that was a spectacular flight of yours. And clever —deucedly clever!"

"My husband?" I answered, feeling the blood run into my face in the most embarrassing manner.

"But didn't you know that he failed to claim the prize of five hundred pounds that he won by his remarkable flight?" he asked. With that he extracted an envelope from his pocket-book, which he handed to me with a formal bow. "With the compliments of the committee," he continued. "And now, if you would enlighten me as to the identity of your delightful husband——"

"But he isn't my husband," I panted, terrified. "My name's Anne Ives, if you want to know, and it's no business of mine who he is, because I never saw him before in my life."

But he absolutely declined to believe me.

"Oh, oh, Madame," he said, smiling and shaking his finger at me. "It was a deucedly clever scheme to pretend to be strangers to one another. It made your flight look so much more spontaneous. Of course I shall not press you——"

"Won't you please take back this money?" I pleaded. "Indeed you are under a misapprehension."

"Will not Madame keep it and hand it to Monsieur if she should happen to encounter him?" asked the secretary, blandly.

Evidently he refused absolutely to believe that I was not the wife of the Chevalier—the very man whom I hated more bitterly than I had ever dreamed I could hate anyone. The very mention of the hateful word indicating the relationship in which he thought we stood filled me with loathing. I should have flung the money into his face, but suddenly bells rang, and there was a concerted rush for the train. The guard was already signalling to the engine-driver. I dashed into a compartment just in time; the wheels began to revolve, and I sank down into my seat, still clutching the envelope. I looked inside; there were five bank-notes, of the value of one hundred pounds apiece. I thrust them into my hand-bag.

Estelle had packed my suitcase for me, and, when I opened it, a little later, what do you suppose I found on top of everything? Nothing else than that horrid little Mr. Spratt's book on the Code Napoleon, which he had so eloquently presented to me at the moment of my departure from Winnipeg. Poor little Mr. Spratt! The sight of it recalled to my mind vividly Mary Jenner, my best friend, and the life which now seemed so infinitely far away. And it was only two weeks before that I had been teaching a class of overgrown boys and girls the principles of arithmetic! If they knew of my subsequent adventures! I smiled, and then I felt the moisture in my eyes. I thrust the envelope containing the money into the cover of Mr. Spratt's book and gave myself up to somewhat painful meditation until I reached Dover.

The night passage was calm and I slept well until awakened at Calais, where we re-entrained for Paris, reaching there at an unearthly hour in the morning. Through the kindness of an old gentleman aboard the train—you know those old gentlemen who are bubbling over with altruism toward the stranger—I eventually found myself knocking wearily at the doors of the Pension Anglais. I was assigned a room by the sleepy night clerk and tumbled into bed without even troubling to undress. When I woke it was past twelve o'clock and the noise and stir of the great city was in full swing beneath my windows.

I couldn't bring myself to the performance of my mission for a couple of days. I inspected the cathedral, the Louvre, the shops; I reveled in my surroundings. Indeed, the fascination of the French capital so overwhelmed me that I doubt whether I should ever have brought myself to carry out my

purpose of visiting the banker but for a serious incident which suddenly recalled me to a sense of duty.

I was in the Louvre for the third or fourth time, reveling in the beauty of the sculpture there. I had paused before a statue of Praxiteles, an exquisite piece of work depicting the ideal of beauty, the Greek Hermes. I fell into a train of speculation. Were the modern Greeks, I thought, of the same physical type? I mused; had I ever seen a Greek? There must be Greeks in Winnipeg, but . . . And suddenly I felt that a pair of eyes was regarding me from across the gallery. I looked up with a start, to see a man in a slouch hat, attired like a guide, and yet evidently not one, since he lacked the official badge, regarding me with intense penetration.

It was the Greek Zeuxis, the villainous hanger-on of that scoundrelly Leopold Magniff!

But was it? Was not I, rather, the victim of an overweighted imagination? As I stared at him in consternation he moved with stealthy, gliding steps into another chamber. When I had recovered my self-possession and followed him he was nowhere to be seen.

The shock of this incident recalled me to the duty that lay before me. If indeed I were under espionage, it was my task to obtain my bonds with the least possible delay. I should never feel satisfied until I had disposed of them and taken the train and boat back to England. For the first time I regretted Estelle's absence. My loneliness was appalling; I felt as though some dark, ominous cloud of danger hung over me.

Early the next morning I sought admission to Leopold Magniff, Senior, in his banking house upon the Avenue. I had anticipated some difficulty in seeing him, but for some reason or other I was admitted almost immediately to the inner room in which he sat alone, surrounded by ledgers and account books. He was evidently toiling as industriously as any of his assistants, for he looked up, nodded the barest greeting, and went on writing.

Five minutes later he put down his pen.

"Now, Mademoiselle, I am at your service," he said.

And I told him my story, to which he listened with an impassive face.

I had not thought before of the improbabilities in it. Yet, even as the words left my mouth, I found myself stumbling for explanations and halting like some conspirator concocting a clumsy fabric of falsehoods. Indeed, when I desisted at last, confused and stammering, there was the ghost of a smile upon the old banker's face.

"I congratulate Mademoiselle upon her perfect knowledge of French," he answered, and took up his pen again.

"Well, Monsieur——" I stammered.

"Pardon me?" he responded, looking up as though I had just stated a new proposition to him.

"You will let me have my bonds?" I asked.

He smiled again; then frowned slightly.

"I am very busy, Mademoiselle," he answered. "Why do you not see my friend, the Baron Rothschild?"

I felt the color blazing upon my cheek.

"You don't believe me?" I cried, angrily. "You think I am an impostor?"

"My dear Mademoiselle!" he protested. "Do you mean seriously to press this ridiculous claim on me—me, Leopold Magniff, with fifty years' experience of men and women?"

"I certainly intend to obtain my property," I answered.

He pressed the tips of his fingers together and looked at me thoughtfully.

"If Mademoiselle insists upon my investigating this claim, the consequences may be serious for her," he answered. "Frankly, I have no money for you. It is too fine a day to spend indoors. Go, see the wild geese in the Bois."

I strode forward and stood at his side, quivering with anger.

"Listen to me, Monsieur," I cried. "You think me an impostor. Very well, investigate my claim. If I prove fraudulent, hand me over to the police. If I speak the truth, give me my bonds."

For the first time he became serious.

"My dear Mademoiselle," he protested, "let us assume, then, for the moment, that your story is true. Can you produce anyone who is able to identify you here?"

I shook my head; I was too much enraged to speak. Yet he spoke fairly enough.

"Good. You say that you have come from Canada to claim your bonds. From Canada, observe—a week's journey by a fast steamship. You have no references, no papers. And you have not even the key. Not even the key," he repeated. "And you say the key was stolen from you at the Coronation!"

He seemed about to burst into a fit of laughter, repressed himself with difficulty, and suddenly turned to me.

"What is the number of the safe in which your bonds lie?" he asked.

"No. 667," I answered promptly.

He rose, took down a book from a shelf, and studied it for a moment, turning the pages swiftly. Then he returned and seated himself beside me again.

"But, Mademoiselle, do you not see what difficulties lie before you in attempting to establish your claim?" he demanded. "First, you must prove your identity indisputably. And then —even if you establish this—we must have a duplicate key manufactured. Our strong boxes do not open so readily as you seem to believe."

"Tell me, Monsieur," I hazarded, as a new thought crossed my mind, "if one had the key—would it be feasible to enter the vault and take one's property from the safe?"

"Entirely feasible," he answered. "That is, by day. By night none can pass the watchman at the steel gates under any circumstances. But so secure are our locks, so impossible is it to manufacture a key which will fit any of them, that any person having a key and knowing the combination could unlock any box by day—always provided he had the key. By the way, what is your combination?" he asked, keenly.

"It is printed upon the key," I answered. "No. J1025 P. That means MWRO Clichy."

He collapsed in his seat as though he had been shot and began to eye me furtively—morosely.

"You really are an extraordinary young woman," he said. "Be frank, Mademoiselle. You wished to show me that you have knowledge of part of our cipher. You wish to sell your knowledge."

"For the last time," I screamed, in exasperation, "I am neither a thief nor an impostor. I want my bonds."

He looked at me as though he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears.

"I know what agitates you," I pursued, seeing my advantage. "It was the mention of the word Clichy. It recalls to you the home of the unhappy victims of your revenge."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, starting up, only to sink backward again.

"Listen, Monsieur, and let me explain to you," I said. "During the voyage to England, I made the acquaintance of your son, who was a passenger on the same steamship. Not knowing who I was, he made to me the proposal that I should join him in a scheme to obtain these bonds—from myself! That we should procure them at a nominal price by deceiving the victim as to their value; then, that by threatening to dispose of them at a moderate rate to the Comte, or in some manner to place him in possession of them thereby enabling him to pay off the mortgage you hold over him, we should force you to purchase them from us at an enormous rate, or lose your mortgage, and, with it, your hold over your enemy. Yes, he told me everything."

"Miserable scoundrel!" cried the old banker, in amazement. "And you told him, Mademoiselle——"

"I characterized him precisely as you have done," I answered.

To be continued

EDUCATION, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR, HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO THE MEN OF THE FRONTIER THROUGH THE READING CAMPS. TO THIS CAMP, FORTY MILES NORTH OF PETERBORO, BISHOP O'CONNOR CONTRIBUTED $50.00, AND UNIVERSITY MEN GAVE THEIR SERVICES AS INSTRUCTORS

The Reawakened Church

By Shailer Mathews

Illustrated with Photographs

THE Church has always stood for education. Go across the United States and you will find few institutions of higher learning that were not founded by religious denominations. Even our great state universities will be found generally to have received their original impulse from a group of religious men who believed, however, that the state as well as the churches had obligations to fit men for the higher experiences of life. Did not Horace Bushnell help plan the University of California?

But we should not misunderstand this educational impulse of our forefathers. Colleges were established not primarily for the teaching of denominational tenets. They were established to insure education to the children of the families of some denomination and make it certain that such education should be in an atmosphere sufficiently Christian to insure the morals and the religious life of the rising generation. In some cases it is, of course, true that these colleges gave some instruction in denominational tenets intended for those who were going into the ministry, but an examination of old catalogues will show that, while the fundamentals of Christianity were taught, sectarian-

ism was not a dominating or even a frequent element of the curriculum.

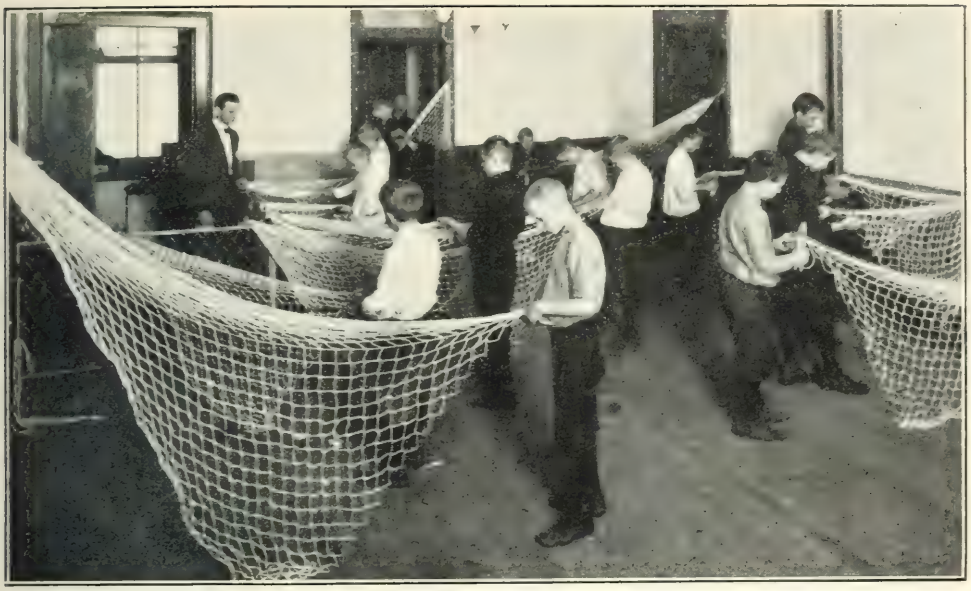
In the process of time these denominational schools have lost even the semblance of denominational instruction. They are denominational in the sense that they are the contribution which a given body of Christians is making to the cause of higher education. True, a distinction must here be made between colleges which are immediately susceptible to official control, like the Roman Catholic and certain Lutheran schools, and the mass of colleges in which denominational control is hardly more than formal. Thus, for example, such great institutions as Brown and the University of Chicago, while formally Baptist, cannot be controlled by any official of the denomination. Their denominational character consists in that members of their board of trustees and their presidents belong to the denomination. Similarly, too, many an admirable small college—as Haverford, an institution of the Friends—though with some denominational limitation as to trustees, president or faculty, is farthest possible from teaching any particular theory.

But this revision of sectarianism has not meant indifference on the part of the denominations concerned. Within the past few years the various churches have put a vast amount of money into their colleges and academies. The General Education Board, of which Dr. Wallace Butterick is secretary, has proved of great influence in standardizing the various institutions, and, thanks to its conditional gifts, there has been a very large increase in the amount of money given to these denominational schools. Their faculties, although, by what seems to be an unnecessary caution on the part of Mr. Carnegie, not eligible to the retiring allowances of the Fund, are equal to men in any school of corresponding grade.

These Carnegie retiring allowances have proved, one might add incidentally, a considerable motive for the elimination of denominational control from charters and deeds of gifts. In some cases a college like Bowdoin, in order to enjoy the advantages of the pension fund, has given back funds to which denominational provisos were attached. The situation has developed some very interesting anomalies, and the distinction between so-called denominational colleges and undenominational colleges has become generally a matter of words. For instance Oberlin College is classified as an undenominational institution, and the University of Chicago as a denominational. The one, including its theological seminary, is on the eligible list; the other, with an express proviso of religious liberty for its teachings, is not. Such anomalies, however, are bound to arise under the present condition, but they do not testify to any lack of regard of Christian communities for their educational institutions. The very colleges which have surrendered formal denominational control in order to have their faculties placed on the eligible list for the Carnegie retiring allowances, continue almost without exception under the direction of members of the religious bodies by whom they were founded and have raised large sums of money among their denominational constituents.

What is true of colleges is true, although to a considerably less degree, of academies. Most denominations have their academies in different states, but the need of such institutions is proportionately less than that of endowed colleges. The reason for this is clear when one considers the steady improvement in the high schools, maintained by the states. There are advantages connected with boarding schools of the preparatory grade, and some of these are deservedly prosperous, but their number is not likely to be increased and the work of the denominations in any given state is being concentrated more on their colleges.

There are of course, schools in which religious narrowness still exists, as in the case of a certain college, the trustees of which dropped the ablest member of its faculty because of certain remarks made in a Sunday school class. But a rather wide knowledge of these denominational colleges has convinced me that within them the instruction is



MENDING OF NETS IS AN OCCUPATION THAT HAS BIBLICAL PRECEDENT BEHIND IT. THESE BOYS ARE LEARNING TO MAKE HAMMOCKS IN A VACATION SCHOOL SUPPORTED BY THE CHURCH

as free as any rational person can demand. In fact, in a number of instances, college presidents have complained to me that in certain departments the spirit of free inquiry was overemphasizing some of the difficulties in religious belief.

But the educational influences of the Church are by no means limited to the colleges and academies. There is the Sunday school, which gathers millions of pupils every Sunday. Any person practically acquainted with the Church knows that the Sunday school just now is receiving more attention than probably any phase of church activity. No institution has been more frankly criticized by its friends, and, speaking in a general way, no body of men have taken criticism more seriously than those who are associated together in the shaping of Sunday school policies. These men are not radical reformers. At the start of the agitation in favor of Sunday school reform they were, to say the least, cautious: but in the same proportion as they have seen that the efforts of so-called reformers are really constructive and not merely captious doctrinaire criticism, have they followed in the lead of the newer and more scientific ideals of religious education. Thus within the past four years the great International Sunday School Association has adopted the principle of graded lessons and has energetically gone about the reorganization of Sunday schools everywhere.

Teacher training has been systematically introduced by several of the leading denominations, and the quality of the so-called lesson helps has steadily risen. It is now possible to procure a complete series of text-books for graded Sunday schools prepared as in the "Constructive Bible Studies" (the University of Chicago Press) by some of the leading biblical scholars of the country. In addition, we have now a rapidly increasing literature of really serious pedagogical worth, the first fruits of a new interest in religious psychology and education. The theological seminaries are taking up these new studies and already a number of them have established chairs devoted to investigation and instruction in these lines. Furthermore, seminaries of the better sort are giving their students the benefit of new social conceptions of religion and are training them to be something more than dogmatists.

One great agency, but by no means the only one, has been the Religious

Education Association, a body now numbering something like two thousand members, whose first convention was held in 1903. It is one of the creations of the foresight of the late William R. Harper. It numbers among its members many of the most prominent educators of the country. In organization it is modeled somewhat after the National Education Association, and conducts no small amount of investigation and discussion in its various departments. Its conventions are among the most notable of the year, and it is concerned not alone with the Sunday school but with the entire group of educational influences in the country. These it seeks to make ministers of moral and religious character. And at the same time it seeks to introduce into religion educational methods.

Other educational forces are the American Bible League, which is endeavoring to offset the influence of the Religious Education Association and maintain the traditional belief of the inspiration of the Bible. So far as can be discovered from its publications, the League is desperately in earnest to maintain what it regards as the faith once delivered to the saints, but has no particular conception of the educational significance of the Church. The American Institute of Sacred Literature, with several thousand students enrolled among its classes, is the outcome of interest of many men associated with biblical study. Its great work is the popularization of the historical method of Bible study and the maintenance of reading courses.

The young people's societies also are developing thoroughly educational machinery. Such societies are beset by one incurable danger: their members grow old. And in the same proportion as the first enthusiasm of organization has passed, have they found themselves increasingly in need of definite educational programs. In some cases they have become an educational force in the churches, parallel with the Sunday school. They issue volumes for study on many moral and religious topics, and their influence is undoubtedly great in the dissemination of knowledge regarding the Bible, the organization of the Church, the rise of Christian doctrines and the social significance of Christianity.

Another remarkable educational movement is concerned with missions. The days have passed when an appeal can be made to the churches to save millions of heathen from an angry God. The appeal is now made on the broader basis of the social, educational, moral and religious needs of the men in heathendom. More than that, there is developing a missionary ambition very different from that of the man who seeks simply to make proselytes. Among the more effective missionaries the attitude toward the old religions is one of discriminating appreciation, and the effort is made to show that Christianity conserves all that is good in the ancient non-Christian religions, while supplying motives and truths which these other faiths did not possess.

Such a change in attitude, in large measure the outcome of the study of comparative religion, has necessitated an entirely new method of interesting the constituencies which supply the funds for mission endeavor. Despite the most unbelievable ignorance on the part of those who caricature mission work, Christendom is growing increasingly intelligent as to mission policies and results. The laymen now go to the East to see things for themselves. And laywomen as well. The other day a young woman, just returned from a journey around the world, said to me: "When I left home I thought mother would visit the mission stations and I should stay in the hotel reading novels. But I have come back a mission enthusiast."

If the critics of missions would attend the various institutes held for the education of the rank and file of church members, they would be impressed with the sanity, and one might almost say, the scientific attitude, of mind on the part of these new promoters of Christian expansion. A new literature of the highest type is being issued. The Forward Movement is issuing a series of books which are marvels of compact information about the various people to whom Christianity is to be brought,

as well as about the problems which beset the church at home. This Forward Movement is extending throughout all the various denominations and the missionary meeting is being supplemented by mission study circles. Such study is in itself a liberal education, for it brings home to a Christian community the political, social, economic, educational, as well as moral and religious conditions of the non-Christian people. There is many a woman in a little country church who knows more about the world than a globe-trotting college graduate.

All this new interest in the educational aspect of missions which has grown up within the last decade if not within the last five years, is being supplemented by a new educational movement in the Church looking toward the development of an intelligent interest in the social problems of our own country.

Here, too, as I tried to point out, the Church is attacking its problems with new enthusiasm and influence. Some of the best literature of the hour on social questions is being issued as educational material for the churches. I need only mention the series of pamphlets issued under the direction of Mr. Stelzle, of the Presbyterians, and the series of brochures appearing from the Social Commission appointed by the Northern Baptist convention. But such publications are merely typical. Text-books are being issued intended to interest the Sunday school and young people's societies in these social questions. And to-day as never before church activity is being intelligently directed toward an increased intelligence.

If one stops to consider the deeper implications of these facts I have mentioned it must be apparent that in Protestantism the day is past when loyalty to the Church is to be determined in ignorance. True, there are many branches of Christianity who have no ambition that their members should be informed about the ways of the world, particularly theological and scientific questions. The churches which are actually achieving results are those of a different type. Just as we have come to see that a successful democracy compels the education of citizens, have we come to see that the power of the Church will ultimately rest upon the intelligence of its members. To this end the Church is devoting its new freedom of teaching; its regard for scholarship; its determination to popularize the sort of education that will best prepare men to benefit the world.

A PRAIRIE NOCTURNE

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

A sense of space and freedom and fresh airs;
A thousand thousand stars above my head—
The night-wind, moving through the withered grass;
And gophers—popping up to say their prayers.

Mister Drums, Arnykist

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"FOLLERIN' any business fer sixty years an' up like I bin follerin' this one," said the old circus man, "you're bound to see a hull lotta changes. In most cases, they're improvements. In the show business they ain't.

"What's that? Wha'd I mean by show business? Hain't you never been learn—Say! Show business is anything with a price of admission—circus, county fair, theayter, opry, movin' pitchers, arc-tick explorers, scientific lectures, airship meets, spiritchool seances, *or* ejicated pigs. The biggest is the circus, an' it useta be the best. When I look back an' think of what a circus was then an' what it is now—Aw, what's the use!

"The' always was diffrunces between the people in diffrunt parts of a show, an' the' is yet, and always will be. The ring performers kep' by theirselves, an' never noticed the animile men, and the animile men didn't have nawthin' to do with the sideshow people, nor nobody didn't have nawthin' to do with the canvasmen, ner them with the kinkers, an' so on. But over 'em all was the paste brigade, that handled the printn; an' fer years an' years, in the Own an' Only Greatest, I was the biggest man in the organization, bein' in charge of that. On accounta my position, I could be in with all or any of 'em without hurtin' my dignity.

"That accounts fer my astonishin' knowledge of human nacher, in the business an' out. Bein' next to the gov'ner, I was the second one of the three reel ropes in the show, an' I knew all kinds. Had to, so much depended on me. An' of all the queer things—Say!

"One band useta be enough. Now the's several, split up when we make procession, but mostly massed together fer the grand performance. Hearin' the band-practice this mornin' an' the row the drums made, 'minded me of the flosfer that run the drums in our band once, a long while ago.

"He was a spindly thing with big, weak eyes an' a nose that was both thin an' sharp, an' no more chin than a rabbit. But he had a bulgin' forehead an' a case of dispepsy, an' he pervaded around the lot all the time he wasn't on duty, tellin' everybody what a greedy world this was an' what he was goin' to do to reform it. He was one o' these arnykists, I guess, fer he was always preachin' in that wheezy voice he had, that no man has got a right to have any more money than everybody else has. He didn't have no ejication, an' what he done to the English grammar when he got a-goin' strong was worth comin' a long ways to hear. He was the most all-round ignorant man I ever seen, but gabby, like all ignorant people is.

"'When we git our rights,' he says

to me one day, 'we're goin' to make everybody put all they got into one pile, an' divide it up so't everybody will git an even share. That,' says he, 'is justice. Nobody won't have no share no bigger'n nobody else.'

"An' when I ast him what he was goin' to do with his share, he answers like a shot, and says, says he,

"'Spend it!'

"'An' when you've spent it,' says I, what'll you do then?'

"'Git another share,' says he.

"I thought he'd got it framed up fer easy money, but he hadn't, because he said that anybody that didn't work wouldn't be allowed to have no share. He was goin' to keep on workin', himself, but not with the drums. He'd picked out the job of sooprintendin' the share-pile, an' handin' out jobs to other fellers. There was the Rawthchilds an' the president o' the Bank of England an' a few other of them wealthy plootycrats that has to keep private chiropodists to trim their hands where they get calloused from cuttin' kewpons. He had 'em all down fer jobs of playin' the drums. I never seen any man as sore as he was on the way he made his own livin'.

"'Look at it,' he says to me wunst, when I was sympathizin' with 'im to draw him out. 'Look at it. Every instrument in the band but me has got his score in front of him, with all the others 'round, an' music cues to go by, an' rests that a infunt could count, an' only one instrument at that. An' there's me, with the snare-drums, an' the kittle-drum, an' the base drum, an' the zillerphone, an' the triangles, an' the cymbals, an' the zobo, an' the chimes, an' sometimes a whistle, er a gun to fire off fer a sharp effect. I got all the instruments that makes a rattle er a clang er a bang er a boom. An' I gotta be there with arey one of 'em on a cue so quick that if I miss it long enough to say 'zim' I git fined fer bein' asleep. An' jever see the score fer the drums? It'll be 'bing! brrrr!' an' then a rest where I gotta count ten, fifty, maybe a hundred an' fifty bars, an' be there with a boom-bang-cling on maybe three seprit an' distinct instruments, by the stopwatch. If I wasn't the greatest drum artist in this er any other world, I'd git fined so hard every performance I'd be owin' money to the management all the time.

"'It ain't so much playin' the instruments that wears me out,' he says, 'as the mental strain,' he says. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'I sit there countin', countin', countin', till I think the mental strain will turn me into a maniac. I wanta git up an' howl,' he says. 'Say,' he says, 'I useta git some relief drinkin' beer after the show,' he says, 'but that's only tempry, an' I got such a weak stomick from usin' my brain so much lookin' at that score with one eye an' the leader with the other, an' countin' like a autommytum clock at the same time, that beer distresses me awful, an' I can't hold enough to smooth down my nurves. Only relief I can git,' he says, 'is to go out on the lot nights an' holler, but I ain't got no voice left no more. Strained my throat,' he says, 'by follerin' the music inside of it, with my lips shut,' he says. 'I don't envy no rich men,' he says, 'because when we git organized they'll git theirs. But my brain-storms with the instruments of pro-cushion,' (that's what he called his aggregation) 'and my follerin' the music insida my throat,' says he, 'has wore out the nurves o' my vocal chords,' he says. An' he reelly did have a awful weeny voice.

"I useta ketch 'im sometimes standin' all alone by himself, on one foot, lookin' down at the ground, an' thinkin' he was thinkin'. He made me think of a Secretary bird we had one time in the animile top, that was the dumbest lookin' brute on the lot, but he was always hatchin' up some scheme to git out an' start things. That there bird would stand a hour on one foot, with one wet-paper eye-lid down, an' then shift to the other foot an' open that eyelid an' let down the other, an' keep his feathers all loose, so't you'd never dream he had anything on his mind. But all the while he was figgerin' a way to git out. An' he'd *git* out. First time, he done it by secretly pickin' away the wood around the ends of two

bars' an' when everything was shut down fer the night he broke 'em out an' snuck along next the canvas till he come to where the elephunts an' camels was roped in. He had a cone-shaped beak about eighteen inches long an' as sharp as a awl at the free end, an' with the swing o' that long neck of his he could drive that beak through a sheet iern plate, let alone a elephunt's leg er a camel's. Talk about yer rich man's trouble over gittin' into the kingdom of heaven, as taught in the Sabbath schools. That there Secretary bird could a showed 'em something. He wouldn't a had no trouble at all in drivin' through the knee of a idol.

"The' was the most awful trumpetin' down at that end that night—trumpetin' an' snortin' an' squealin' an' spittin'—'at ever was heard under canvas. An' it got the lions an' tigers awake an' goin', an' the monkeys an' the giant cockatoos from South Amurricky joined in, till the hull show was one tremenjous uproar, an' everybody come a-runnin'. Some o' the hands was bedded under cover down the middle the ring, an' when I got there it looked like a circus-hereafter of the bitterest kind. It took a dozen hands with nets an' a tarpaulin' to ketch Mr. Bird, an' even at that he fought like a fanatic before they got 'im back in his cage an' nailed up. That department was hoodood fer two days afterwards, from pure fright. We put a metal floor on the cage and iern frames fer the bar-sockets to set in, an' he was quiet fer a month—thinkin' up another scheme, an' lookin' like a melloncolly hermit all the while. He worked it, too, by peckin' a hole in that metal floor, an' we had the hull thing over again. We beat him at last by gettin' everything he could reach from the inside replaced by chilled steel. But his midnight labors didn't stop until he'd wore his beak blunt, an' unsettled it where it joined his head. Then he give up, an' spent the rest of his disappointed life standin' first on one foot an' then on the other, with his feathers all scruffed up, thinkin'.

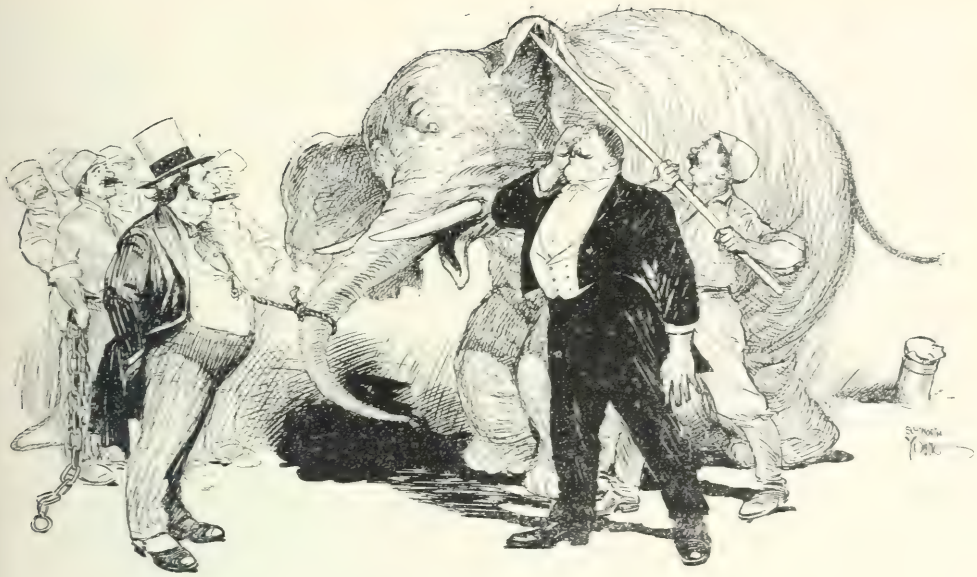
"Well, this here drummer always made me think of that bird, when I found him standin' alone in the dark, hop-footed. If I was to say anything to him on them occasions, he'd always start in about the distribution of wealth an' property, mixed up with complaints about his stomick an' the loss of his voice.

"About the time I thought he was due fer the dippies sure, we signs on a new man, to announce the acts, instead o' the ringmaster. It was one of the first of these new, novel an' original innovations that has pulled the circus down to its present level of press agents an' performers insteada printn an' animiles an' a good high tone fer moral towns.

"This feller musta weighed about two hunderd an' eighty or over. I ast him his heft wunst, an' he said, 'twenty stone', an' I let it go at that, but it 'minded me of a Irish farmer I seen back east one day, weighin' a pig. This Irishman balanced a rail acrost a fence an' hung the pig on one end an' a bag fer stones on the other, an' when he'd filled the bag with stones enough to balance the pig, he guessed how much the stones weighed. I suppose that was the way this feller found out he weighed twenty stone.

"He'd been a ring-fighter, but he'd got too old an' logy fer that, bein' about thirty-five, an' he had a voice that he coulda blowed a safe with. He would stand at one sida the ring, half way down the tent, an' call off the acts in a way that made the top bulge overhead an' set the lions in the next tent cowerin' against the backs of their cages. An' he done it so easy, a deef man standin' next an' lookin' at him woulda thought he was jest talkin' to himself. Never swelled a vein, ner raised a flusha color in his face.

"First time he was on, was a afternoon performance; an' the very first echo of his first words was a clash of cymbals an' chimes in the band stand, an' the thump-thump of a bass drum bouncin' down the seats. I looks over that way, an' there's the drummer's head poked excited over the instruments in front of him, with his face all white, an' his eyes bunged out like a fifer's.



"AN' THEN MR. VOICE HE GETS HIS MOUTH UP UNDER THE ELEPHANT'S EAR AN' THROWS ALL HIS GENIUS INTO ONE TREMENDOUS 'WHOA!'"

"The leader does a frenzy-dance at 'im, an' pulls out some of his own hair, fer the announcement was a cue fer an entrance that called fer a rollin' crash, an' it was up to the drums to git the effect. Old Mr. Drums gits aholt of himself an' the crash comes in all right, but all through the performance I see his mental strain is overworkin' itself, tryin' to count his bars an' watch that big-voiced feller at one an' the same time. I bet he was fined enough that day fer the breaks he made an' the cues he missed, to keep a poor fambly a month.

"Well, anyhow. He gits stuck on this ex-pug, on accounta that boomin' paira lungs. I'm a little gone on it musself, son, fer all it was outa place in a moral show. That voice sounded like all the giants on the face o' the yearth hollerin' into all the empty hogsheads.

"Why, wunst when we had trouble with a 'must' elephunt so bad we was afraid we'd have to kill it, this Voice guy comes around an' says he can fix 'im. So the Old Man tells 'im to go to it, an' he has them draw out the chains that was on the elephunt's legs, an' rope his trunk, an' then he has the keeper lift up an ear with the hook, an' he gits his mouth up under that ear and throws all his genius into one tremenjous 'whoa!' An' that there insane elephunt jest gives one convulsive spraddle an' falls to tremblin' like a scared child; an' they never has no trouble with it afterwards. That one bellerin' word knocked all the murder and all the spunk out of 'im, an' the sight o' Mr. Voice afterwards always give 'im a fit of the shakes.

"Old Mr. Drums, with nawthin' but a assmatic whisper, he falls fer that voice so flat you can see the grass through 'im. Gets to follerin' it around when off duty, an' buyin' beer fer it, an' first thing you know, they're the glue-brothers.

"But Mr. Voice, he's bin on the shower-cart a year or so, an' the beer gits him a-goin'. This comes out one night when he wades into a buncha raise-'er-backs around the stake wagons where the Drums had took him, an' was doin' a arnykist spiel. I don't know what touches it off, but the's a clemmin' match goin' pretty soon that sets the boss canvasman to tappin' a guy rope, an' when it's all over them rough-necks is piled up in a stack like cord wood, an' Mr. Voice is callin' fer more to lay on top of 'em. It takes a dozen of the strongest hands we got to give 'im the frog march to his own place, an' I got all I can do to talk 'im

into cheesin' it till mornin'. In the mornin' he's as mild as a warm rain, and don't remember nawthin' about it.

"After that clemmin' match, if there was symptoms, I'd put the police detail onto it, an' it's no airy fiction to say they didn't care fer the job when one come off. The word would go out that he'd got his war-bonnet on, an' there'd be a break fer cover that left him an' the police plenty of room. Everybody'd clear outa that but Mr. Drums. He useta jest gloat over it, as much as he could with sech a weak stomick an' so much mental strain, but every roar that come outa the mixup seemed to act on 'im like lectristy, an' fill 'im up fuller with admiration.

"One day in a western town where

MISTER DRUMS HE GETS STUCK ON THIS EX PUG, ON ACCOUNTA THAT BOOMIN' PATRA LIKES

the' was a good many Swedes an' Scandahoovians, Mr. Voice declares war in general, an' there's chumult up an' down both sides o' the main street, with human bodies bein' catapulted through the air an' him puttin' to shame Sampson an' the bulls o' Bashan of Holy Writ, with the police tappin' the kerbstones fer help an' old Drums hoppin' around with scandalous enjoyment, when enter from nowheres a little woman with fiery eyes an' her sleeves rolled up. She's got 'er hair twisted in a hard knot at the back of her head, an' a dinky bit of a turban hat on, with some false geraniums stickin' up an' shakin' on the top of it. An' what does she do but walk right up in fronta this deevastatin' human cyclone, an' shake a forefinger at 'im.

"'Ay ban got about enougha thes,' she says to him, 'an' you ban goneta get a big lickin', right now,' says she, all in a Swede sing-song.

"Say—everybody's stunned. The excitement stops like a boilin' pot does when you slop a douse o' cold water into it—quick. The police quit rappin', with their sticks half-way to the kerb. The hull crowd is peetrified, like Sodom's wife on the lot at Gimorra, as related in the Bi-bel, and they're all lookin' to see him gulp that little woman at one swaller. Insteada which, his hands falls to his sides an' his mouth drops apart, an' his eyes opens so wide they push his hair back. An' does he let go a poke at her? Say!

"He comes to himself a inch at a time, an' turns a slow red, an' he speaks up, as shamed as he can be, an' he says, says he,

"'Aw come now, aunt, don't start nawthin' on me here, where they can all see it,' he says. 'I'll be disgraced,' says he, as near a whisper as he can manage. 'Where's your wagon?' says he. 'Wait till we git to it,' he says, 'before you tan me,' says he.

"'Then you come along,' says she, an' if you'll believe it, she takes that holy terror by the coat sleeve an' marches him away, as meek as a lamb goes with a butcher. It takes that crowd five minutes to get its breath back. But old Drums, he follers them to

"AY BAN GOT ABOUT ENOUGHA THES," SHE SAYS, "AN' YOU BAN GONETA GET A BIG LICKIN', RIGHT NOW"

where they're goin', an' that turns out to be where she's drove her wagon into a stable yard, havin' come into town to do her shoppin' an' see the show with some of her neighbors from about five mile out in the country.

"What's the answer? Why, she reelly was his aunt, that took care of him when he was a orphan kiddo, an' didn't think nawthin' of turnin' him acrost her lap an' drivin' some sense up through his system with a fire-shovel, till he got big an' tough an' run away to be a pug. An' he hadn't seen 'er since ner she hadn't heard from him, but it all comes back to both of them at sight, an' neether of them thinks of the change. It's jest the same as it useta be when she useta lick him an' he useta take it.

"Well, here's where the pewthetic part of it comes in. Drums an' him has dinner with her, that she'd brought in under the seat o' the wagon. He heard them talkin', after she'd blowed up her nephew to ease her mind, an' it seems she's got a half section o' fine farm land out there, an' she wants this Voice thing to quit his wanderin' life an' go live with her, because his uncle is dead an' she needs a man around the place, and he agrees to do it if she'll let him finish out the season. So it's settled. An' the next Sunday, there bein' no performance, the Voice an' the Drums comes back on the railroad an' goes out to the farm an' spends the day. An' Drums finds out she's a well-fixed widder woman even if she is a Swede, an' she's got money in the bank, an' everything clear, an' she's a corkin' fine cook.

"End o' the season, they go back to that farm together, Mr. Voice not havin' to insist very hard on Drums goin' with him fer a visit. But in a month old Voice got tired o' the country an' declared himself in words to that effect, as the feller says, and deeparts abruptly. But the aunt, she ain't carin'. She's got stuck on Drums as a man of sooperior intellect and a professional artist with a growin' appetite an' a appreciation of good cookery, an' they've fixed it up fer him to quit the show an' take up the management of the farm fer life, in the character of Mister Aunt. That is, to git married. An' so it was arranged, an' carried out in accordance thereto, as the

lawyer says. An' whaddya think, son?

"Two seasons afterwards, we're makin' a one-day stand in that same town, an' who drives in but Mr. Drums an' his wife, she jest as grim an' determined as ever, but him all fattened up and filled out so I didn't know him at first, an' they has me out at the farm the next Sunday. I certainly did enjoy the eats, fer they was great. But old Drums, he got me rollin'.

"I never did see, before ner senst, a man so fewrious about property rights and arnykists an' socialists, an' all them other isters that wants to kick over the law an' take everything you got away from you an' divide it up. His vocal chords had come back to him through the let-up on his mental strain, an' he didn't play a thing on 'em but one long spiel about the pressin needcessity fer maintainin' a large an' strong military force to protect the people from them poisonous revolutionists an' robbers that couldn't stand fer anybody enjoyin' a hard-earned prospurrity. He begun on it when he met me at the station, an' he hadn't got through when I said good-bye to him from the back platform when the train pulled out. Say—

"It makes some diffrunce what side of a thing you look at it from, don't it, what?

"Well, anyhow, old Drums is outa the circus business fer keeps, an' got out of it before it tobogganned to the press agents an' the dawgs. Wish I'd quit it then musself, but I don't suppose I ever will. What'd this show do without me? Wouldn't last a week. I can't be a hawg."

NOCTURNE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE bee to the hive, and the bird to the nest,
And the weary sun to the waiting west;
The open bud to its close again,
And sleep to the heavy eyes of men.
Night bringeth the hour of all the best—
It bringeth the babe to mother's breast.

The owl to the tree, and the stars to the sky,
And the silver moon to its journey high;
The beetle lurcheth in humming flight
While the firefly flasheth across the night.
Then cometh the hour of softest charms—
It bringeth the babe to mother's arms.

The night foldeth in as a drapery soft
As the far perfumes that the breezes waft;
The world is there—but we are here
With lullaby, lullaby, low and clear.
Night sendeth the hour of all apart—
It bringeth the babe to mother's heart.

Suspecting Oliver

By Arthur R. Andre

Illustrated by George A. Faul

"MY DEAR, I HAVE JUST GOT AN INSPIRATION FOR A FACADE"

MRS. EVERETT ushered the stranger politely off the premises, and watched him from the front window till he disappeared around the corner of the block. Not only was she not angry, she assured herself, almost convincingly, and with no little heat, but she didn't believe a word the man had said to her. She was a slender little woman, dark-eyed, quick in her movements, the kind that is always doing something, and is always thinking of something else to do. She ran into the hall to 'phone to her husband.

"Number, please?"

The cold, businesslike tones of the operator almost frightened her. What was she about to do? Inform her husband that a detective had called and had coupled his name with that odious Brethwaite woman?—tell him that the man had suggested he would bear watching?—tax him with infidelity, when she believed in him with all her heart and soul?

"Number?" demanded Central again. quite sharply.

"South 239," she answered helplessly. There were the usual buzzing and distracting noises in her ear, and then:

"Hello!" greeted a familiar voice.

"It is I, Mildred," she temporized.

"Yes?"

What was she to say to him? What could she say to him?

"Yes?" repeated her husband, a trifle impatiently.

"Take me to the show to-night, Oliver," she replied at last—it was the only thought that came into her mind. "The theatre. . . . Yes, any theatre." She hung up the receiver and slid weakly into a chair beside the telephone. "He'll think that some one cut me off," she murmured to herself uneasily, and a minute later: "The idea," she cried aloud, "suspecting Oliver!"—and she forced a nervous, uncertain, quavery little laugh.

She never had been really happy till she married Oliver, she lamented to herself despairingly, as if all her happiness was now behind her.

He had purchased the little house on the hill, to please her, so that she could get along without a servant—girls are so careless and undependable, her thoughts trailed off—and he had let her choose all the furniture herself. Of course, it wasn't easy to do everything, but by planning, and keeping at it, she managed famously. And she "loved" to plan. To-morrow she must find time to take up the rugs in the bedrooms and Albert's playroom. And the next day, she must wash and starch the curtains, early, so that she could get them up again by night. And the next day—— She stopped short. She wasn't thinking about her household duties at all, or, rather, she was thinking about them only superficially. Deep down in her heart she was recalling, word for word, what the detective had said to her about her husband. She wouldn't have minded so much, she told herself, in a burst of resentment, if she had been a "gad-about" or a "sloven," even if the story that the man had told her about Oliver was true, which it was not. . . . But what was she doing, sitting there with her hands folded idly in her lap? She ran into the kitchen and laid the cloth for the child's supper, and running upstairs after the table was laid, got out the dress she was to wear that night to the show.

Albert came in. He stood on a stool at the sink to wash his face and hands. He combed his hair before the kitchen mirror; and, comb and towel and stool restored to their proper places, he put on his bib and climbed into his chair. Mrs. Everett always wanted to hug him as he went through this routine—to-day, for some reason, more than ever. She ripped and basted and sewed at the alterations she was making in her dress; she watched the child at the table; and presently, as her mind grew more composed, she glanced absently about at the familiar appointments of the kitchen—the snowy drain-boards, scoured to a soft, satiny finish by her own little capable hands; the polished nickel faucets in the sink; the ruddy copper pans, agleam in an orderly row above her head; the stove, with its polished steel fittings; and, behind it, extending beyond the sink to the pantry door, the cool, refreshing expanse of white glazed brick. She wasn't thinking about these things exactly, as she plied her needle and thread, but somewhere in the recesses of her mind they were present, ministering to her peace and contentment. The odious detective and the still more odious Mrs. Brethwaite were out of her thoughts entirely.

"Why doesn't papa stay home nights?" asked Albert, helping himself to a slice of bread and butter.

His mother looked up with a start. All the old hateful suspicions were back again—and reinforced, and besides, she couldn't help wondering who could have put the thought into the child's mind. "Your papa works nights in his office," she answered evenly.

"Every night, mamma?"

"Yes, dear—almost."

Albert was silent for some thirty seconds, as he thoughtfully chewed a mouthful of bread and butter, and then:

"Mrs. Leavitt says that's all you know!" was the bomb-shell he exploded.

Mrs. Everett gasped. A number of replies to the impertinence rose to her lips, but none of them were suited to the understanding of a child of seven—so she stitched on.

"She said it to Mrs. Gregory," continued Albert, mercilessly. "I was playing with Sammy Leavitt and Buster in her back garden, and I heard her." He sipped his milk slowly and methodically to insure digestion—another lesson that had been drilled into him—and watched his mother to note the effect of his words.

"Who else were you playing with this afternoon?" she asked him quietly, without looking up.

The child climbed down from his chair and picked up a crumb of bread that had fallen upon the spotless kitchen floor. "Billy Weeks," he replied, "and Leonard, and Tony Fosbrook." But the continuity of his thought processes was not to be thus easily evaded:

"What did she mean?" he asked with appalling directness.

"I—I don't know, my dear," Mrs. Everett replied, quite taken aback. "I mean that I can't very well explain to little boys. And now," she broke off hurriedly, "I'm going to step across to Mrs. Hamilton. Your papa and I are going to the show to-night, and I want to find out if she can look after you while we are away. Run outside to play when you are through," she called back to him. . . . And when she returned again the child was gone.

She lighted the gas under the heater to take a bath, and laid out the rest of her clothing upon the bed. After all, she told herself, the gossips across the street had merely hinted that Oliver might be spending his evenings elsewhere than in his office, and she only had the detective's word for it that he had been seen in the widow's company at all. She resolved to put all unworthy doubts and suspicions away from her, at least till she should receive confirmation of the detective's story. She had reached this laudable determination, and was about to decide the important question as to which hat she was to wear that night to the theatre, when a familiar footfall sounded on the walk.

It was Oliver. She recognized his step immediately, and besides, he was coming around to the back door—Oliver always came around to the back door. Then she heard him fastening the screen-door carefully behind him, and walking across the kitchen and along the hall. "I have the tickets, Mildred," he announced at the foot of the stairs.

"Can you get something to eat for yourself, Oliver?" she called down to him. The running of the water in the bath-tub drowned his reply, but she knew very well that he could; and a minute later she could hear him passing and repassing across the kitchen floor—clearing away Albert's plate and glass and laying a knife and fork for himself; for, of course, the dining-room was always reserved for "company." . . . Now he was going to see what there was in the ice-box. Well, there was half a chicken, and some potato salad, and a cold apple pie—he would do very well, she thought. Now he was brewing himself a pot of coffee; for the fragrant aroma wafted up to her; and now he was drawing his chair up to the table. . . . By the time she was out of the bath-room she could hear him moving about again—stacking up the dishes in the sink, shaking the crumbs out of the kitchen door, and—she could almost see him—folding up the tablecloth and putting it away in the drawer. How many husbands were there on the hill, or anywhere else, for that matter, she asked herself proudly, who were as thoughtful and considerate about the house?

And then, while she was braiding her hair, without the slightest reason in the world, so far as she could see, everything that she had ever heard or read about faithless husbands, all that the detective had said and hinted to her about Oliver, every tormenting doubt and suspicion that she had been holding at arm's length since that gentleman's unwelcome visit came trooping back to her. Men loved to deceive their wives. It was a feather in a man's cap if he could make his wife believe that he was wholly devoted to her, while at the same time he was carrying on an "affair" with some other woman. And, immediately, the wraith of Mrs. Brethwaite, albeit a very substantial wraith — double-

chinned, plump to fatness, over-dressed and suspiciously fair of hair—rose in her mind to torment her. Meantime her husband had finished dressing. She had almost finished dressing herself, and she was quite ready "to be buttoned up the back," but she would have died rather than call upon him for aid just then. So, with much contorting, and not a little grimacing, she contrived to button up her dress herself. "*She* couldn't have done it!" the little lady reflected scornfully. It was necessary to arrange her hair again after the feat had been successfully accomplished, but that was a small matter. She was ready at last, and leaving her husband to lock up the house, and hang the key on the nail for Mrs. Hamilton, she started up the garden path towards the gate.

Past argus-eyed windows she walked beside her husband, dimly conscious of his unusual preoccupation, and wondering what the gossips across the street were saying. That she needed a new dress, perhaps, though the one she had on she had only worn twice before. That she laced. And she was one of the very few women on the hill that didn't need to lace. Nor did she need to massage or diet, she reflected vengefully—and she held her smooth little chin very high indeed.

"Say, Mildred," observed her husband thoughtfully, "you do look stunning to-night. We should go out more."

She wondered if this was also a part of the game to fool her, and it occurred to her that she knew nothing of what was passing in her husband's mind. Several couples passed them on their way down town, with whom he exchanged greetings—people that she had never even seen before—and this gave her a further sense of aloofness. The theatre was reached at last, and the play was *Gabrielle*.

Mrs. Everett didn't like it. There might be such women as Gabrielle in real life, she supposed, though she doubted very much if there were; but what disgusted her the most, apart from its flaunting immorality, was the unimaginable disorder which the play portrayed—the meal taken in bed, the garments scattered everywhere about the floor, the cigarettes and wine, the turning of night into day—and, by contrast, there arose before her a vision of her own "spick and span" little home, with its billowy curtains, and fresh-looking rugs, and polished furniture. What kind of a home would the Brethwaite woman keep for Oliver? The question popped into her mind with alarming suddenness—and she lost all further interest in the play.

She feared that Oliver would fall into careless ways. When he came home late at night he would probably take off his shoes and leave them anywhere. On the centre-table in the sitting-room there would be a box of cigars and an ash-tray—an ash-tray in her house—and she could picture him, seated in her best "company" easy-chair, in his old slippers and coat, because they were comfortable, dreaming about his plans and specifications. She could see him look around suddenly and say: "My dear"—this to that blondined, two-chinned creature—"my dear, I have just got an inspiration for—a something or another"—and the woman would come running in, and would sit on the arm of his chair with her arm about his neck, and a cigarette, most likely, in the corner of her mouth. And the curtains—her curtains—smoke-laden and dust-begrimed—— Pfaugh! Her housewifely soul revolted.

But out of it all there emerged the thought that Oliver would be contented. What with her continual sweeping and dusting and scrubbing and polishing, her "Don't do this, Oliver!" and her "Don't do that Oliver!" she had made him feel like a stranger in his own house; she had sacrificed her husband to her home. She had even fallen out of the habit of conversing with him, except on such topics as Albert's untidiness—and Albert wasn't untidy—or the neighbors' shiftlessness—and of that she knew only by word of mouth. And while these meditations were passing through her mind, and the actors were coming and going upon the stage—dream figures, all of them, so far as Mrs. Everett was concerned—her husband sat silent beside

her and absorbed in thought. Yes, she had lost him, and she deserved to lose him, she told herself despondently. Her housewifery was all a fraud.

What was it, she asked herself bitterly, but the cheapest ostentation and display? See, neighbors, my house is cleaner than yours—so clean, in fact, that my husband hardly dares set foot in it—and that is why he spends his evenings at his office. And in imagination she could hear the gossips laugh, and see them nudge one another. And it was all mixed up horribly with the action of the play—the shameless love-making, the cigarettes, and automobiles, and beer. She hated the house and every stick of furniture in it!

The play was over. She was walking home again beside her husband, wondering dully what he was thinking about; who he was thinking about; and why he had failed to notice her distress. Presently he took out a cigar and lighted it. Then he raised his hat to some people who were passing in an automobile—strangers again, she observed—and they smiled pleasantly as they returned his greeting. She wished he was not so tall and distinguished-looking; that his shoulders were not so broad; that he was not so successful in his profession. Then perhaps other women would leave him alone.

What was she saying to herself? She didn't wish anything of the kind. What she did wish was that she had treated her husband differently, and if she had her life to live over again, she would. Curiously enough, just at that moment, a vision of Albert picking up a crumb of bread from the kitchen floor flashed into her mind. She owed him a hug for that, the little darling. And what was it Mrs. Fosbrook had said about the house, only yesterday, after she had gone all over it from cellar to garret? "It looks as if no one lived in it!" And Mrs. Everett remembered that she had taken the remark as a compliment. Well, it should convey quite a different impression to-morrow, she told herself, grimly, looking straight ahead. And almost at the door of her own house—in the flesh, this time, and leaning on the arm of a youngish-looking man she had seen somewhere before—she beheld Mrs. Brethwaite.

Mrs. Everett felt a choking sensation in the throat as she wondered what was to be the extent of her humiliation. Would Oliver raise his hat in greeting to the woman and pass on? Or would he ignore her and her escort altogether? Would the woman have the effrontery to nod and smile, and perhaps stop and talk for a minute or two to both of them? Her heart almost stopped beating as she observed the widow's eyes move leisurely towards her husband's, and her husband's traveling carelessly towards the widow's. The two glances met—and separated, and the two couples moved apart again. Here was no play-acting, no dissimulation; her husband and the other woman were strangers. And the man she was with was Leavitt—Mrs. Leavitt's husband—the man who lived across the street—which accounted for the detective's mistake.

They had reached their own garden gate by this time, and Mr. Everett, still lost in thought, gazed absent-mindedly at his half-smoked cigar.

"Take it in the house," said Mrs. Everett.

Her husband replaced the cigar in his mouth and led the way to the rear entrance.

"The front door, Oliver," she commanded unsteadily.

And inside the house unheard-of things began to happen. She installed him in an easy-chair in the front room, cigar and all, while she ran upstairs to see if Albert and Mrs. Hamilton were all right; but she was down again in a few minutes, a suspicious redness about the corners of her eyes, and a dab of powder adorning the side of her nose. She took off his shoes, which she tossed carelessly aside, replacing them with his oldest and most comfortable pair of slippers; and she seated herself on the arm of his chair with her own arm about his neck.

Minutes passed. In imagination she could see signs of wear upon her spotless furniture; barely perceptible fingermarks, the faintest suggestion of indentations upon chairs and table-legs

—and blue-prints scattered everywhere. She made up her mind to keep a servant, since Oliver could so well afford it; and she planned a study for him, where he could work nights, in comfort — man's comfort: and she watched a thin wisp of smoke curl upwards from his cigar. What were her curtains—a thousand pairs of curtains —weighed in the balance against Oliver's happiness? He looked around.

"My dear," he remarked, "I've just got an inspiration for a facade: I've been on the trail of it all day. And," he broke off suddenly, with a deprecatory smile, "I suppose I have been rather, inattentive." He looked up.

And down his wife's cheek an adoring tear rolled silently and splashed upon his nose.

T-WHARF SAILOR SONG

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WHEN we lay off o' Diamond Head
A swingin' in the sea,
A voice came roaring from the waves,
And the voice it said to me:

"You'll sail through all the seas again,
And round to Boston Bay,
And there'll you'll find the girl again
That cried for you to stay:

"And you'll live upon the land again,
As once you lived before,
And you'll be like Christian folk again,
And you'll go to sea no more."

No more we'll go aloft by night—
No more we'll lie below;
No more we'll freeze by Behring Straits,
Nor roast by Callao—

O snug we'll lie in Boston town
When winds go hard ashore
And brig or bark or man o' war,
We'll go to sea no more.

The Territorial Tenure of Canada West

By the Viscount de Fronsac

EVERYONE is interested in the history of the title by which he holds his land. This discloses the right of the state as underlying his own right, and defines the sovereignty of the state on the one side, and the privileges of the subject on the other.

In the very beginning, the English claimed the North-West because Hudson made his voyage in an English ship, or from an English port. But it is yet to be proven that he held an English commission, or that the ship was not his own private property, or that he was an Englishman. Long before, he had sailed under commission of the Dutch West India Company, and he is claimed by Dutch authors as a Hollander.

Concurrently with the English, the French claimed the North-West—indeed all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their claim was based on the reported discoveries of *coureurs des bois*. But this claim was as shadowy as that of the English.

The English were the first to establish posts in the Hudson Bay district through the efforts of Radisson, Groseilliers and Prince Rupert, and the French were the first to do the same thing farther south, on the Saskatchewan, through the indomitable energy and bravery of La Verendrye. But all subsequent claims to the greater part of the North-West are derived through the pretensions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Now the principal clause of this Company's charter reads: "The Governor and Company of adventurers of England, trading in Hudson Bay be, and at all times hereafter shall be permissible and capable in law to have, purchase, receive, possess, enjoy and retain lands, rents, privileges, liberties, jurisdictions, franchises and hereditaments of what kind, nature and quality soever they be to them and their successors," etc., with the "liberty of giving, granting and conceding the same . . . . . to others".

This Company had not been long established in its posts before the French got up an expedition to drive them out, claiming a right as valid as the English. M. de Troyes, with Iberville, and a small armament in two ships, sailed into Hudson Bay and captured and razed all the forts and posts of the Company. In the subsequent Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the French claim on Hudson Bay and the North-West was fully vindicated, and was acknowledged by England.

Later on, in the Treaty of Utrecht, which terminated Queen Anne's War in 1713, France ceded Newfoundland, Acadia (Nova Scotia) and Hudson Bay definitely to England, without however acknowledging England's previous right to any of these possessions. It was simply the fortune of war.

Challenging the Charter.

The question comes up in regard to this territorial tenure; how could the Hudson's Bay Company, after the cession of the land to England in 1713, reoccupy it under a charter that had been granted before the Peace of

Ryswick, which acknowledges the land to be French territory? Did or did not the Treaty of Ryswick cancel the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company?

Assuming that the Treaty of Ryswick did not cancel the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, though Guenin, in his History of New France, asserts that it did, on what ground alone could the charter be said to have existed through French possession from 1697 to 1713? It is presumed that the charter was not cancelled by contrary acknowledgment and possession simply, because no adverse claim to that effect was ever put forward by the foes of the Company in Canada or Britain. It is only by this silence that the assumption of continuous title is made.

The nearest approach to a challenge of the Company's tenure came from Mr. McDougal's bill in the first Canadian Parliament, in 1867, which reads:

"That it would promote the prosperity of the Canadian people . . if the Dominion of Canada . . were extended to the Pacific . .

"That in the event of the Imperial Government agreeing to transfer to Canada the jurisdiction and control over the region, it would be expedient to provide that the legal rights of any corporation . . . . within the same be respected and, in case of difference of opinion in regard to extent . . . the same be submitted to juridical advice."

The following year (1868) a delegation from Canada arrived in England to secure the cession of the land. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Secretary of State for the Colonies, informed them that the Hudson's Bay Company, "being Lords-Proprietors, were to be treated as such, and not as parties having a defective title and fit subjects for spoliation."

On the 9th of March succeeding, Earl Grenville, the governor of the Company, at the instance of this Canadian delegation wrote: "At present the very foundations of the Company's title are not undisputed. The boundaries of its territory are open to questions of which it is impossible to ignore the importance. Its legal rights, whatever these may be, are liable to be invaded without law by a mass of Canadian settlers whose occupation of the country on any terms it will be little able to resist; while it can hardly be allowed that the terms of the charter, or its internal constitution, are such as to qualify it under all these disadvantages for maintaining order and performing the internal and external duties of government."

England Recognizes Title.

These two letters of Buckingham and Grenville point to two facts: first, that the Company was a semi-independent sovereign (Lord-Proprietor); second, that the officials had lost that sovereignty by degenerating in character from the well-born patricians whose familiarity with arms and diplomacy had in times past led them to keep a small standing army and well-garrisoned ports to uphold their rights, to the upstart servant and commercial man who had ignored the "mailed hand" and territorial sovereignty (which from his birth he could not understand), for the benefit of his private pocket-book. These ancient governors would have played a very different game with the Canadian delegation and its pretensions—much the game that their confreres, the governors of the British East India, played with the native aspirants in those parts.

As a result the Company, under its ignorant and weak officials, agreed "to surrender to Her Majesty's Government (the Colonial office) all property and rights, to be turned over to the Canadian Government for £300,000 for Prince Rupert's Land . . . . and a promise of the confirmation of all titles of land granted by the Company up to the year 1869."

Before this, in 1749, Arthur Dobbs and associates had applied for charter for a new Company, and for the rescinding of that of the Hudson's Bay Company on the following grounds:

I.—"That the Company had not discovered nor attempted to

discover, the North-West Passage into Southern Seas.

II.—"That they had not extended their settlement into the limits given them by their charter.

III.—"That they had designedly confined their trade into very narrow limits;

"(a) Had abused the Indians;

"(b) Had neglected their forts;

"(c) Had ill-treated their servants."

But the Company had filed papers in rebuttal disproving many of these accusations, although the main one they could not answer, namely: that they had confined themselves to the shores of Hudson Bay and discouraged agriculture because of its incompatibility with wild animal life, which is the base of the fur trade.

The acceptance by the Canadian Government of title to the land and the sovereignty thereof for value received in money, removed the last doubt which had been flung at the validity of the Company's tenure and the legality of its charter, for if they were not valid and legal—and the British officials assured the Canadian delegation they were not—why pay for them at all?

All doubts having now been removed to the continuity of the Company's charter from the time of its creation through the French period of 1697 to 1713 (so far as British minds are concerned), it remains to be seen on what ground that doctrine of continuity rests.

It rests on that established principle of international law, recognized by every treaty-making power in the world, that when territory is ceded by one sovereign state to another, all grants of land and privileges (unless otherwise mentioned) which have been made by the ceding power are held equally valid and inviolable by the acceding power. During the French period (1697-1713), had the Hudson's Bay Company chosen to transfer itself to France, it would have found that its rights under the crown of France would have been deemed equally as extensive as under the crown of England. The French crown, it is true, might have abrogated its territorial tenure—as the British Government did with the Company's consent later—but it would have been because of alleged infractions of function, and never without compensation, and never in dispute of these universally recognized treaty rights.

If now, not only the territorial tenure of Canada West, but the terms of territorial sovereignty prescribed in the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company are esteemed to have been made valid solely through the honor of the crown of France in recognition of a precept of international law, what must be said of the obligation on the honor of the crown of Great Britain to recognize the same law of continuity of provincial sovereignty and territorial tenure derived through the treaty by which Canada, itself, is held—the treaty of cession of 1763? This treaty, according to international agreement, is the supreme law of the land.

The Proclamation of 1763.

There was a doubt honestly or dishonestly entertained among English parliamentarians in regard to the meaning of this treaty. So they passed the Royal Proclamation of 1763, entirely abrogating the ancient tenure, noblesse and constitution of the country, substituting therefor modern democratic usage. But the seigneurs threatened to rebel in 1773 and offered to join the insurgents in the American colonies unless the agreement was fulfilled, and thus the English Parliament passed the Canada Act of 1774, decreeing that: "Be it therefore enacted that the said proclamation of the commissions and grants of authority found contrary to the customs of the province established by the King of France and the Treaty of 1763, and the affirmation of this Act are hereby revoked, annulled and made void after the first day of May, 1775."

This restored the supremacy of the old tenure only in the Province of Quebec, while in reality the law ran wherever land could be claimed under the Treaty of 1763.

But the pretext of the supremacy of

the Treaty, however, would be legitimate, because it is international ethics. It must be remembered that this international faith is impressed on all who subscribe to the United States Constitution (as it ought to be on the minds of all others) in the following words: "Article VI., Clause 2 . . . .

"And all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now, when people go into the North-West, and some of their more studious politicians discover—after being balked and badgered in Dominion politics—that in point of law the British North American Act is as null as was the proclamation of 1763 where it is contrary to the meaning of the treaty of tenure of 1763, they are very likely to make themselves the advocates—so far as Canada West is concerned—of a strict treaty interpretation of the Constitution. This would give them provincial administration exactly like those of the old thirteen colonies (now the United States), for the governor, during the ancient regime, was superior to his cabinet—was its creator. The executive authority was not subordinate to the legislative, as at present in Canada. The Supreme Court was capable of nullifying a law if found unconstitutional, while at present in Canada it has no such authority over acts of Parliament. Finally the province had an autonomy under the ancient system of which they have been deprived by the British North American Act, and which the States of the Union enjoy by continuation of their prerogative from ancient colonial days. In these things, the feudal system of provincial government under the Bourbons in Canada was exactly the same as that introduced by the Stuart kings in founding the American provinces—only the American provinces, now states, have defended and preserved this system of administration, while the Canadian provinces have permitted themselves to be deprived of theirs contrary to the treaty of tenure, which is the "Supreme Law of the Land". Will the new settlers recognize the legality of this deprivation in the new provinces of the West?

THE DEAD CAMPFIRE

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

NOVEMBER gales have blown
Over its ashes
Scarlet and golden-leaves—
Cold the rain lashes.

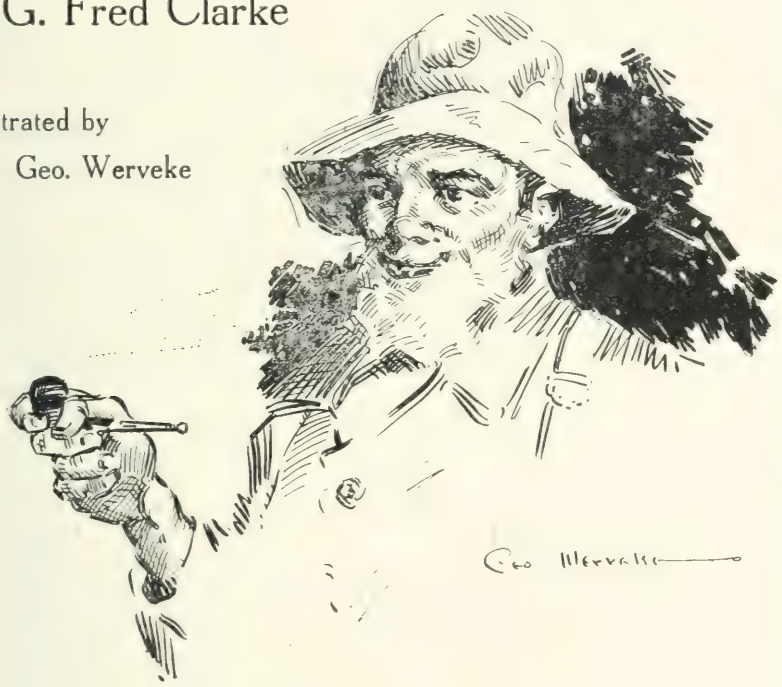
Tall are the spearmint heads
Where my love rested,
Brown-cheeked and merry-eyed
While the camp jested.

One little wren and I
Linger, sad-hearted;
Out is the fire,
My love's departed.

The Cigarette Parson

By G. Fred Clarke

Illustrated by
Geo. Werveke



THE big lumberman held his pipe between a great forefinger and thumb, and a reminiscent look crept into his grey eyes.

"That reminds me of Warwick—Kaley Warwick," he said slowly. He made no movement to light his pipe, but laid it on the table and, taking out a very long pipe, began slowly to fill it.

"Warwick?" repeated the youth at his side. "Tell me about Warwick, Mr. Grahme."

A half dozen of us were seated about a small table on the deck of a St. John river steamer that was slowly making its way toward Woodstock, and we had been telling stories all morning.

The big man applied a match and took several puffs. "Oh, pardon me, Randal," he said, "but it's too long a story."

John Grahme is one of the best known rivermen on the St. John. His life has been among lumberjacks and white-water devils, and more than once I had listened to his tales. After a little coaxing this time he began, and we settled back for a treat.

"The first time I saw him he couldn't have been more than twenty-five. He entered my office at Woodstock dressed in a knickerbocker suit and with a tweed cap on his head. I remember well his short, quick strides as he crossed the floor. He was smoking a cigarette, which he removed to proclaim himself to be what I knew

from the first, a globe-trotter, doing the world in a specified time; selling a little book to pay expenses. 'Would I buy?'

"I gave him a dollar. Perhaps because his face, which was handsome and, in the regularity of its features, appealed to me. It was one of those having the imprint of good blood, perhaps aristocratic forbears. The nostrils were thin and seemed to quiver, so finely strung was the owner's temperament. He reminded me of a full-blooded Melicite I once met on the head-waters of the Serpentine. His eyes were small, but their brown depths twinkled with an odd, restless fire. I thought him touched with the wander-lust, and forgot him.

"Two years later—it was my last spring on the drive above the Grand falls—of course you've all heard of and perhaps seen our Nigaria of New Brunswick—we were camped for over Sunday about a hundred yards from the river. We all needed a rest. Even a beast shouldn't work seven days a week. The wannigan was moored to the river bank. The batteaux, needing only a figure-head at bow and stern to convert them into miniature Viking ships, were hauled up on the beach. The river moved with majestic force. Spruce and fir that had once graced the ridges of the upper St. John, the Tobique and the Siegas, floated with the current. The sun shone, searching the forest depths. I sat with my back against a mighty birch, watching a shy mink below me in the water displaying aquatic feats. A woodpecker across the stream began its tap-tap on a hollow hemlock. Little furry creatures ran here and there over the trees and grasses. Green lizards moved swiftly, and I watched an awkward snail creep with stately hesitancy along a tiny path at my feet.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, uncalled for, came the sound of a man's voice singing. The mink dove beneath the water. The chipmunks ceased their chatter, and the hollow hemlock across the stream ceased to respond.

"It's a good many thousand miles
From here to the south-sea isles,
Where the wild Feejee cooks the missionary,
With a face that is wreathed in smiles;
It was there 'neath the Banyan trees,
With the monkeys and chimpanzees,
That Robinson Crusoe had such a snap,
For he'd only himself to please."

"I've heard the same song many times since. Around the bend of the river came a raft. The owner of the voice was seated on a tomato box, a rude paddle trailing in the water behind. He was dressed in a clerical suit of broadcloth, somewhat the worse for wear, but he sang with the voice of an angel! He was almost by when he espied the wannigan, and still singing, he rose and propelled his unwieldy craft to shore.

"I don't know exactly why I remained quiet. Perhaps out of curiosity to see what he might do.

" 'How beautiful!' I heard him exclaim, as he stepped ashore and pushed the raft into the current again. 'It's a day to make a man poet-mad and stimulate the fagged and slumbering ideals of the soul.'

"I saw him fussing about the wannigan, and I lay watching with half closed eyes.

" 'It's a devil of a fast I've had, upon my soul,' he said, and munching one of the cook's cakes he dipped a tin cup into the river and drank. His thin face was tanned a ruddy hue and seemed half familiar. Having finished his meal, he rolled and proceeded to smoke a cigarette with a debonair carelessness that was fascinating. And all the while his eyes were fastened on the path leading into the woods. Suddenly, with a movement born of practice, he flicked the cigarette butt far into the river and, rising with a musical whistle, stepped ashore.

" 'I'll do it,' I heard him say. 'It will be a little diversion from my usual repertoire.'

"What was he about to do, I wondered, and followed slowly as he moved across the open space.

"Lying about on the grass in a little open glade a score of river-drivers beguiled the afternoon—telling yarns, or playing cards. A few pious ones were apart from the rest. One broad-shouldered man from the Monquat, "Devil" McQuiggan by name, was re-

placing a broken peavey handle, whistling a Methodist hymn. The one-eyed cook and the cookee were washing tin plates and cups and placing them bottom up on a split log.

"The thin, esthetic face of the stranger was calm with a holy and beneficent expression as he took off his hat and stood before the astonished crew of rivermen.

" 'Good day to you, brethren,' he said in a voice lowered to caressing friendliness. "My coming may seem rather strange and miraculous,' he added, 'but strange things happen in these last days of the universe, even as they did when Paul the apostle was cast upon the island of Patmos two thousand years ago.'

"He stopped a moment. No one spoke. McQuiggan dropped the peavey handle and stood abashed. The card players hid as quickly as possible their dirty pasteboards. The pious ones leaned forward. The cook and cookee stopped their simple tasks.

" 'Brethren,' the man went on (his tones were familiar, but I couldn't place him), 'brethren, floating down this beautiful river to-day I was awed by nature's many charms. I was impressed with the glory of God and His handiwork.'

"His hand fumbled at his pocket, and in a moment he had brought forth a small book and was turning the pages rapidly. I joined the men, who were gazing at him with amazed eyes. The stranger began to read the parable of the prodigal son. His voice, tuned to magnetic cadences, was most pleasing to the ear. The simple words sank into more than one rough river-man's heart. 'And as he was a great way off his father saw him and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.'

"The reader stopped and looked solemnly at his hearers. 'It's a simple story, men,' he said, 'one that has been repeated thousands of times in every land. There are prodigals of all races and of all creeds. There are prodigals from earthly homes and prodigals from heavenly grace. We are all very human, my friends. It is so easy to do wrong; just a little slip, that's all, and we're off the path. Even those having the influence of good Christian parents have strayed from the home roof. Many a mother waits patiently night after night for her boy's return; praying that some one in the cold world may have the kindness to say to him brother, friend. The man with the axe and the peavey needs God the same as he who walks a higher plane of life. And all are brothers, though of different creeds. Creed, my friends, makes no difference. Narrow-minded dogmas lead to the devil. I tell you that all men are equal, with God. I preach the brotherhood of man. Mark my words: the king is no better than his subjects; the judge may be as hardened as the prisoner at the bar. I have travelled in all lands. I have climbed the Alps and gazed on the awful splendor of their oceans of snow-capped peaks. I have walked in the valleys and have felt the quiet and peace of their serene fertility. I have seen the Mussulman and the Buddhist pray to their different gods. I have watched the same sun shine on minaret and mosque that flickered through the mighty dome of St. Paul's. I have lain in the desert and watched the caravans marching across its sanded waste. I have seen man and camel kneeling to Allah as the sun swung above the desert's rim. I have watched the hooded monk at his orisons and the Chinese and Malay pray to their heathen idols. Friends, there were prodigals of all races and forgiving parents to welcome them home. Men, perhaps you have an aged mother anxiously awaiting your return, perhaps a sweetheart hoping to be led to the altar. Instead of spending your wages in the beer shops or on some unworthy one, go, take it home, lay it in the lap of the old woman, or the young wife. Thanks, friends, for listening so patiently. Bless you all.'

"He stopped. Of course, I haven't repeated just word for word what he said, but that's about the gist of it. I saw the tears trickling down the cheek of old man Gibbs. He was a devout Orserite from the Guimac. Young Charley Whalen fell forward on his

face and moaned aloud. Old Scotty tightened the strings of his battered violin.

"'Amen,' cried the Orserite.

"'Amen,' echoed a dozen rough voices.

"'O God!' moaned the lonesome homesick lad from the Monquat.

Devil McQuiggan sullenly kicked the peavey handle with a calked boot. Scotty's catgut whined forth a hymn.

"The stranger stood with a dismayed expression on his handsome features. His hand strayed to his pocket, and

THE MAN HAD ROLLED A CIGARETTE AND WAS BLOWING LITTLE RINGS INTO THE FOREST SCENTED AIR

instinctively I knew he was searching for his tobacco. But he evidently changed his mind as it flashed on him what a sensation a cigarette would create. Try as I might, I could not place the man, but that he was an impostor I well knew.

"The next morning he announced his intention of starting for Van Buren and asked of me a dozen spikes to put together a few logs.

"Old man Gibbs, during the visitor's stay, had hovered around him like a father, and once, drawing him apart, had tried to prevail upon him to stay. But the stranger pleaded urgent duties farther on. But he did stay, as you shall see.

"I accompanied him to the river, and in the eddy below the wannigan I found some spruce and began putting them together. The man made no effort to help, but sat on the bow of the wannigan regaling me with what I thought a pitying expression at my credulity. I began asking him questions concerning his mission, but he was never lacking an answer, and, nonplussed, I renewed my labor. The men were all around the bend clearing the bar. Suddenly I looked up. The man had rolled a cigarette and was blowing little rings into the forest scented air. His head was on one side, keen enjoyment stamped on his thin features. Like a flash the scene in my office two years before came back to me. I was wroth at my stupidity in not recognizing the globe-trotter before.

"I tell you, boys, I wasn't a moment getting to him. I was mighty angry at his imposture and tempted to fling the rascal into the river.

"'Your reverence, I see, is addicted to one of the little vices,' I remarked.

"The fellow smiled, and taking out his metal box deftly rolled a cigarette. 'Have one?' he asked.

"I took the little thing and smoked it—my first and last—I always prefer my pipe for real enjoyment—and my anger suddenly cooled. He looked so calm and boyish sitting there.

"'May I ask,' said I, 'where you studied theology?'

"The globe-trotter allowed a smile to curve the corners of his thin lips as he studied his cigarette, then, looking at me, said with a half impudent drawl: 'Oh, certainly. I have read in almost every city of size in Europe, Asia and America. In what particular phase are you interested, Mr. Grahme?'

"'The making of pamphlets,' I said shortly.

"He laughed outright.

"'Look here,' I said, 'where did you come from?'

"The globe-trotter raised his eyebrows as though to question my right to catechize him.

"'Why, from Edmundston, to be sure. Have you quite finished my raft, Mr. Grahme?'

"I guess perhaps I sinned to the extent of an oath.

"'You see,' he went on, 'my sermons were rather unorthodox, merely a matter of prejudice, Mr. Grahme. I

assure you. I was thrust ignominously into gaol.'

"'What became of your knickerbockers?' I asked abruptly.

"'Ah,' he laughed, 'that was unfortunate, Mr. Grahme. You see, my trousers were rather the worse for wear and my coat had been torn in an encounter with a disagreeable bovine—bull, I should say—so I gave my garments, together with a two-dollar bill, to the sheriff's wife to mend. Her husband very kindly loaned me these. Before I got mine own again I found it convenient to leave that most hospitable caravanserie — Malawaska leave, you would call it. Your gaols are very easy of escape, Mr. Grahme.'

"'Look here,' said I, 'you're about the biggest faker I ever saw. I've a good mind to send you back to Edmundston.'

"The globe-trotter opened wide his eyes. 'You can't. You have no law, don't you know!' he said impudently.

"'What's your name?' I asked.

"'I have several,' the fellow answered. "You may call me Warwick—Kaley Warwick.'

"'Do you want a job?' I asked suddenly, while he drummed his heels against the side of the wannigan.

"'How much a month?' he asked at last.

"I told him.

"'I might do worse,' sighed the globe-trotter. He had done 'most everything in the way of work from camel driving in the Soudan to sailing a ship along the Labrador coast.

"Well, he stayed with us. It was amusing to watch old man Gibbs' eyes following him about. And a strange comradeship sprang up between the two. More than one night as we lay beneath the tarpaulin I awoke to hear the solemn voice of the Orserite in whispered conversation with the globe-trotter. Gibbs found fault with the 'parson's' theology. Following narrow-minded creeds and dogmas he was not without fierce fanatical perversities; such inventions as the telephone and the telegraph were dupes of the devil to circumvent the natural laws of God. Gibbs was a strange character. He had followed the woods and the drives for forty years with unswerving belief in his Creator, and old rivermen who were young when Gibbs was old tell now how, in moments of devilry, they had tried to shake the faith of the Orserite. He went about his work with methodical calm, his grey beard and snow-white locks in strange incongruity with his calling.

"The next Sunday, after the midday meal—we were camping by Fiddlebrook—the globe-trotter, followed by old man Gibbs, sauntered into the woods. During the week he had proved an apt pupil and in more than one way had endeared himself to the men. An hour later I went in the direction they had taken.

"A few yards from the stream I heard the globe-trotter's voice. 'Confound it!' he said ruefully; 'and I haven't another, don't you know.'

"'It is the Sabbath day. It is the will of God,' returned the solemn voice of the Orserite.

"I approached softly. The globe-trotter was inspecting sadly a broken fish hook. In the sand lay a trout; not one of your little fingerlings, my boys, but a real two-pounder.

"Old man Gibbs rose from a log. 'Parson,' he said, 'has God forsook yu'?'

"'I don't know, Gibbs,' answered Warwick, his melancholy tones in strange contrast to the pitched, cracked voice of the Orserite.

"He dried his hands and began rolling a cigarette.

"'My boy,' said Gibbs sorrowfully, 'when yu' come to our camp a week ago I thought yu' was sent by God. I never heard a sermon like yours. You sure have seen a heap of the world, parson, but you be far wrong. I've heard that them high-flown preachers in the city smoke cigarettes and go to the theatres and take part in other carnal amusements. No—no, parson, yu' ain't so very far wrong. Not far from the glory of God. But yu' shouldn't fish on the Sabbath day, parson; and yu' shouldn't smoke, parson, yu' shouldn't smoke. Hain't yu' got a mother, parson?' His eyes gazed

yearningly into the younger man's.

"'She's dead,' answered the globe-trotter.

"'Let us pray,' murmured old man Gibbs, dropping to his knees on the sand. Slowly, as though drawn by a magnet, the globe-trotter knelt beside him.

"The river murmured on a few yards away. Birds sang and made the air joyous. By the side of the globe-trotter lay the trout he had taken from the water a few minutes previously; its natural tints fast changing in the sun.

"'O great God, hear our prayers,' the old man began. 'We hain't nuthin' but rivermen driving thy timbers to upbuild Thy world. We're only children groping for the light. But we are made in Thy image and has Thy sympathy. Here be a leader of men stepped off'n the right path. O God, there be only one path blazed by Thee; help him to follow it. Lift him up into the shelter of Thy wing. His mother be up there with yu', God; send her image to guide her boy aright. Wrestle with his soul and lead him back to Thy service, for the devil be strong on the one hand and his temptations be many. Forgive me, Thy servant, O God, and bless the old woman at home; for with Thy safe care I'll be there in a week. Amen.'

"He got to his feet, his eyes streaming, his venerable beard on his chest, as he gazed on the still kneeling globe-trotter.

"The young man rose. Half mechanically his hand sought his pocket for his beloved cigarette, but he thought better of it, and stooping, scooped a hole in the sand, laid the fish therein and covered it.

"'Thank you, Gibbs,' he said softly.

"It was the last run of the season and the middle of June. The water was falling fast, the days were warm, languorous with the perfumes from Nature's laboratory. It was beautiful to be in the open. Sometimes, as the wannigan rounded a bend of the river, a surprised deer bounded to shore, or a bull moose surveyed with small, complacent eyes the strange men who each year disturbed its solitude.

"With light-hearted jest and chanteys the rivermen swung their oars or stopped to roll a log into the current. Was it not the last drive? Were they not to be paid off at Grand Falls? Likely the beer shops would get the better half. Some, of course, would carry their savings home to lay in the lap of a wife who had lived three months in dread of some accident to her beloved. One or two, perhaps, would lead a sweetheart to the altar. Some are good and some are bad. Light-hearted they are; quick with an oath or a jest and equally ready to fight on the slightest provocation. Tender-hearted withal—crying at the death of a comrade. Brave as lions, riding a log down the swiftest current or breaking a jam with an oath on the lips and a cry to God with the same breath. Seldom do you find a river-driver two-faced. If he is your friend he will stand by you through thick and thin, but woe betide the man who gains his enmity.

"One night I talked with the globe-trotter and, in a burst of confidence, he spoke to me of other days. He mentioned his family name—a titled one, which I cannot divulge. He spoke of an older brother and his harsh injustice. Of his running away, and how the wander-lust had since ruled him. How in distant Calcutta he heard of his mother's death and received her last message of love. He had joined an expedition to far-away Thibet and almost reached the sacred city. He spoke of some women he had met in his wanderings—some good, some bad—and how one little girl in Normandy had shown him the good in life and the sweetness of love. But she was taken away and he was left to wander again. 'I'm of the gipsy breed, I guess,' he said. 'The only place I haven't been is the Yukon, and I'm saving it for the last.'

"Grand Falls was now but half a mile away and the roar of the cataract was in our ears. There will soon be no Grand Falls. They're tunneling around to sap it of its glory and advance surrounding civilization with unbounded electrical power.

"The horses were in the wannigan

and old man Gibbs stood in the bow working with an oar towards the northern shore. I was in a batteau with a dozen men, and tied to a ring in the bow was a stout warp, which was in turn attached to the wannigan. We all intended landing on a point above the pitch. We were pulling with strong, steady strokes and making good headway, when suddenly an oar snapped and in the momentary confusion the batteau swung round and in some unaccountable manner the warp became unfastened and the wannigan drifted away.

"Devil McQuiggan was beside me, but he was too slow, quick as he was, to stop the leap of the globe-trotter. Before we had recovered our senses he was clambering over the bow of the wannigan and, seizing an oar, was working like a fiend. By this time the falls were less than a hundred yards away, and the current was carrying us on with tremendous force. The wannigan was lumbering on to its destruction.

"I cried to the men to row, and Devil McQuiggan, throwing his useless oar overboard, grasped a sound one from an excited Monquater and bent his gigantic strength to the stroke. Fifty feet away the adventurer stood in the stern of the wannigan. He had ceased his labors and was standing ready, a coiled rope in his hands. By his side the grey-bearded Orserite stood, with anxious eyes up stream. I knew we couldn't reach them.

"'Damn it! We can't do it!' shouted a lank riverman from the Chickadehock.

"'Row, you fool, or by——' McQuiggan cursed. He dropped his oar and pulled an ever-ready gun. 'Down stream!' he roared, to the men who had backed water. And I knew that the globe-trotter had found a spot in his rough heart. Someone, I'll mention no names, let a peavey fall on his head with no gentle hand, and one of the best rivermen in the world fell forward with a low groan. The man from the Chickadehock leaped into his place and, working like mad till the sweat stood in drops, we fought for the shore. The roar of the falls was as the booming of cannon; the spray formed a mist a hundred feet in the air.

"I saw the globe-trotter freeing the horses, but they refused to take the water, and he left them, and, old man Gibbs by his side, climbed to the top of the wannigan. Once the boat swerved toward the northern shore, but was presently sucked back by the current. The horses whinnied and screamed like things human. I hear them yet, sometimes, in my dreams.

"Half feverishly, the globe-trotter's hand sought his tobacco-tin, as it always did in moments of excitement. He found a paper and I saw him deftly roll a cigarette. He applied a match and took a few puffs. Perhaps the action was the outcome of nervousness, perhaps a sardonic defiance of fate; but in a second, I saw him with the old debonair movement I remembered so well, flick the cigarette far ahead of him into the mist and turn to wave a hand to us on shore. His mouth opened, but we heard no words, and he fell on his knees beside old man Gibbs, his thin, esthetic face to the sky.

"In a moment they had entered the mist. The wife of the Orserite would have to wait. The Yukon would never feel the footstep of the globe-trotter. He had gone to explore an uncharted home."

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

NOVEMBER is a mystic month in Ireland. It is filled with ghostly legend and fairy tale. Ushered in by All Hallows, that night of foreboding and presage when the Christ walks in the shadow of His Cross, and the Phooka is abroad, and people listen tremblingly in their little houses to the hollow voice of the wind in the chimney and feel the fingers of the storm lifting the thatch at the eaves—November seems to be pervaded by fairy whimsy and the phantasies of solemn ghosts. And yet of all the times of the year, we Irish children loved it best. To sit in the chimney nook—a little stone bench, mostly covered with soot—by the roaring turf fire, with our best boots in the ashes, and listen to old Betty stringing tales against Mick, the miller—(which he always "betthered")—was one of the forbidden delights of my soul. On those days the kitchen was taboo, therefore the one darling spot of the great ramshackle, dear old house. Only on the night of All Hallows was the great stone-flagged room permitted by royal parental decree to be the place of entertainment. Even the royalties themselves condescended to be present for an august fifteen minutes or so to see Mickeen Joyce, the stable boy, vie with the scions of the house at catching apples with his teeth out of the big tub of water set in the floor middle, or chase thru'penny bits round a circle that had cracks in it. Mickeen left most of the apples for us, but he got all the thru'penny bits and every solid ha'penny that sought seclusion in its depths.

After the ducking came telling fortunes with lead. The lead was melted in a skillet and poured through the key of the "granary" into a basin of clear water. When it settled it took odd shapes, and from these Betty read the "fortunes."

What castles I got! What a Bluebeard in armour riding a great horse and caracoling "round about thryin' to get in an' carry you off, asthoreen, to a joint's castle where maybe he'd ate you up, alanna—the ould divil—bones an' all, for he's not particular."

And to tell you the truth I don't know but what he did get me and perform some incantation on me in his "joint's" castle, for it isn't the same little girl "was ever in it" since, on that last Hallowe'en by the ingle, Old Betty saw my fate in the bottom of the blue basin that had a piece knocked out of its rim.

A TENDER LEGEND

But what more beautiful story than that, on All Hallows night, the Christ walks through Ireland, the blessed Isle. It is always a wild night. The winds roar up from the sea and sweep across the land, desolating it. The last leaves are whirled from the bare boughs to which they cling. The thrush and robin and little wrens take to the heart of the thick hedges which stoutly resist the onslaught before which the beeches and larches bow in Benedicite. People are early housed from fair and market, for this is not a night to be abroad. Blessing and curse together lie over the land, for, as the Christ—the Chreestha, as in soft Celtic He is called—walks, He is followed by the Phooka, that goblin accursed who is so small and eerie that he can peer into the hollow tree-bole where the woodpecker makes his winter quarters, and wither the bird in his nest. And he touches the last blackberries so that they fade and fall. Wherever and whoever he touches, a blight rests. And yet this is the night when the woman stands at midnight waiting for the passing of the Lord Christ. And she holds out the sick or dying child, holds it out from under its wrappings in the wind and the rain that He who is all compassion, He who was once a human babe lying in the manger, may bless and heal. And with the splendid eye of faith she sees Him as, between the ragged edges of the hurrying clouds, some moon-ray falls across field and wood; and with the ear of faith she hears the murmured blessing, she feels the hand of the Crucified resting on the withered limbs of her little child, and her heart is consoled by the simple faith that dwells so surely there.

And what of it if the child dies? The staunch faith is there still. "Shure the Blessed Saviour took her to Himself. Didn't I hear Him call the child as He went by on the sough of the wind? And she's betther off with Him nor wid us—but O, Mother Mary—my heart—my heart!"

SHAMROCKS IN VERSE.

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER has woven his Irish poems into a vivid wreath of shamrocks. At times

LISTEN TO OLD [illegible]

we hear the cry, "Poetry is no longer read." If it be not, then the poorer the reader who does not include poetry in his literary feast. I would not be without this small green book which holds some of the heart of Ireland in it for much. Few things are sadder than the poetry of the Celtic school, and not a few of these verses are sung in minor cadences. We have, too, Paddy in his rollicking, careless mood, and Paddy at his love-making, and the Irish exile with his memories of home, of the little thatched cabin and the green boreen and the girl he left behind him. But best of all is one charmed with the poor hunchback, Caoch O'Lynn, half-human, half-fairy, who lies

"wid crooked leg and twisted spine
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse."

and takes "thrips" to foreign lands and far ports—who knows the secret heart of the haunted Castle where sleeps the golden-haired Princess. Who tells all who care to hear:

"Av Tangier, Fez,
Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin', lashin' seas
That iver wait and wave for him."

For Caoch O'Lynn has travelled farther in his dreams and fancies than any traveller who ever fared forth to ee far places and sail the foreign seas.

"From Chiny round to Spanish Main
He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A King of dreams who's clean forgot
The crooked back he's left behind."

Whimsical or rollicking, Arthur Stringer has caught the Celtic strain, mystical, wild, sad, or quaintly humourous in the little wreath of shamrocks which glistens with the fresh dews of a May morning on the green rath where the fairies danced overnight.

. . . . .

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WAS it only yesterday that we said "Christmas is coming"? How the months creep along! As we grow older, time hastens. The problem—which ought not to be a vexed one, but is—of present-giving is again before us. The fine spirit of Christmas giving and remembrance for friendship's sake has of late years been sadly lacking, and a hard, sordid commercial spirit has taken its place. Lists are made out, in which the names are not all those of the dear and close friends to whom we wish, for affection's sake, to send some gift at Christmastide. It is "I must give Mrs. So-and-so something. She is sure to send me a present," or "Do you think I need send the B—'s anything this year? They didn't send me a thing last Christmas." There is no Christmas spirit about that. The price of the gift, too, is altogether too greatly weighed and measured. "Any old thing" will "do" for this person (probably some poor relation or acquaintance), while for the wealthy Mrs. A. some rich present is picked out—something, possibly, which will afterward cost you some months of rigid economy before you can get even again financially.

The shops also help to spoil Christmas with their fantastic advertisements and vulgar urging. Santa Claus has been stripped of his misty wrappings and set forth in the noonday in the market-place—a mere trader in toys—a fraud and a grafter; a bagman crying his wares. It was bad enough when, weeks before Christmas, Santy was exploited on the advertising sheets in the newspapers as coming along in his wagon drawn by reindeer, and struggling down the chimney to where the children lie asleep, but when we beheld him a year ago flying overhead in an aeroplane, his bags loaded behind him, we felt that this new-country tradesman was a mere commercial traveller—a vulgar fellow with whom we did not care to do much, if any, business. Then the advertisements themselves. "What to give Father"; "What to give Mother"; "What to give Her"; "What to give Him".

Pish! Throw the dog a bone and have done with it.

If, friend of the heart, there wakes in you some desire at Christmas time to send, for friendship's sake, or the memory of dear comradeship, a trifling gift of book or song or flower or happy wish, thrice welcome that remembrance; but from the forced gift, purchased with a sigh and sent with a grudge—the Lord deliver us!

CLEMENTINA UNGLORIFIED

OF course you have read all the books of the year—The Dop Doctor, The Claw, Queed, The Grain of Dust, The Ne'er Do Well, The Common Law, and the host of others which, like the tail end of the society column, do not count. And of course you read The Glory of Clementina. Now Mr. Locke is always delightful, but I have a crow to pick with Clementina Wing. I do not like her since she became a grand lady. As the artist with the touzled hair and the blunt conversation when we first visited her studio at Chelsea and felt her honest hand grip, she was a human and delightful person, unconventional to a degree that refreshed the heart, honest, direct, humourous, and just touched with enough pathos to bring her close to the soul. We followed her with joy whithersoever she led, and only left her to follow Quixtus, who comes as close to Don Quixote in his ways as in his name. We met Quixtus before under such titles as Simon and Septimus, but Clementina was new to us. We grew to love her in her old clothes and roughly gentle ways, so that it was with difficulty we could recognize her when one day she burst on us in all the glory of Paris clothes and the manners of a duchess. Clementina in silks and satins, in laces and jewels and Empire gowns! Clementina transformed from a dear, untidy, splendid and most human creature into a magnificent lady of fashion, saying and doing the most conventional things, and actually becoming a bit waspish toward that other poor rag of a woman who fancied Quixtus to be in love with her! We almost took Clementina by the shoulders and put her out and closed the door on her, and though we did not proceed to quite such an extreme, we confess to stifling a yawn or two behind our hand as we sat on the edge of a spindle-legged drawing-room chair as frail as the epoch of French history to which it belonged, and watched our good old honest friend making a fine lady of herself.

No, Clementina disappointed us. We tip-toed away when she began to talk a lot of nonsense about love and marriage, and left her in all her glory, for we could imagine her mothering a stray cat, or a lonely orphan, or a pair of young lovers, but never a real, every-day, commonplace baby of her own—and, above all, a baby of Quixtus!

Mr. Locke is always lovable and quaint, and whimsical beyond the telling, but I think his greatest story is not Clementina or Septimus, but a little Christmas story of Three Wise Men which appeared a year or so ago in a magazine.

THE HUNTER'S HORN

THIS is the time when the soul of the hunting man rejoices within

him. Guns are being greased, dogs that lazed away their summer days in little country towns and villages are being looked over and spruced up for the run in the bush and across prairie. The partridges are fattening up, little knowing their fate is upon them. Out in Manitoba men are talking prairie chicken and housewives are thinking out ways to dress that succulent, that most delicious of birds. Young fellows haunt the attic at home, rooting out their "turkeys," overlooking guns, hunting up boots, and begging their mothers for gray blankets, heavy underwear and woollen socks. The deer browse peacefully in the woods where presently shots will ring out and gentle brown eyes will close forever. Presently the trains will be loaded with venison, and at every station coming east you will see a deer or two, and a bunch of "feathered food" slung in a heap, tied by the legs. The lust to kill, always in the veins of men, is warming up. The hunting instinct is awake, and not Love itself may tame it. Three or four or five or six hunters will be shot "in mistake for deer" during the short season. Is an old grudge ever paid off in this way, I wonder? It seems incredible, and yet —are not human passions in us ready to leap out to war or lust or murder or revenge? The old wrong may lie smouldering in a man's breast till opportunity tempts and the desire for revenge breaksa into passionate flame.

Be that as it may, the red woods will soon be alive with men and guns and dogs; and gathered in camps at nights men will tell stories of hunting prowess and lie in their throats as they recount deeds of daring never done save in their own imaginations, and the younger among them, the city lad who is in the bush for the first time in his life, will listen with a heart burning with hot desire "of daring deeds to do," and will stand for hours in the runway as the dawn comes up next morning, only to see the buck flash by, his white flag up—while he stands and trembles in his first access of buck fever.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

A CERTAIN member of Congress has been entertaining the London Daily Mail with metropolitan stories, among others The Tale of a Birthday Party. This was not a Pink Tea nor a Hen Party, but something more rare and novel—a Dog and Duck party. The Dog, whose Birthday it was, was attired in the latest fashion. She wore a narrow gown of chiffon over satin, a creation of exquisite lines, with one of the new shawl trains. Her jewels were a diamond and pearl dog collar, sapphire earrings, and anklets of dull eastern gold. A trained Duck attired in a tunic of gold net held her train as, accompanied by a host of other Dogs and Doggesses she led the way to the luncheon table (very bad form-very). Some human wretch present had the barbarity to produce a handful of corn from his pocket and seduce the Duck with it. She immediately dropped the train and with loud clackings fell upon the grain. The Doggess stepped upon her long tail and tied it and herself into knots. At once Pandemonium reigned. An old Dog in a cutaway morning coat and little check weskit fell upon a dashing young Cur who was leading a curly Doggess in whom he was interested, to lunch. The curly lady, forgetting her hobble skirt, fell sprawling; an old lady Dog lost a $10,000 diamond pawlet in the confusion, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

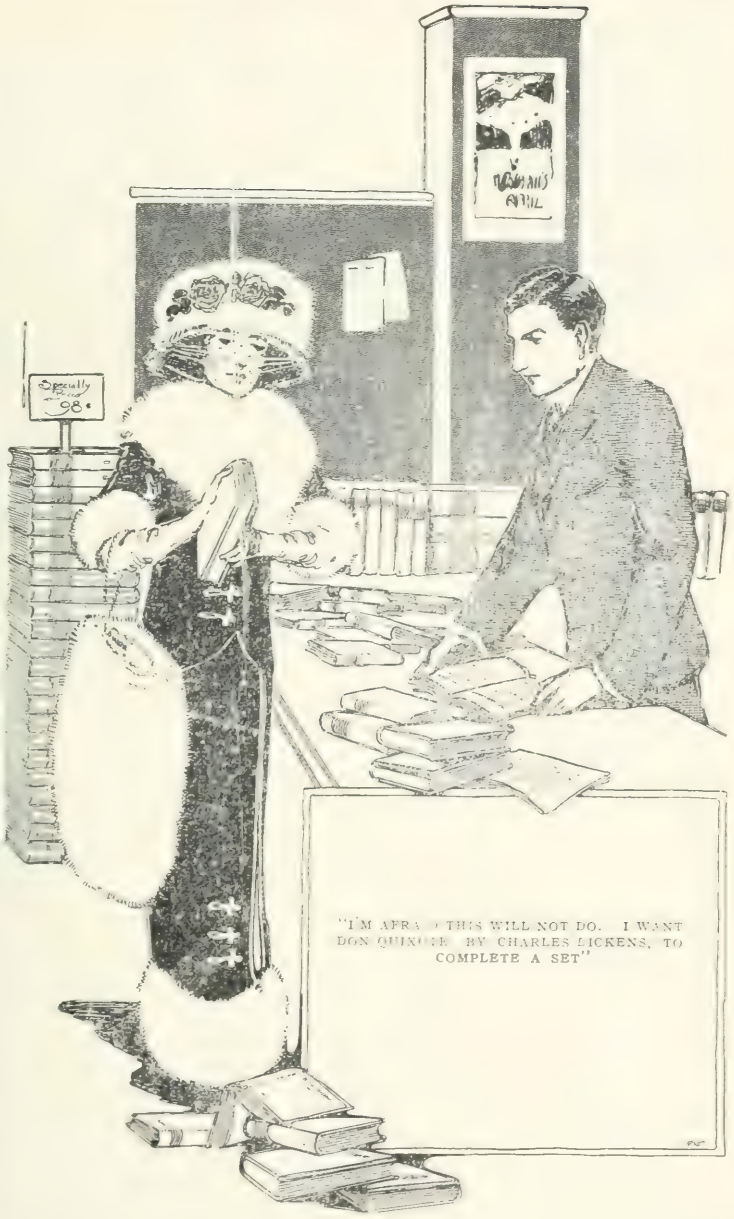
Meantime the Duck flew away with the diamond pawlet to a quiet resting place in Lake Calumet, and there are not wanting those who say the whole thing is a calumny.

THE LITERARY LADY

MANY people call upon a bookseller who have no desire to buy books but merely want to potter here and there among them. Others call wanting something in the way of reading but not quite sure what, while others adopt a patronizing tone that is not always backed by knowledge.

Curious stories are told of these. A well dressed woman once drove up in a fine carriage to a certain bookseller's

and asked for "Don Quixote, by Charles Dickens." "I beg your pardon, Madam," said the bookseller warily, "did you say Dombey and Son"? "Oh, no! Don Quixote," she emphatically replied. "I have a beautiful copy of a book of that name by Cervantes," he said, showing her the volume. After turning its pages, looking at the binding and generally examining the book, she murmured, "I'm afraid this will not do for me. I want the one by Charles Dickens to complete a set."



"I'M AFRAID THIS WILL NOT DO. I WANT DON QUIXOTE BY CHARLES DICKENS, TO COMPLETE A SET"

And it is not so long ago since I heard a woman ask a bookseller in Toronto for "Charlotte Bronte, by Jane Eyre." I caught his eye, almost to his undoing—but he squared up in time. "To be sure," he bustled. "Here it is, Madam. Jane Eyre, and a fine edition it is."

And she never noticed the difference.

WERE YOU PUZZLED?

YOU may be anxious to know who was it first that heard the sound of boots upon the stairs in the Ark. Well, now, read on:

To you who think the matter o'er
A little thought reveals
He heard it first who went before
A pair of soles and 'eels.
Was ever anything more natural?

"I CAME OUT WITH YOU TO-DAY BECAUSE I WANTED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS"

Marked Copy

By Kathleen K. Bowker

Illustrated by
Frederic M Grant

THERE was a magazine on my table when I came in from the office—a magazine carefully wrapped up and addressed in her writing.

The sight of it warmed me—I had seen none of it since we had said good-bye, two months ago. Two months! It was summer then. To me it seems midwinter now.

I turned up the light and took the wrapper off carefully. It was not a thing to be torn off and thrown in the waste-basket. There was something marked in the magazine—a storiette. I perched on the edge of the table and began to read.

. . . . . .

"If you don't care for sport," said the man, "why do you bury yourself out here?"

The girl rested her paddle in front of her, and laughed.

"You provide sport for me, when you are here. It's not necessary for me to shoot mallards to amuse myself."

"You prefer to wound men?"

"Naturally. A mallard when shot falls into the water, poor pretty bird, and is dead. But a man——"

"He more slowly and is therefore more amusing."

"Infinitely," she agreed, languidly.

He leaned forward with swift intensity.

"Elinor! Do you mean that?"

She laughed, and dipped her paddle, swinging the canoe towards the sunset. They were out on the bosom of the lake, and the hush of twilight was about them. To the left, the mysterious marsh, with its fringe of yellow reeds, like ripe wheat whispered softly to the right the great still water, grey-blue and still, stretched out into the misty dusk. Faintly in the distance came the sound of quacking where the ducks settled for the night. The girl, oblivious to the man's intensity, gazed dreamily out towards the sunset.

"The lake of the great spirit," she murmured softly, and was silent.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by two shots. The girl struck the water with her paddle.

"There! The spell is broken. Let's go home."

"Wait!" The man's voice was harsh. "I've something to say first."

"Well?" She was petulant.

"Elinor, I've waited so long. I've been patient—patient as I could. I've tried——"

"Jack!" She broke in sharply. "How can you?"

"Because I must," he said, doggedly. "I want you."

"Well, you have a good deal of me, I think," she answered. "I've spent this whole afternoon with you, I write to you quite often when you are away, and do everything a pal can be expected to do when we're in town together."

"And you expect——" he broke in, impatiently.

"Wait a moment, please. I've listened to you a good many times, and now I'm going to talk a little bit. I can't love you. I've tried and thought and waited; but I really can't. It's not your fault. It's just the way I'm made. But I like you—so much it seems foolish to say how much and then say I don't love you. But I just want to be friends with you. I do indeed, Jack." She lifted her eyes to his face, and something leaped up in him, overmastering him. He leaned forward again.

"Nora!"

Her eyes hardened.

"If you come one inch nearer, I'll upset the canoe," she said. Her voice made him think of a silver stiletto—gleaming — dangerous — pointed — smooth. He moved back, and she changed her tone again.

"Why won't you be reasonable, Jack? Let's be friends. Real honest friends as we were a year ago. It was so pleasant."

"Reasonable!" he cried, bitterly, his lips white. "If you saw a surgeon cut a conscious patient's heart out, bit by bit, do you think he would say, 'Don't groan or struggle, my friend. Be reasonable.' It wouldn't hurt the surgeon, I suppose."

"Do you think that it is nothing to see one's friend suffer," she asked, her voice quivering, "and not be able to lift a finger to help him?"

He held out his hands to her passionately.

"You have the remedy. Without you the pain is intolerable. Without you I can do nothing. With you—everything is possible. Cure me."

"I will." She said it quietly, but something in her voice held him still. She settled herself comfortably among her cushions. "Paddle me home," she said, smiling at him. "I will have you cured and whole by the time we reach the landing."

"By showing——"

"By showing you myself. You imagine you know me. You're wrong. You think me a nice, true-hearted, high-minded girl with a fine sense of honor. Well, I'm not." She waited for that to sink in, watching him narrowly. He stared at her, uncomprehending. She went on.

"Do you know why I came out with you to-day?"

"No—because you wanted to, I suppose."

"I thought you didn't know. Of course I might have come because I wanted to, or because I thought it would please you, or because I wanted to parade you before the other girls, or for any one of several other reasons any girl might have had. But really I came because I wanted twenty-five dollars."

Again she waited to watch the effect. Again he looked at her, puzzled. Again she went on.

"Of course I might have asked you for the money, but my conventional notions of propriety bar me from asking a man to lend me twenty-five dollars, just because he is in love with me. Besides, I didn't want to borrow it. I wanted to keep it."

"If you are in trouble—" he said, quickly, his honest eyes on hers.

"Thanks, not at all. I only want an extra hat or so when we go back to town. I wouldn't be under an obligation of that sort for worlds. It's so inconvenient, and then my pride wouldn't allow it. But it's a reasonable pride, quite amenable to argument and to my pretty little plan."

She smiled at him again, and the smooth flippant tones of her voice stung him. He said nothing, but held her with his eyes.

"Don't stare so," she said, moving a little uneasily. "It's so rude—and you make me think my hair is coming

down. Did you ever know I wrote?"

"Wrote what?"

"Oh—stories and things. I don't look like a literary genius, do I? And sometimes the ideas don't crowd me as abundantly as I'd like. So I use my friends for copy. Sometimes I don't tell them, because it might embarrass them. But I know you'd like to think that you were helping me."

Still the smile and the little devil's tattoo on the blade of the idle paddle. He dug his paddle deep into the water and sent a trail of silvery bubbles shooting out behind the canoe.

"You don't comprehend my idea? I'll explain. I can make quite a decent storiette out of this afternoon's amusement. Of course I'll add a bit from previous speeches of yours. They were pretty, some of them. Especially the time—don't look like a thunderstorm—when you called me the light of your life. Also when——"

"Nora!" he broke out hoarsely, and a glint of fear flickered for a moment in the girl's eyes at his tone. "Are you mad? Will you drive me wild? What do you mean?"

She laughed again, with pretty bravado.

"Don't interrupt so rudely. You ought to be pleased that I remembered your former remarks. They will make excellent material for a pretty little tale. I shall send you a marked copy."

. . . . . .

Two months ago. I could see Elinor's eyes as she had promised me that marked copy. She had kept her promise. I wonder if beetles are grateful for being subjects of entomological research?

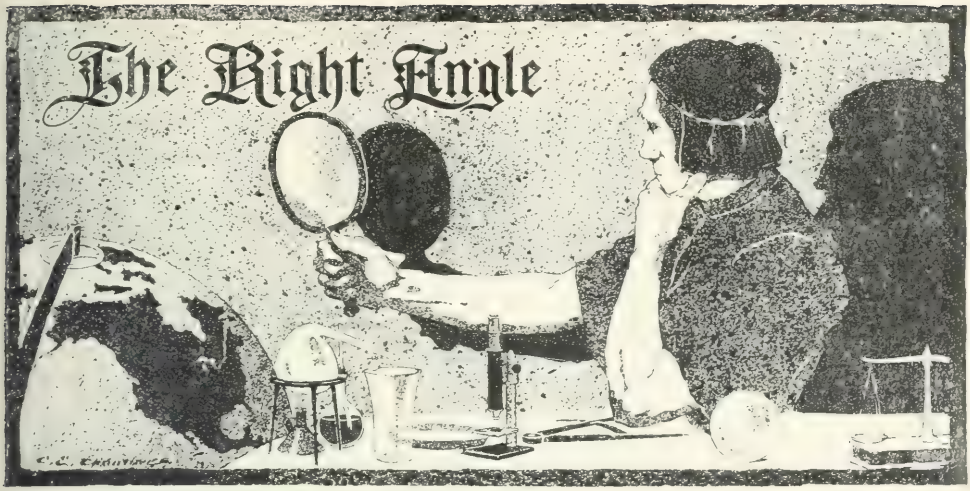
SONG OF FIRST LOVE

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I did not want to think of love,
I wanted to go free,
Light-foot, light-heart across the grass,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.
But oh, wherever I might go,
His dark eyes followed me.

I did not want to think of him,
But put him quite away.
I felt the cool rain on my face,
The fresh sweet rain of May.
But ah, instead of mist, upon
My lips his kisses lay.

I did not want to think of him,
But everything I heard
Sang "Love! love! love!" the thrush, the finch,
The fluting mocking bird.
And oh, I met him in the lane,
And oh, my bosom stirred!



ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

THE work-a-day world pays little attention to saints' days any longer, and few people know why these long, hazy, golden days of late autumn are called by the familiar title. Golden and scarlet the leaves drift by, golden and purple-blue the late asters fringe the highway, and the heads of the mountains are veiled with the smoke of distant burnings. It is one of the loveliest times of the year when St. Martin has his belated summer and his feast day.

Why St. Martin should be a patron saint of travellers or have a summer named after him is quite another matter. The good father of Tours stayed at home and told his beads and healed the sick, if all tales be true. But it is pleasant to think him on occasion a jovial travelling companion, ruddy of cheek, long and smooth of stride, and of a discreet conversation. For on a walking trip the man who knows how to keep silent is worth much fine gold; and Stevenson has made us aware of the fitness of the Cevennes for journeyings. It is easy to fancy the good father, his brown cassock girt up for the road, putting mountain miles behind him, or sharing his black bread, cheese and flask of thin Bordeaux with a beggar, or sitting over the big fireplace of some roadside inn, exchanging tales with the landlord and gravely reverenced by Pierre and Jean Baptiste on the other side of the ingle-nook.

After all, St. Martin may well be worth a prayer for good company when you set out on a hard road, with a nip of frost in the air and the bugle of the wild geese going by above your head like the clarions of an army with high hopes. On a morning like this your knapsack weighs light, and your step springs easily, and every stray wayfarer is your friend.

A GOOD NORTH WOODS STORY

WHEN Henry Irving Greene came into view last spring with his first book, "Yozonde of the Wilderness," it was at once recognized that there had arisen a new nature writer of unusual fidelity and insight, though sometimes crude in style. His second book, "Barbara of the Snows," shows a remarkable advance in power, direct narrative, clear writing, and sustained interest. It is seldom any writer goes so far in so short a time.

"Barbara of the Snows" is a compelling mixture of melodrama with shrewd philosophy and delicate sentiment. It is above all vigorous and vivid, a book of the open country, the great forests, and the big, primordial men who slay the trees and fight each other, the elements and the bottle, with equal readiness and as a matter of course. The balsamic breath of the pine winds blow through it like a tonic to the soul, and the love story for which it is the vehicle is at once fitly striking and beautiful. It is full of light and

shade as an April day, and the alternations are quite as natural. "Whether a man is drunk or not is largely a matter of personal opinion," is a remark dropped just before a smashing quarrel, a flight from opulence and club life to the crudities of a remote camp, where appears (of course) the wonderful girl: and then the story begins to travel fast, never slacking until the end is reached. It may not be a great book, but it certainly is fine. It stirs the heart. (Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, $1.35).

PLACID RABIES

MARIE CORELLI has contributed about equally to the sum of human knowledge and the gayeties of literature. Either achievement would have been sufficient to justify her presence in the world, but her latest contribution to both has heaped the measure full to overflowing. All thoughtful people benefit by the real beauty of her work, her ideality, her almost supernal glimpses of high truth. All who are blest with a sense of humor delight in her manifestations of ego. Her new book will be found abundantly satisfying to both. It is called "The Life Everlasting. A Reality of Romance." The work itself conveys less that her "Field of Ardath" or "The Sorrows of Satan," but it comes with a prologue in which she completely outdoes herself at her previous best and most delightful. Heretofore Miss Corelli's personal pose has gone no further that a holier-than-thou humility—a sort of superior Father-forgive-them attitude. But this introductory essay exhibits her in the act of benignly tolerating the universe, after having set the Almighty back in His proper place. She states her advanced position as a calm fact, and tells humanity, "I cannot force you to bear me company. God Himself cannot do that." The song of "The Life Everlasting" is a great song. The singer is inflamed, the lurid notes of that fever shoot through the score. To such women the first person singular is the true axis of the heavens. But it is among the great compensations that they cannot obscure the importance and power of the things they are here to do and that, somehow, in spite of everything, get themselves done. (Doran, London—$1.50).

THE DOMINION QUEEN

"THE Masque Imperial at the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, London, this season was a great success," says Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in a letter that came to our desk recently, "and perhaps the most popular feature of the whole Festival. Visiting Canadians felt a thrill of pride when they saw the 'Canada' chariot in that masque, with Lady. Donegall as the Dominion Queen.

"Honored and fortunate were we in having a native Canadian, and one so graceful as Lady Donegall, willing to take this part. It is no light task to attend the Festival day after day to thus personify Canada.

"The Marchioness of Donegall is one of the most beautiful and winning women of London society. The only daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining, of Nova Scotia, she married the fifth Marquess of Donegall in 1904, and survives him. The present Marquess, Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton Chichester, is a lovable and winsome lad, and a god son of Lord Strathcona.

"The Marquess of Donegall had a place in the Abbey at the King's Coronation as a special guest of the King, and with boyish frankness says: 'I really think I had the best seat of all.' The Marquess will take his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Fisherwick. He is also Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle, and although his official residence is Island-magee, Belfast, he lives at present with his mother, grandmother and maternal great-grandmother in London.

"The Marchioness of Donegall has just passed through Canada to the Durbar, where she is to be Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen."

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL AND HER SON, THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL, WHO REPRESENTED CANADA AT THE MASQUE IMPERIAL OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

THE BILED SHIRT

THE ORATOR, ALVA ADAMS was the guest of honor at a recent alfalfa banquet in a western city—a banquet wherein appeared alfalfa biscuit, alfalfa stuffed turkey, mashed alfalfa (far better than mashed potatoes), alfalfa-leaf spinach, alfalfa tea and cider, alfalfa salad and alfalfa tooth-picks.

"Alfalfa is delicious," said Mr. Adams at the banquet's end as he drew his napkin across his mouth. "I have eaten and drunk heartily of it. I can only speak of it in terms of the highest praise.

"The people misjudge alfalfa. They misjudge it as the 'biled clothes' story misjudges the civilization of the west.

"According to this libelous story, a Toronto professor visited the west on a geological expedition. In Alberta he put up with a rancher. The first night on the ranch he slept in his clothes like the rest of the boys, out of politeness, but the second night he complained about this.

" 'I can't stand it,' he said to the rancher. 'I don't seem to get my rest. My boots especially incommode me.'

"So the hospitable rancher stretched a cowskin across the shack, and that night the Toronto professor slept in his long, white nightgown by himself.

"At daybreak the night foreman came in while the professor was still lumbering. The foreman cast one glance at the sleeper, then tiptoed forth and said to the rancher:

" 'Rather sudden, wa'n't it?'

" 'What?' the rancher asked.

" 'Why, the death of the old prof.'

" 'He's not dead,' said the rancher, 'he's sleepin'.'

" 'Then what in tarnation is he wearin' them biled clothes for?' snorted the foreman. 'Never saw a chap laid out in biled clothes afore 'ceptin' he was dead.' "

KNEW MORE THAN ALL OF THEM

THE Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?

The Witness—Yes, sir; more than half of them.

The Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?

The Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.

VERSATILITY

A GROUP of showmen were discussing the effect of the late opening in the theatrical world this fall, and one of them made an observation that it hurt other lines of business, too.

"A friend of mine," he explained, "runs a buffet next to a theatre, and recently he had to let a bartender go. Yesterday he discharged the colored porter, and now he blacks up and does the work himself."

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him· the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves. or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way —by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an enigne because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form the illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to fully realize how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly [illegible] per cent efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicine which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on why man of to-day is only 50 per cent. efficient, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing 275 G. College Street, Toronto, Ont., and mentioning that they have read this article in CANADA MONTHLY.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject, he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE SPIRIT WITHIN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Jesus of Nazareth.....who went about doing good.

SOME are an-hungered, some athirst,
Some are borne down with heavy woe,
Some are of sin and shame accursed,
But in the Eve-Star's heaven-glow
All are befriended; each has heard
Messages that bid him rejoice.
We are the ones that speak the word—
Brother, my brother, it is His voice.

We go a-shudder to the door,
Sorrowing over all the want,
Giving the gifts brought of our store
Into the hands by pain made gaunt.
Nay, 'tis not ours that find the way
Into the dark and noisome street,
Bringing the cheer of Christmas day—
Brother, my brother, it is His feet.

Child-lips to laughter all alien-strange,
Show us a miracle in this while,
When over them there comes the change—
When for the once they know a smile.
Baubles we bring are jewels fair
Found in the distant wonderlands.
Think you 'tis we who take them there?
Brother, my brother, it is His hands.

Pulsing to us through the centuries
Murmurs forever in one deep key:
"As ye have done it to one of these
So have ye done it unto Me."
Give as we can, and gladly, too—
Out of the soul does the impulse start.
What is this throbbing in me and you?
Brother, my brother, it is His heart.

"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU PACKING MY THINGS ALL TO PIECES FOR
IF YOU DON'T LEAVE HOME?" SHE DEMANDED

To accompany "The Sins of the Mothers," see page 91

CANADA MONTHLY

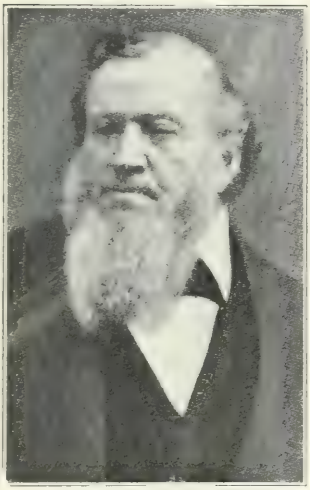
VOL XI. LONDON, DECEMBER NO 2

Till Death Do us Part

By Emily F. Murphy

Author of "Janey Canuck Abroad" &c

Illustrated with Photographs



BRIGHAM YOUNG

EDITORIAL NOTE:—There are some seven thousand Mormons included in the two "stakes" that are located in Alberta—the "Alberta Stake" of which Cardston is the centre, and the "Taylor Stake," with headquarters at Raymond—and they form a community to be reckoned with in Canada's something over seven million, a people to whom justice should be done. It has been the fashion recently to "muckrake" the Mormons, in both Canada and the United States, and those who have never seen a Mormon have been loudest in accusing them of all kinds of wickedness from treason and polygamy to petty political grafting. To such attacks in certain magazines of the United States, the Mormons replied in a pamphlet signed by the late Councillor John Henry Smith, whose portrait appears on our cover this month, and two other Mormon leaders. The charge of having made certain political compacts with the United States Government is flatly denied in this statement, and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt sustains the Mormons in their denial of political compacts charged to have been made by them with him. The charge of polygamy is also denied by the Mormon Church. "Since that time (the date of the manifesto of 1890) the Church has not performed any plural marriages or authorized any violation of the law thus forbidden." Certain members of the Church, regarding the manifesto as applying to the United States only and considering plural marriage as **malum prohibitum** *and not* **malum in se,** *left the boundaries of the United States and contracted plural marriages. "When this condition was discovered," the Mormon leaders declare,*

"President Lorenzo Snow announced that the manifesto extended to every place, and that the Church has 'positively abandoned the practice of polygamy, or the solemnization of plural marriage in this and every other State, and that no member or officer thereof has any authority whatever to perform a plural marriage or enter into such a relation'. This was published in the Deseret News at Salt Lake City, January 8, 1900." *In* 1904 *this inhibition was reiterated, and "wherever such violations of these positive declarations have been proven by sufficient evidence, they have been dealt with by Church tribunals, and the offenders disciplined or excommunicated." This course "resulted seven years ago in the disfellowshiping of two apostles, and more recently resulted disastrously for four members of a single powerful and reactionary church family," comments ex-President Roosevelt. In fairness to the industrious and progressive Mormon residents of Alberta, such charges as have recently been made against them should not be accepted without accurate and substantial evidence. Mrs. Murphy takes up the question of polygamy this month from first-hand knowledge, and next month she will discuss the question of the Mormon influence in politics.*

POLYGAMY is not practiced by the Mormons in the Province of Alberta.

It has been made to appear that it is. We have been told that the Government must stop the practice, and the Church,—yes, and even you and I.

The story is a mischievous one, and foolish.

The only thing of the kind that has given us any trouble in Alberta is promiscuity, and this is not found among the Mormons.

It is true that certain of the older Mormons have more than one wife whom they support either in Alberta or Utah—they acknowledge this themselves—but we have no reason to doubt their assurance that they are the husband of one wife only.

It is like this: When the Mormons first came to Canada fifteen years ago, they agreed with the Dominion Government that for the privilege of taking up land, and of becoming Canadian citizens, they would rigidly eschew the practice of plural marriages. Some of these men had two wives, or perhaps even more. Popular prejudice being opposed to such an act, it was not advisable to kill off the extra wives by starvation, so that it devolved upon the man to support them. Be it said to the credit of the men that they have not shirked the duty, but in every case have made good. What would you do, good fellows all, were you in their place?

This is not the first time such a thing has happened in Canada. Missionary priests have told me that long ago, before baptizing an Indian chief, they required him to put away all his wives save one, but the missionary expected him to provide for those whom he discarded, as far as lay in his power, for, after all, responsibilities are greater than conveniences.

The only creatures in the North who practice anything approaching polygamy are the moose, certain species of birds, and the Eskimo women, so that, presently, when the railways get as far as the Arctic Sea, we shall have a fine pow-wow over these household scandals and no end of trouble. See if we don't!

It is true that among the Eskimos no marriage ceremony takes place, but the parties live in conjugal union with the approval of all concerned.

In support of this statement I quote from the annual report of Inspector G. L. Jennings, of the "N" Division of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, published at Ottawa under blue covers.

The Mormon Articles of Faith

1. *We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost.*

2. *We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.*

3. *We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.*

4. *We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by Immersion for the remission of sins; fourth Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.*

5. *We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophesy and by laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.*

6. *We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church—namely, Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.*

7. *We believe in the gift of tongues, prophesy, revelations, vision, healing interpretation of tongues, etc.*

8. *We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.*

9. *We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.*

10. *We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.*

11. *We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.*

12. *We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.*

13. *We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonitions of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things". We have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.*

—JOSEPH SMITH

Writing from Fort Macpherson, on February 16th, 1910, concerning the Kogmollock tribe and the white men at the Herschel Island, he says, "A whaler takes a native for the winter. He uses her igloo, making it comfortable and putting in a stove. He provides food for himself, her husband and family. In return, she makes all his skin clothes, keeps all his clothes in repair, does his washing, etc. On the ship leaving, the woman receives ten sacks of flour, some tea, bacon, tobacco, and dress-goods. Sailors coming here repeatedly take the same woman. Years they do not come, outfits are sent in by them by any ship that may be coming. Children are well cared for, and when old enough are usually sent to the government schools in Alaska. Some of the children are now at school in San Francisco and other American cities. This question is one which cannot be regulated in a short space of time by law. . . . I have talked over this question with the Bishop of Yukon, and he agrees with me that it is one which must be handled delicately and with tact, and that the solution of it is a matter of time altogether, with the teachings and examples of the missionaries and other white men in the country."

Now, these cases of the Eskimo at Herschel Island are only parallel with those of the Mormons in Alberta in that there are two households and children to be provided for, and that the fathers feel it incumbent on them to perform this duty. We would respectfully suggest to the Mormon-baiters that they transfer their well-meant but ill-advised attentions to Herschel Island (latitude 70, longitude 140, W. of Greenwich), or worry the Hon. S. H. Blake, of Toronto, who, to a large extent, is sponsor for this mission, into worrying Bishop Stringer of the Yukon who, in turn, can worry Inspector Jennings (at the delta of the Mackenzie River, please note) who, in turn, can worry the Eskimo wives who, in turn, will care not so much as the bursting of one blubber bubble for the entire set of Honorables and Bishops, and not so very much for Inspector Jennings to boot.

It can readily be seen, too, that this little undertaking might not be wholly unpleasant; in that it would have the same charmingly naive denouement as that very popular nursery jingle which relates "how the cat began to eat the rat".

THE WIVES THAT ARE WIVES NO LONGER

But to return to our Albertans of the Mormon persuasion. On her recent visit to our province, Miss Nan Moulton, a clever Winnipeg journalist, had the following conversation with Bishop Harker of Magrath:

"Then is polygamy not practised in Cardston at all?" asked the journalist, in search of adverse evidence.

"Not with the knowledge and consent of the Church, ma'am!" replied the farmer-bishop. "Not since the manifesto of 1890. A man might not desert a woman married in all good faith, and some of the elder men—and here he gave a name or two—have two wives here in Alberta; one in Sterling and one in Raymond; or Magrath and Raymond, as the case may be; one is his wife keeping home, the other a wife no longer, but within supporting distance." He said, moreover: "We try to have our people keep a law that is not to us the law of God, just because it is the law of your country."

The tongues of men and angels could say no more. Here is a man who looks with level eyes into those of his critics and tells the truth, and when a man does this there is no great gulf fixed between him and the rest of the people.

It is four years since an agitation against the Mormons was instigated in Toronto by the Rev. Dr. Sommerville and Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick. At that time the matter was brought before the Alberta Legislature by Mr. Malcolm McKenzie, M. P. P., of Macleod, on point of privilege. He gave the charges an unequivocal denial, stigmatizing them not only as so much daft nonsense but as a cruel libel. The honorable gentleman felt himself entitled to an opinion, since he had lived in Southern Alberta for fifteen years and had been intimately acquainted

FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IS GOING INTO THIS MORMON TABERNACLE AT CARDSTON, WHICH STANDS ON GROUND ONCE OWNED BY CHARLES ORA CARD, THE FIRST MORMON TO SETTLE IN ALBERTA

with this people all that time. In this position he was supported by Mr. T. J. Moore, of Red Deer, and by other members of the House who also knew whereof they spoke.

"The West," said Mr. Moore, "welcomed all kinds of people from all countries, of all creeds, and of all classes, only asking that they be law-abiding citizens. I would say to those men of the East the old proverb, 'Tell the truth and shame the devil'."

Now, there be people in Canada who say that because we need population in Alberta, we are not overly nice inquirers into the conduct of our immigrants and have a tendency to wink at things which older communities would frown upon. It is true that in this province, as in all the other Canadian provinces, we do not care to oil a razor to cut our own throats, and it is equally true that our affairs sometimes go wrong, even as they do in the well-ordered heavens—stars fall and that kind of thing—but I stand to it that the man or woman who dares claim it is our habit to palliate looseness of morals, or licentiousness in any form whatsoever, is either a deliberate calumniator or the neurasthenic victim of an over-wrought and excited brain. No one in this province, no matter what may be his "pull," acquires a right, prescriptive or otherwise, to be iniquitous and go unpunished.

The people of this province are not irreligious; our mouths are not held by bit or bridle: neither are we blind or deaf to the movements of the Mormons and, moreover, should the occasion arise, we do not feel ourselves unequal to the thankless but, after all, elementary task of taking corruption by the throat and choking the life out of it. Yes! I think we can be trusted to manage this without any assistance from outside

In his address before the Alberta Legislature in 1907, Mr. John Woolf, the Mormon member for Cardston, said the rule of his people here was the St. James' version of the Bible, and that they did not permit the practice of polygamy.

Was he telling the truth? We believe so, for shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Whiteman, the Presbyterian pastor at Cardston, said concerning the charges made by the Toronto clergy:

"There are no grounds for such charges, and I have no reason to believe the Mormons are not loyal." In that Mr. Whiteman was stationed among them, he might be fairly supposed to speak to the pith of the matter.

About the same time we find the Rev. Mr. Simmons, the Presbyterian pastor at Lethbridge, going down the lists to do knightly duty on behalf of this much maligned community. He declares that the statements made in Toronto were a reflection on the social, civil, political, and even criminal justice of this province.

"But what about Miss Moulton's charges?" you ask. "These have been made more recently."

As nearly as I can make out, the closest approach to a definite charge against our Canadian Mormons is made by Miss Moulton in the following lines, which I quote from the *Canadian Courier* of July 19th, 1911: "In stores on rainy days and after lodge-meetings, the Mormon men argue after their sort —Brother Dash is a polygamist, names and evidence adduced. His opponent argues hotly in the negative. If another man were sure he would lay information with the Church authorities. And so the weave of talk goes on, unheeding an occasional Gentile who has been long in their midst."

I may be wrong about this—I often am—but seemingly this charge is a report upon hearsay. Scholars would call it *dictum de dicto*, which being flexibly translated, means "hot air". Assuredly, no court of justice would consider it evidentiary in the smallest degree.

And I may be wrong about this also, but merely for the sake of argument kindly cast your eye back over Miss Moulton's charge and see if she does not actually disprove the very thing she is endeavoring to demonstrate, i. e., that the church authorities, and the people generally, approve of polygamy. Would these same men "argue hotly" and threaten to lay information on a suspected brother if they approved of such breaches of the law?

METHODS OF STAKE-AND-FAGGOT DAYS

Speaking of these "accusations vast and vague, spleen-born and profitless," Mr. Cross, the recent Attorney-General of Alberta, said: "There has never been one charge of polygamy made against these people. If the gentlemen knew that crime had been committed, it was their privilege to lay an information when my department would look after it the same as any other charge."

Of course, it is not pleasant to make charges of a criminal nature against anyone, and often dangerous, but, contrawise, it is no more pleasant to be the victim of the charges, especially when the prosecutor makes them under safe cover. There is something terrifying about an ambushed animal that refuses to fight in the open. But even if a wolf should come out, it is extremely difficult to "get a bead" on him: he has a way of mingling with the scenery that is most confusing.

During the session of 1907, this matter of the Mormon doctrines was introduced on the floor of the Dominion Legislature at Ottawa because of certain bitter animadversions made in *The Toronto Globe*. On that occasion, the Hon. Frank Oliver, the Minister of the Interior, contended that our Government did not impose religious tests upon its people. It only required that the people should keep the law. As no objection was made to this statement, we may fairly deduce that the House concurred in this view of the case. I have since spoken to Mr. Oliver personally, and he declares the matter is entirely one for the consideration of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Oliver is right. You cannot handle bees till they swarm, nor Mormons till they break the peace. We hold no man guilty because of his opinions. We are getting to see—slowly, it is true—that a man who holds a belief contrary to our own is not of necessity food for the gallows, and may even get to heaven in the end.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that a certain religious denomination has tried to convert the Mormon people to their form of shibboleth and has

THE "ALBERTA STAKE" CHOIR OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS AT CARDSTON,—A REPRESENTATIVE PICTURE OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED ALBERTA MORMONS

failed entirely. The denomination has taken its failure too seriously, for after all even the Mormons, should they so desire, have a right to keep their doctrines inviolable. Doctrines are not the special ware of any sect. Everyone must acknowledge this if he be at all fair-minded and have no large bee in his bonnet.

Besides, the denomination in question should bear in mind that from one end of this quarrelsome globe to the other, nothing tends to make people resentful and suspicious—especially Anglo-Saxon people—than an open attempt to "do them good" or "convert" them, however well-meant. It is upon this very reef that many a good cause lays its bones a wreck.

The wisest thing to do with our Mormon citizens is to do nothing for, as noted in the previous paragraph, they are Anglo-Saxons and accordingly an adventurous people who will bite on this, and that, and the other thing, but, who, in the end, will swing into true balance because of the fine sanity and finer sense of justice that go to make up the bed-rock principles of the race. Our whole racial history, if you read it aright, is merely the history of many shunts to the sidings, with an ultimate quiet return to the monotony of the long straight rails.

In the meantime, if a few of the Mormons do believe in the back of their heads that plural marriages are better than monogamous ones, or than marriages by trial, or common-law marriages, why, let them. There is no reason why they should not even write their opinions in novels and pamphlets, the same as Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. Robert Herrick, or Mr. Upton Sinclair,—none in the world. Besides it helps the printers and all allied trades.

They are a people who know nothing of slums, jerry-builders, or home-wrecking criminals. We apologize for mentioning it, but the black plague is almost unheard of among them. They work hard, pay their debts, obey the laws, rear large families and educate them in the useful arts. These are the kind of citizens we are looking for in Alberta, where we are still sufficiently

materialistic to believe that the economic and social life, if not as important, are still, in their way, as legitimate as the spiritual one.

For these reasons we have no intention of submitting this community to a gruelling persecution, or because of the uneasy dreams, witless whims, or rancorous reprobation of a few misinformed and misemployed outsiders.

THE PASSING OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

NOW must I die whose life is lived in vain,
Who dreamed such dreams as never hand hath penned,
Who suffered all mishap by surf and plain,
To buy that which the Lord God would not vend.
Through summer seas and stormy did I wend.
Urged ever by the sea-birds' mocking cries,
Till now beneath an evil fate I bend—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

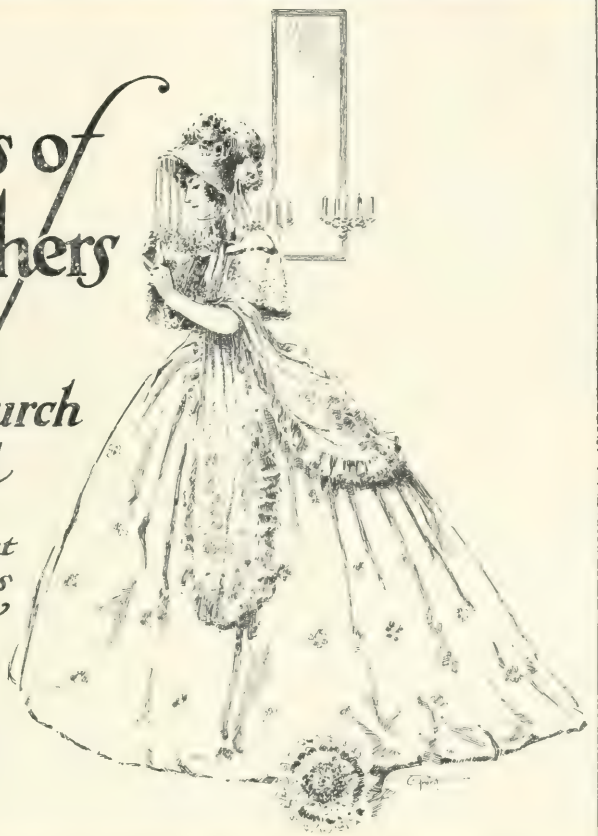
From lust of youth and lordship was I fain
To seek the Blissful Isle that it might lend
That which would make me young and free from stain.
Methought with all of Youth yet to expend,
The glory of my glory should extend
Throughout all lands—aye even to the skies—
And now I die unsought by Fame or Friend,
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

Far oft where birds, soft woods, low surges reign,
Where the far sea and the horizon blend,
There might I seek surcease of all my pain,
And live anew the life that God should send:—
The Blissful Isle?—yet I shall never rend
Its veil of mist; and I—though worldly wise
Who know all things youth may not comprehend—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

ENVOY.

Lord God, my soul to Thee I do commend,
Unfit, unclean my sore-spent body dies;
Thine is the draught of life without an end:—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

The Sins of the Mothers



By James Church Alvord

Author of "The Nun at the Tavern," "Comedies of the Manse," etc.

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

ALL the boys from The Mount Vernon Chambers drop in at Ma Lapham's for breakfast. At least they do if they have the cash. Ma has raised to fifteen cents for cereal-and-cream, since food-stuff soared, and eggs-on-toast have scaled to a quarter; coffee, however, remains steady at five a cup. Ma has a hearty rollicking way of singing out, "Good-morning, Alec, there's a seat over by the radiator. Don't forget to slam the door hard, the Reverend's got a cold something fierce this A.M. Slam and be—served quick! Thanks aw-w-f'ly," that takes with the whole bunch. She never misses a door-opening and her breakfasts are as well cooked as they are roughly served, which is putting it strong. Mt. Vernon Chambers are a great many things, sanitary, spotless, orderly, punctual on morning-calls, shower-bathed in the corridors and plunge-bathed in the basement, cheaper than anything else, so good, on the Beacon Hill side of Boston; but they are not homelike. Indeed the rule which forbids the pinning of pins and the tacking of tacks into those drear, dull, dun-colored walls is enough—but, there, this story has nothing to do with Mt. Vernon Chambers. The boys exist there; they live at Ma's.

And Ma?—why Ma is fireside reminiscences personified. She smacks of shining milk-pails, and upland pastures at noontide, and rainy afternoons in the garret, and prayers at bed-time in white nighties and over a mother's knee. Of course a fellow's own mother never became so boisterous; but she has a something, an illusive suggestiveness—in short she's Ma. So the crowd all congregate over her counter, the whole gang of them at breakfast and a liberal majority of them for evening

dinner at six-thirty. There's a tradition she serves lunches; but it is scarcely founded on facts.

There are a good many kinds among her customers. The Chambers is a cosmopolitan caravansary, reporters, clerks, vaudeville-sketch artists, Tech students, theologs—these are her "Reverends"—even one of the younger men on the staff of *The Congregationalist*. Ma keeps the seat nearest the radiator for him all through January.

They all come to Ma's when they have the cash. But after the chemical blonde blew into that glittering horseshoe of pull-down stools, pies, cranberry-sauce, and floating-island pudding, they sometimes came when they hadn't. Then they ordered their cereal with milk and in a low, low voice. Ma always administered the milk with tender pity and a glistening tear in her eye; the chemical blonde poured it out as though it were cream.

Not that Maggie was either young or beautiful. There were remnants of former good looks so the boys, discounting from her age all the high lights of her metallic hair with its golden sheen, her palpably artificial figure and complexion, decided that she was well over fifty. She was actually forty-seven. But she represented for these eager young fellows life, and they were avid of life. All the things they looked at through the palings around Paradise she had tasted, the after-theatre suppers, the motors, the rush and swing of wealth and luxury. Even as they came out of Eden, Adam and Eve set the mouths of all the poor, earth-living beasts of the fields outside watering. And the woman kept a certain blytheness about her fall. That gay laugh and jolly swagger, which had been her chief assets in her vaudeville days, were with her yet. Her success had been short, her tumble had been long; but she still wore the glamour of that supreme moment. For them, struggling towards the distant goal, she spelt just that—success. She had refused from the outset to come down to sober black and white, flitting in and out of the horseshoe in pinks and blues and giddy greens which fairly dazzled. She had the sudden brightness, in that half-gloom, of a street-lamp on the edge of a country town bumped into after a good two hours of tramping through a star-dim night. Then she never called them by their first names, she left that to Ma.

She made her first genuine hit the night of the controversy between Ray Standish and the new theolog with the blazing locks. The red-headed one had been arguing for George Eliot against Standish, who detested her. Standish was claiming that that type of woman, the woman who jumps the hedges herself, always ties her heroines down so tight they dare not kick up a little harmless dust along the lanes of life. Suddenly the Methody bawled out to Maggie across the length of the room:

"Say, Mag, what do you think about George Eliot any way? Isn't she all right?"

The waitress stopped short and turned a flaming face his way, showing far more agitation than his question suggested. Her voice rose shrill and protesting against the rattle of plates, the scratch of knives.

"I've no use for the creature," she declared, "she's too remorselessly ethical. I don't wonder living with Romola drove a man to bigamy. It's a wonder," she paused in her rush to eye him a minute, "it didn't drive him into a pulpit. I can't imagine anything more desperate than that." She swirled towards the kitchen. "Chowder twice," she commanded, her tone still a bit ruffled.

But the theolog clamored for her attention. "You've mistaken your calling, Maggie," he insisted, "you ought to be lecturing out at Wellesley instead of hollering clam-chowder orders on Beacon Hill."

The woman laughed grimly—

"God's *in* his heaven—

All's wrong with the world."

She flung the parody at him over her shoulder.

There was an instantaneous lull. Everybody stopped eating: forks, pie-laden, rested in air, spoons paused breathlessly in the midst of coffee-stirring. At last the Congo-man broke

out, "Now what do you know about that? Choice English, picked phrase, Browning's every word, no gaudy ware —whew! Out with the note-book, Ray Standish! slap that into your next copy, youngster! It's slick."

There wasn't another man in the place who could have taken up Browning and parodied her back like that, but Maggie didn't even look at the Congoman. She whirled clear round and faced Ray.

"Is your name Raymond Standish?" she appealed.

"Yes," he answered, startled.

She made her second hit by falling in love with Ray Standish. That really was an awfully good one on Ray. The whole bunch flopped around the floor of the Mount Vernon Chambers, chuckling and screaming over it. It wasn't vociferous love—it didn't show forth to the public for a number of weeks after it began. It consisted in a little flutter of attentions. Ray's coffee was never set before him until his eggs and toast were ready to come along too—he'd evoluted up to the rung where he could have a thirty-cent breakfast every morning by this time; his glass of water had an extra chunk of ice; he never waited his turn for Maggie saw him on the dot and ran. But when she began to cook his eggs herself, even the theologs went around, squinting up their eyes and sniggering. "She's hit hard all right, all right!" Ma never cooked for anybody save the Congoman, unless she was short on cooks—then she had to. Maggie had refused to do it during the cookless period. She proved now to have a special knack at scrambling. Later on the emotion in her breast showed itself rather curiously for love, if it were love. The wire rat disappeared from her front hair; her dresses dropped several notes lower down in the chromatic scale, and exhibited signs of even duller quotations; her jewelry vanished with the exception of one simple band of gold upon her bridal finger. The boys watched to see the puffs behind her head suffer an eclipse, but they didn't. They really were not the removable kind.

And Ray? Standish is one of the rising lights on the literary horizon. He has published two novels already and his stories are appreciated and quoted by that small, exclusive set, whose appreciation marks a man as distinguished if it doesn't plump up his pocket book. He did not write from garnered impressions. In all his twenty-six years of life he had never seen anything about him clear-eyed. He evolved his plots from within and his tragedies, all upon the spiritual plane, were as evanescent and unsubstantial as the shadows in a birch wood on a March morning. When *The Knocker* ended up its ten-thousand-dollar fiction contest by proclaiming and acclaiming Raymond Standish the winner of its first five-thousand-dollar prize, there was a howl of incredulity at Ma's. Even Ma had read enough of the boy's fiction to scream her disbelief, waving a towel of triumph all the while. Maggie fled into the kitchen to hide her tears and the gang carried Ray upon their shoulders back to The Chambers. He kicked and protested the whole way. A crowd of urchins followed; all the windows of the Otises and the Curtises flew wildly up, and Jemmy Tomlinson gained a black eye from Ray's violently objecting heel. That *The Knocker*, the hustling, bustling, muck-raking, moral-crusading, spook-hunting *Knocker* should have crowned the stories of "Our Twentieth-Century Hawthorne"—so *The Boston Herald* had called him in a fine burst of admiration—was enough to wake all Mt. Vernon Street from its hallowed slumbers.

Just after this the boys began to guy young Standish openly over Maggie's infatuation. To have experienced both *The Knocker* and a chemical blonde in one month was too much for the lad's dearest friends—everybody had a poke at him. He stood it for a week or two, then fled the place. He wandered first down to The New England Kitchen, but the maiden-lady clerks, stenographers and editors from *The Unitarian House* frightened him before two weeks were out: he tried Marliave's, but the French actresses from a company exhibiting at The Majestic ogled him brazenly: he lunched at The

Parker House, but forgot to fee the waiter, being too shy to return when he did remember out in the office, so that door was shut. He was strolling back from this last misadventure along Park Street, loitering leisurely past the freshening green of the Common, rejoicing in the first, faint signs of winter's breaking up. They were very few and very faint, and when a sudden shower, a pelting, drenching sort of thing, set him on the run for the State House tunnel. There was only one other person in that long stretch of gloom and, listening to the music of the rain, hugging up for shelter against the wall as the fine mist whipped through the arcade, he did not at first notice her. At a second glance she seemed familiar —at a third, the chemical blonde. Her face glimmered mournfully in that dank gloom and he, conscience-smitten, went across to speak to her. She gave him no chance, but broke out at him before his feet had reached the sidewalk.

"We don't see you any more," she said in a low, plaintive tone.

"No," he answered, awkward before her and blushing scarlet. "Do you miss me? It is good to be missed."

"That's conventional," she protested, "bromidical—of course we do. That's bromidical too!" she tumbled along heedlessly. "You look like my boy, the boy I lost. The gang thought I was—was—stuck on you," she weighed the word, picked it up, rejected it, and at last flung it full at him. "But I wasn't."

"I knew that." In spiritual things his was an undimmed vision. "I never thought so. Your son is dead?"

"No. We haven't lived together for years, my husband and I. My boy was a child when I left him—and I—I wasn't much more than a child either. I didn't know—then."

Standish was touched, but he was something more. For the first time it occurred to him to test his fiction by life. The woman growing and developing on his typewriter at that very moment had gone through just this experience, had left her child when young, had thrown her husband to the winds—if husbands can be thrown that way by wives—and had come in maturer life to feel the utter emptiness of it all without the things she'd rejected. "The wild regrets, the bloody sweats, none know so well as"—this very Maggie beside him. His artistic nature triumphed for a moment. A story on the brain eats up the sensibilities like a cancer.

"But you have repented?" he questioned eagerly. She did not meet the requirements—she'd not been born on a typewriter.

"Repented—what is it to repent? Repentance is nothing more than indigestion on the soul. You've eaten your cake and you have it still—in the wrong place. Cake hurts in the wrong place. My husband and I weren't made to live together. He wished to be good—I wished to be happy. Still, if he hadn't thought evil things about me, and tossed them into my face—Oh, a prig and his wife are soon parted. He wasn't cake, if he was in the wrong place!" She wrinkled all her face in comical rebellion. "But my boy! Even then that was different. And since—I can't tell you—I am a fool to try to tell you—you are just a boy yourself." She turned on him defiantly.

His mind was still beside his typewriter and on his copy. "But your life," he protested, "you are an educated woman, a clever woman, surely your life has been one long torture to your spirit?"

She laughed—a soft, rippling laugh, as merry and as careless as the tinkle of a brook through August meadows. "I've had a rippin' time," she confessed, "I've enjoyed it all, every bit of it, the lights and the laughter, the music and the hand-clapping, the dressing and the larking. I loved it at the top, and I liked it at the bottom. I didn't mind fading into a has-been even. Has-beens have memories. Why, Ma Lapham's was fun, the way the boys turned their faces when I fluttered in! O, I've had the jolliest life all through." She sobered down and a bleak look crept into her eyes. "Then something happened, something big. Big things always come in little ways, I think, and I saw it with somebody's eyes. Those

eyes saw it cheap. I'd have swept it all by, then, just to drop my head down upon my boy's shoulder and have him kiss me once. It was too late—too late!"

She stopped suddenly and a natural scarlet flamed through all her face. She laughed again, but bitterly. "How it soaks into us," she cried, "I used to say that, just that, in the play I first starred in. Now I mean it, I don't say it half so well, but I gestured just the same way. I reckon, honey—"

He interrupted her, all his psychological investigation tattered into shreds and patches. "My mother was a Southerner, too."

The smile upon her lip softened, a touch of triumph slipped in. She had gained something she sought.

"You remember your mother," she suggested tentatively.

"No, she died when I was a little lad. All I recall is one day when I'd been naughty—I suppose I'd been naughty for father doesn't seem to remember anything about it—and she came to me. She kissed me and wept and wept and kissed me. Oh, over and over again"—The listener's face had become a curious study, it was hungry, ravenous with desire—"She was very beautiful—no—" he corrected himself slowly, groping around in the dim corners of his memory, "she was awfully pretty and dark. I never knew anybody who knew her, except father; he married her while he was pastor of the Protestant Church in Paris, and she died there, is buried there, I believe. Father won't talk about her—just won't. I think she was a music-student."

"And she was a Southerner." The woman was playing on his memory, making bold, clever strokes, trusting in his unearthiness to shield her rashness, "I scarcely recall my own Virginian home—"

"But she was a Virginian." His eyes were wide.

"We were near countrywomen then. My name was Margaret—" she paused before finishing, and he broke in once more, as she intended.

"My mother was Margaret too," he dropped his voice reverently as he repeated the grave, old-fashioned name, "Margaret Lindsay."

She did not take up the subject of her own last name again, but turned a pair of appealing, tear-dimmed eyes up towards him. "Then you will come back," she pleaded, "for your mother's sake, for my boy's sake?"

"Yes," he promised solemnly, "I will come back."

A month after his return *The Knocker* brought out his story. The illustrations had been done by the most famous artist on their staff and proved to Standish a crucifixion heavier than he felt quite able to bear. He carried the magazine down to Lapham's that evening and delayed his breakfast the next morning in order to enjoy the comments of the women—or at least of one of them. Ma is catapultic. She slings her compliments with such gusto as to daub her victim from head to foot with sweets and leave him sticky and nauseated. But the chemical blonde showed a singularly penetrating intelligence—the woman who appreciates a fellow's stuff in the right way always does. She had managed far too many men in her life to be ignorant of this fact, and a wee devil of a grin lurked in the depths of her eyes as she leaned across the polished counter to sympathize with all the young author's outpourings, the horror of those illustrations, the tragedy of one whole semicolon gone astray. Yet there was something else, a strange irradiation of the whole countenance, an inner light which welled up and glorified the face with an unspeakable tenderness and gentleness. Ma wondered where she last saw that look and, when she did remember after a minute, the place was too sacred for even a moment's association with a chemical blonde. Yet, carrying a load of plates back into the kitchen, she sniffled as she went.

Then the door blew gustily open and a rough voice cried, "Here, Mag, quit your tattlin'! I'm grubbin' off'n you this morn. Shove out a plate of beans a couple of sinkers, and a cup of coffee, red hot. Step lively, girl!"

She waked from her absorption with a start, her face went red with mortifica

tion as she looked around at the dirty, seedy, tattered hulk slipping into a seat by the counter. Ma, at the kitchen door, had straightened out all her dimples with disgust; and Standish, gathering up *The Knocker*, fled. Yet Maggie dropped the order before the man with a certain gentleness, as she asked, "Hungry, Tom?"

He didn't look up from his eager munching. He ate with a curious daintiness for a tramp, and did not reply to her query.

"Who's your fancy?" he asked. She did not answer in her turn, being apparently busy with Ray's dishes, piling them with care. So he screamed at Mrs. Lapham, "Say, Ma, who was that beaut of a bloke buzzing Maggie when I came in?"

"Come now, Tom—" began the waitress; but Ma had reappeared in her most majestic pose. Thus does the flunky of a Prime Minister announce the King. "That is Ray—" she proclaimed, and Maggie tore in with desperation. "Don't tell him—for God's sake, don't tell him! I——" The damage was done. Once started, Ma is a freight train with broken brakes on a down grade. "That is Raymond Standish"—Maggie threw herself back against the counter and waited with a sort of frantic patience—"the most distinguished of New England's rising masters of fiction and a descendant of the Standishes of Plymouth, Miles, and Why-don't-you-speak-for-yourself-John, and—and—all that sort of thing." She ended with a vague wave of her dish-cloth, having exhausted both her historical knowledge and her borrowed vocabulary. Could the Congo-man have heard her he'd never been guilty of it again—that vocabulary!

The man looked the chemical blonde long and quizzically in the eye.

"So that's it, is it?" he sneered.

Half-an-hour later Maggie, coming out from The Grill, stopped a moment on the door-step, loitering in the bluster of a late March breeze. The air was cold but bracing and, as she stood there buttoning the little coat of black she affected of late, a natural pink came up beneath the artificial, the years dropped from her with a sudden magic. She was still drawing on a pair of dainty gloves as she lingered before the window of the post office station opposite. There were all sorts of odds and ends exhibited in the window and a flood of the just-out magazines; but her smiling eyes were fastened only on *The Knocker* and its blazonry of jubilance over the five-thousand-dollar-prize story. The most exasperating of the illustrations glared gaudily from its cover. Maggie didn't see it, she was reading one name over and over again. Her hunger could not find surcease. Then a thought struck her. She hurried across to Mt. Vernon Street, going that way for the sake of a bit of a park and a scraggly group of city-sick trees upon the road. The buds were just showing a dot of green on every bursting tip, the grass was blythe and soft, the grim statue which pompously attitudinizes over the park and above a rusty iron fence, had gained a certain softness in the sweet, spring sunshine, as she passed. She could not but lessen her speed to sip these accustomed joys. At Pinkney Street she came to a full stop and drank in, for a scant moment, the blue of the Charles River and the fine fling of a church tower thrust out against the sky. From Pinkney Street she turned into a narrow court, inserted her latch-key into the lock on the shabby door of a shabby house in a shabby brick block and swept into the hall.

Her landlady met her at the top of the stairs, all one flutter of anxiety.

"Yer brother he come here ten minutes ago, Mis' Carter," she protested, "an' I wouldn't a-let him up, but you said so yourself, you did. 'Mis' Harrison,' says you, 'twere only last week an' me a-peelin' th' potatoes for th' dinner-table all th' while—'Mis' Harrison,' says you, right down in th' basement kitchen it were, 'my brother is to go up on askin'—them's your very words, 'on askin'.' He swore somethin' awful an' he were drunk somethin' fierce. He done a clogger right here, right here on this very carpet as I've earned keepin' lodgers and such like. He wanted me to send out for a hand-up, me as has always lived respectable,

he did. He said such dancin' deserved orkeeds, he did. If you weren't so quiet and lady-like yourself—"

The face below her flushed indignantly and the landlady saw her mistake. "He's up there," she pointed to her first-floor-front breathlessly. Maggie leaped upwards like a swift flame bursting through bonds. Her hair flashed in the dull flicker of the hall-light as she went.

The room was far more comfortable than the woman's circumstances warranted. Indeed a score or more of little elegancies, a fire burning brightly in a grate, numberless photographs of herself in different parts—even the latest bore the signature of expensive studios—gave a certain air to its comfort and bore out the theory of the boys at Ma's that Maggie had some source of income beyond her mere wages as a waitress. There were no signs of the brother. The woman looked around in surprise but began mechanically to draw off her gloves, slip out of her jacket, remove her hat. She was pulling out the last pin, daintily and gracefully, when a soft clicking sound, of which she had been conscious on entering the room, burst out into a sudden sputter of tearing and rending. With a swift stride she jumped to the door of her bedroom and flung the portiere aside. The room was small, plain, but clean. In one corner, before her trunk, throwing things about with eager, searching hands, knelt the ill-omened figure she had fed in the grill not an hour before. He did not even turn as she entered and she stood looking down on him, her eyes full of a laughing scorn. It was not unkind, not malignant, but gentle, even motherly. So might a mother, indeed, look at a baby rifling an empty jam-closet.

"There isn't any there," her voice fairly gurgled with mirth, "I haven't kept it there since you swiped the last fifteen."

"'Tain't money I'm swiping this trip." The man was apparently no more startled or frightened than herself.

"Not money?" She was surprised this time and somewhat ruffled. "What on earth are you pulling my things all to pieces over, if it isn't—say, look here, that's my best muslin skirt. Handle it carefully—the lace on those flounces cost cash!"

The man kept deliberately at his search, tossing recklessly about all the delicate flummery of her wardrobe, while she stood gazing down upon him, her teeth set firmly in her lip every now and then, at some particular roughness, uttering a sharp, short cry. From the bottom of the trunk he fished out a sandal-wood box and rose in staggering, drunken triumph to his feet. He had evidently swilled a good deal more since she saw him at the grill for his feet were unsteady and his hands tremulous. When Maggie saw the box she gave a jump forward, or rather the beginning of the suggestion of a jump, for she arrested herself in mid-flight.

"Yep," he sneered with the coarse sarcasm of his tribe, "I've caught right on, saw the ad. about your brat's prize story in the window across from your hang-out"—Maggie's soul winced, that had been the fear which sent her flying home—" And I ain't reckoning to leave your kid with all that fistful to spend a-decorating his own self. He's a pink-souled lot, the kid. Somebody's going to flim-flam him if I don't. It's a mercy, just a mercy, to have the lemon-squeezing done by his home-folks. He may be tight on the wad, though he ain't that kind of a looker; but I'll manage to remove the outer cuticle of that wad—'outer cuticle,' I say that's the stuff, reminds me I'm college-bred. Hey. Mag!"

The woman roused herself to furious denial. "My kid—my brat—what rot are you getting off at me, Tom?"

"I'm conversing concerning your kid, Madam, your brat, Madam—I'm breaking to you gently my intentions concerning the bank-account of Mr. Raymond Standish, son of the Reverend Myles Standish and his wife, Mrs. Margaret Linds-s-s-s——" She had her hand across his mouth and the s's came sputtering out.

"Hush," she implored, "hush—the walls are awfully thin in this house. Hush!"

The man released his mouth, grin-

ning. "What's the use of lying, Mag?" he jeered. "The mug on that brat is just a dead give-away. Put skirts on him and he'd be yourself, he's a womanish lot, he is. I reckoned he wasn't anything ordinary when I saw him feedin' at Ma's with his hat off. She hasn't a dozen does that. I'd have tumbled to the racket even if Ma hadn't opened her pie-chopper and leaked information. He's got your curls, he's got your eyes, he's—he's you before you chemicaled. And because he's you, he ain't going to stand for having his mommer flinging around chowder at a hash-house and his nunkie earning an honest and industrious but over-arduous living off'n hittin' the road. If I've any persuadin' left in my jaw——"

But Maggie had regained her usual nonchalance. She revelled to herself in secret glee that he was so dull with drink, she realized at once that her only course was to fall in with his humor.

"I never thought of that, Tom," she triumphed, "you're the clever one, you are! I was satisfied with what the Reverend hands out; I never thought of skinning the young 'un too. You're the clever lad and no mistake. Let me see what I've got in that box." She reached forth an imperious hand and the man somewhat grumblingly laid the case upon it.

She picked the papers out one by one, unfolding them as she did so—a marriage certificate, an agreement of separation, two plump packages of letters. These latter she began to tear from their envelopes, to open them wide.

"There's your wedding ring, too, Mag," suggested the man, "that's got the names on, all spelled out." She made a little grimace at his words, but twisted the ring from her finger. It was loth to come off and she worked at it steadily, backing into her further room as she worked. Her brother followed, groping on unsteady feet. He still carried the heavy pocket-knife with which he had wrenched open her trunk, a cruel, savage weapon. She glanced at it timorously, for she knew his sudden angers all too well and she intended to anger him. In a moment she decided to run the risk. At the fireplace she turned to the gas.

"Bring me a match, there's a good fellow," she requested, "they're in the dangler under the other burner. No—right there by the window. I can't see a thing here."

He turned. The moment he did so, she stooped and with one rapid gesture flung the wide open papers on the coals, scattering the letters loosely, shoving the ring into the midst of the burning mass with one quick thrust of the poker. She lifted the blower and slung it into place. When he turned again, attracted by the rattle of the blower, she was kneeling with her breast pushed against that shield, her arms thrust through the two pillars on either side of the fireplace, her hands knit together. It took him a moment to realize what she had done and then he leaped upon her. It was far from an unequal contest—the woman was large, robust, full, healthy, the man worn by dissipation and never very vigorous at best. He dropped his knife at her feet as he sprang.

At first he contented himself with jerking spasmodically at her arms and shoulders, while she attempted to reason with him.

"I shan't allow it," she panted, "I shan't have you go to him, the owner of a good name, a boy who's made a name for himself, and tell him that I, the skirt-dancer, the tights-wearer, the chemical blonde, the hash-slinger in a grill, am his mother. I may have made my bed, but he shan't lie in it. Do you hear me, Tom? I'm not much of a mother, but I'm more than that."

But, as he merely tore at her hands and then, maddened by the crackling roar of the flames inside, began to beat her, she started on another tack.

"I'll see that the Rev. gives you more money—I will, honest, Tom, if you'll leave the kid alone. He's going over the water any way, the kid—you can't do anything with him. I'll get you the iron men from the Rev. to-morrow, I will sure. I'll tell him about the kid. You hurt me, Tom, you hurt me awfully."

The man did not answer, beating her

"HUNGRY, TOM?" SHE ASKED, WITH A CERTAIN GENTLENESS

with cruel might. He struck her shoulders and her arms with his fists, he slapped both palms against her cheeks. Realizing the uselessness of pleading, she merely tightened her grip and for a space neither spoke. The only sounds in the dull-lighted room were the sputter of the fire devouring the letters behind the blower, the smack and clack of flesh bruising against flesh. After a minute or so he began to swear in a low, brutal voice, as his wrath and drunkenness roused the primordial beast underneath the thin silver-plating of his civilization.

"Leggo," he whispered hoarsely, "leggo—or you'll be d—— sorry! Leggo, I say——leggo!"

She bit her lip with a tighter nip and clenched her hands into a firmer clinging. He began to threaten, seeing that he could not unloose her grasp. Picking up his knife, he rubbed it along her jaw. "Leggo," he cursed, "leggo—or, d—— you, I'll use this."

She turned then, one withering look into which all the disgust of years was concentrated, "I won't," she said.

With that his anger, the anger of a man whose every passion has been gratified for decades, who has never leashed his spirit by one decency, boiled over and he struck her with the knife. He stabbed low, fearful of doing her too great an injury, cowardly for himself even in his frenzy, but he stabbed again and again. The blood jetted after the blade as he drew it out. In a moment she relaxed her grip, tumbled into a pathetic heap upon the hearth-rug. He tore the iron shield from before the grate; within was only

a graying heap of scarlet ashes. The ring had dripped away.

Maggie lay in a snarl of rumpled raiment on the rug almost unconscious. The breast of her gown was scorched and cracked. When she revived a little, she found her brother standing over her, gazing down upon her, stupidly, wonderingly.

"I didn't mean to do it, honey," he stammered, "I right sure didn't go for to do it! I must have lost myself, honey." In his repentance his boyhood's speech strangely returned. He was a child upon the old Virginia plantation, once more. The negroid dialect dribbled from his lips. "I'm right sorry I did it, honey," he muttered. The sight of her blood had sobered his intoxication.

Her old energy and resourcefulness came sweeping back. She began instinctively to think first for others as all women do.

"Lift me to my bed, Tom," she commanded, "and then I'll give you an hour to get away. You've hurt me bad and I want to live—I just have to live. I'm afraid to die—awfully afraid to die. I must have a doctor in an hour; but I'll give you that time. Put me on the bed, now."

He lifted her with a certain gentleness and carried her, staggering with grief and fear and her weight, to her bedroom.

Two hours later Mrs. Harrison, bringing up the laundry, knocked at her lodger's door and, receiving no answer, entered hurriedly. The room was in some confusion, ashes were strewn across the hearth, and along the rug lay a great brownish stain. For a moment the woman gasped and then; hearing a low, sobbing sound, crossed to the sleeping apartment.

She shrieked, wildly, frantically, hysterically, and rushed along the hallway. There was nobody, besides herself and one other—one dreadful other—in the house; so she fled through the front door, down the steps, and reeled, at the bottom, into the arms of Raymond Standish, who was just returning from his afternoon's stroll along the Charles' Embankment. Her cries, her tremblings, her utter incoherence, frightened the young man at the outset; but he decided that it was a case of mere womanishness and led her into the house. Here, as she constantly screamed of "Mis' Carter—Mis' Carter," he ordered her sharply to take him to Mrs. Carter. There was nobody along the street to whom he could appeal, and one glance from the first-floor window showed him a still-deserted thoroughfare.

The chemical blonde lay upon her bed, unconscious, breathing in gasps and retchings. Her eyes were closed. At first Standish did not recognize her, was more employed with the spineless Mrs. Harrison and her violent throwings of herself upon the floor. Then one scrutinizing look assured him.

"Why, it's Maggie," he cried.

The name, the voice, the presence, something, touched her through her darkness and she opened her eyes, she even attempted to sit up. But the struggle opened her wounds, the blood burst forth afresh, the ooze of it bubbled on her lips; and, just as he grasped her hand in his and clasped it close, with one rapturous smile up into his face—she died.

The landlady pulled herself together with a jerk of astonishment, feminine curiosity for the moment quieting down her fears.

"Oh, you knew her—you knew her well," she stammered

"Yes," he answered softly and reverently, "she was the waitress at the grill where I take my meals."

THE AUTHOR RELIEVING THE WHEEL

Farmers of the Sea

By Frederick William Wallace

Illustrated with Photographs

A STIFF nor'wester was howling across the Banks, and the flying spray whipped from the crests of the waves mingled with the misty rain which drove, fog like, from off the Newfoundland coast. A few weather-defying passengers on the big liner bucking her way to the westward, watched with interest the antics of a small schooner flying along, close hauled, a few hundred yards away. As the little vessel rose upon a mighty, white-crested comber, her bowsprit soared sky high, while half of her gleaming underbody emerged from the foaming water like a gamboling porpoise. For a short moment she paused on the hill top of blue green sea, and then swashed down into the trough with a crash which buried her bows and sent a cloud of spray as high as the foretopmast cross trees. Under her reefed main sail and lower sails, she would rise and disappear from view on the hills and dales of racing, surging seas, and roll down to leeward in a manner which made the onlookers hold their breaths involuntarily. Within a biscuit toss she came; her sails dark with rain and spray; briny water sluicing from every scupper hole; and the white water from under her sharp bows foaming and tossing along the bends of her black hull to mingle with the hissing wake astern.

Aft, near the wheel, three oilskin clad figures gazed up at the ponderous bulk of the liner with aggressive, semi-

contemptuous stares, until, like a sea skimming bird, the schooner drove over the wind harried combers, and misty rain and spray hid ships and men from each other's sight.

A Toronto broker, homeward bound from an Old Country trip, turned and enquired of the second mate. "Don't you think those fellows are taking big chances in this weather with a small vessel like that?"

"No!" replied the officer, tersely. "They're Bank fishermen."

To him, this seemed explanation enough. He was of the sea, and nautically wise. He knew the Grand Bankers; knew their seamanship; their reckless daring; and was also aware of their hatred for the hard-driving liner running on schedule time with mails and passengers aboard. A half-forgotten memory of a passage when he had heard the muffled scream in the fog, and seen the splintered dory whirling past in the cream of the racing bow wave, had opened his eyes and made him an able interpreter of the fisherman's antipathy.

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Off the coast of Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there lie great patches of shoal ocean known as "banks," where, at certain seasons of the year, the cod, mackerel, haddock, hake, halibut, gusk and numerous other members of the finny tribe congregate during their migratory journeys. These banks are all named and are as familiar to the fishermen as the streets of their home ports, and over them the fishing schooners roam and gather in the harvest of the sea.

South of Nova Scotia lies Brown's and La Have Banks; to the southeast is Sable Island Bank, and still further east lies Banquereau—known to all fishermen as "Quero." Off Canso, N. S., lies Canso Bank, and to the eastward of Cape Breton is situated St. Pierre and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The type of vessel mainly employed

THE WOMEN OF THE FLEET ON THE DRYING-GROUNDS

GATHERING THE FISH AFTER DRYING

in Bank fishing is the easily handled and fast sailing schooner. They range from 60 to 90 feet in length; are built upon beautiful yacht-like lines, and carry an immense spread of sail. In winter fishing, the topmasts are usually sent down, and the schooners carry nothing but their four lower sails, consisting of mainsail, foresail, forestaysail or jumbo, and jib. The weather to be met with on the Banks at that season of the year will not permit of any "flying kites," and though the fisherman is the last man in the world to reduce sail, he is wise enough to know exactly what his vessel will stand.

The crews carried on each schooner vary from ten to twenty-four men, who are paid according to the value of their catch—an arrangement which encourages the men to their best efforts.

In addition to fresh fishing, or "shacking" on the Banks, many of the schooners make special voyages, "halibuting" and "haddocking," besides running up to the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts buying frozen herring in winter. This herring is mostly used for bait purposes, and is brought down to the home ports and sold to the vessels of the fleets. Besides these craft, there are the "seiners" and salt fishermen. The former operate mostly in the mackerel fishery and operate the seine nets from a seine boat launched from the schooner when the school of mackerel is sighted. The salt fishing trip is a lengthy one, and may keep the vessel at sea for many weeks, as the fish caught are cleaned and salted on board, and a skipper will seldom return until he is full to the hatch combings. From Lunenburg, N. S., a great fleet of "salt" bankers sail, and the fleet hailing from that port is the largest in Canada.

Winter fishing upon the Banks is very severe, and the hardships undergone by the men of the winter fleets are untold. Plunging around for days in the schooners; lashed with snow and sleet; with decks continually awash and bodies numb and well-nigh frozen with the intense cold, they have, perforce, to pursue their business upon the wild waters and supply the hungry markets with sea-food. Working all day in frail dories; standing up in them

to haul in the heavy trawl lines with the little boat pitching and jumping over the gray, breaking seas; taking a spell every now and again to knock off the accumulating ice on the gunnels; and continually handling frozen gear with fingers numb with cold, they have no sinecure.

Then again, there is the yellow bank fog—steaming, impenetrable mists—which hides schooners and dories from view, and exposes the lonely men in the boats to the dangers of being lost, and the schooners to the risk of being run down by the hard-driving liners crossing the Banks. Truly it is a hard life, but with the fishermen it is a matter of business. It does not worry them in the least, and I have seen them make a "set" in a wind and sea which would appall a landsman, while as for fog—it is regarded as a mere bagatelle. "When it shuts down thick—hang on to your trawl anchor. The schooner will pick you up, sooner or later!" So the fishermen say, but I have met men who were deserted, thro' no fault of the vessel, and when they found that the schooner had lost them, calmly gurdied up the anchor and pulled for the nearest land, sixty miles away. Sixty miles over open sea on a dark winter's night, thro' pelting rain and snow is a task calculated to daunt most men—except fishermen. They are kindred to the sea and unafraid of her whims and moods.

The liners, however, have instilled fear in otherwise staunch hearts, and not without cause. Stories of being run down in fogs by them are common topics in a schooner's foc'sle, and when a steamer is heard blowing in their vicinity, the fear is fully evident. One night, while slatting around in a dense fog upon Roseway Bank, we heard a steamer's fog-horn sounding in the pall to starboard, and almost immediately the two side lights of a large vessel could be seen standing towards us. On the hail from the skipper, all hands scrambled up on deck, and kerosene torches were lighted with the haste born of fear, while the fog-horn was pumped with vigor. The glaring torches served their purpose and revealed us to the steamer, who swung around and backed off into the fog again. Not a soul went below until they were sure that the stranger was well clear. "Damn them!" growled one old salt. "They'd run slam inter ye an' not stop ter pick ye up. Remember th' 'Fame,' boys? Steamer run inter her—cut her in two—an' while they were atryin' ter launch a passel o' rotten boats from their davits —th' hull gang—twenty-two o' them—drowned alongside."

. . . . . .

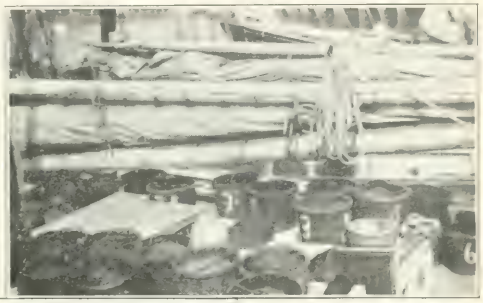
From the ports of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, a numerous fleet of fishing schooners fit out, and laying a course for the bank to be fished, sail, until the questing leadline tells of shoal water. It is only necessary for the leadsman to call out the depth for all hands to guess exactly where they are. Years of practice and familiarity with the soundings on the shoals have made it possible for the average fisherman to ascertain his position at sea by the simple process of heaving the lead. So accurate have some of them become in this art, that navigating instruments, other than lead, log and compass, are regarded as being unnecessary gear. Others, probably the Ananiases of the fleet, declare that by merely smelling or tasting the bottom of the lead, they can tell their position to a foot.

Arriving upon the bank intended to be the scene of operations—called in fishermen's parlance "making a berth," the skipper gives the call of "Bait up!" and the gang tumble out with alacrity, and proceed to bait the thousand or more hooks which run to a three tub set. Each tub of trawl line is 2,100 feet long and is fitted with "gangings" or shorter lines spliced or hitched into the main line at intervals of 32 to 36 inches apart. Upon these gangings are the hooks, and some six hundred odd go to the single tub. Each dory, as a rule, sets three to four tubs. In summer, the whole are set at once, but in winter the custom is to set one tub at a time, as the weather is such that a man may have to cut loose from his gear and return to the vessel.

To the uninitiated, it should be explained that a dory is a small, double

ended boat from 16 to 18 feet long; flat bottomed, deep sided, and with considerable flare and sheer. Their build is peculiar to the fishermen of the East Coast, while their seaworthiness and ability to stand heavy weather, besides being easy to scull or row, has led to their universal adoption by all fishermen.

After baiting up with either herring caplin or squid the skipper sings out "Get ready! Lower away dories!" Hoisting out their dories, the baited trawl tubs are placed in them, while the two dory-mates take their places and overhaul the gear. The spare hand and the cook take the dory painter and making it fast astern, the dories are towed by the vessel until the order is given to let go. With the men in the boats, the first part of the fishing operations is to cast the anchor. To this anchor is attached a line and buoy, as well as the end of the baited trawl line.



TRAWL TUBS HOLDING A LONG LINE STRUNG WITH HOOKS. IT IS A NICE TASK TO BAIT UP A TRAWL WITHOUT RIBBONING ONE'S FINGERS

LIKE A MAN ONE ANXIOUS PAIR OF EYES WATCHES EACH COD FISHERMAN AS THE SCHOONERS SET OFF FOR LA HAVE

WHEN THE SALT IS WETTED AND THE SCHOONER COMES HOME TO HER WHARF THE MEN UNLOAD THE CATCH WITH LONG FORKS

As soon as it is over the side, the dory-mates pull the dory and heave the trawl lines out of the tubs by means of a heaving stick—one man to the oars and the other standing up and paying out the gear. When all the trawl has been paid out, the men hang on to the end and allow from 30 to 45 minutes for the "set." When the time has elapsed, they commence hauling the lines in, and the fish caught are, by a deft turn of the wrist, slung into the pen at the bottom of the dory. Dog-fish, skate, sculpins, and other useless fish are slatted off on the gunnel into the sea again.

In the meantime, the schooner with only the skipper, spare hand and cook aboard, has been "jogging" up and down the line of dories. "Jogging" is a semi-hove-to condition, maintained by hauling the jumbo to windward and easing off the main sheet. As the vessel comes up and falls off, she makes but little way, but when the haul has been made, she draws away to pick up the dories. One by one, they come alongside, and the catch is tallied and tossed into pens on the schooner's decks, and after the dories are hoisted aboard and nested, the crews turn to and clean and gut the fish. All hands, except skipper and cook, busy themselves at this work, and store the cleaned fish upon ice in the vessel's hold. Upon salt fishermen, the fish are split and salted.

Sailing from bank to bank—to the berths known as good fishing ground to the various skippers—the schooners roam in quest of their harvest. A dozen different methods are employed, but the foregoing illustrates the most

popular. Others called "dory-handliners" fish by means of ordinary handlines from an anchored dory. They take their bait with them, and bait their hooks as fast as a catch has been made. Handlining is also done from the decks of small schooners, but this method is confined to narrower and more sheltered waters than on the open banks.

When the fishing vessel has got her load, or when circumstances compel her to make for port, the hatches are battened down, gear stowed away and with the gripes over the dories, preparations are made for the drive to port. It is a happy moment when, after the last fish has been stacked in the hold, the skipper sings out: "Come on, fellers! Git th' kites on her!" Balloon jib is routed out from the locker, staysail is overhauled, and gaff-topsails cast adrift. Out on the bowsprit we go—a mob of laughing and fervent and cursing men. "Bend th' balloon, an' up she goes!" Staysail is sent aloft next and willing hands sway the sheet taut, while the gaff-topsails are set to the breeze. "Swing her for home!" cries the skipper. "No' west b'nothe!" The man at the wheel repeats the course as he swings the wheel over, and the gallant schooner rolls down to the breeze, "Homeward bound, and with a full fare!"

Timid indeed is the skipper who shortens sail before the wind rolls her down until the lower deadeyes of the lee-rigging disappear from sight in the mad boiling under her lee, and such things as carrying away a topmast, blowing away a staysail, or splitting a lower, are but incidentals for which the owners gladly pay.

. . . . . .

Statistics and figures are but dry things at any time, but it is worth noting that, though Canada's maritime supremacy in the offshore fleets has declined, the branch devoted to her fisheries is still holding its own. Figures for the year 1910 show that nearly 100,000 men, 1,750 vessels, and 41,170 boats are employed in this connection, and the total value of vessels, plants, boats and gear amounts to the considerable sum of $17,357,932.

British Columbia, with her extensive salmon fishing industry, leads the way in value, nearly $7,000,000 being in-

SALMON FISHING IS NOT ALWAYS A BED OF ROSES. COLD, WET, AND LONG HOURS ARE THE FISHERMEN'S PORTION

THE SALMON OF THE PACIFIC COAST BEING TRANSFERRED FROM SCOW TO CANNERY

vested in plants and gear. The salmon fishing is carried on principally from small boats working with nets, seines and traps at the mouths of the great coast rivers and inlets, and the scene at the mouth of the Fraser River during the salmon "runs" is one of extraordinary animation. As far as the eye can see, thousands of boats dot the water from horizon to horizon, while at the canneries the sight of the countless cans piled up; the fish tugs and scows coming in with tons of silver-scaled salmon; and the bustle and activity of the cannery hands, is a sight never to be forgotten.

The bulk of the salmon caught is salted and dried for export, while canned "sockeye" finds its way to every market in the world.

In addition to the lordly salmon, the halibut and herring fisheries are also very extensive. Nearly 20,000 men—a large proportion of whom are Japanese and Indians—are employed in the fisheries of British Columbia.

To the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia we must turn for the deep sea fisheries in which large vessels are employed. The latter Province has nearly 5,000 men engaged upon the schooners and sail boats, and over 18,000 men in boats. Over six hundred schooners and sailing craft, and sixteen thousand boats are employed in the sea fisheries out of Nova Scotia.

New Brunswick has 1,459 men employed in 378 schooners and sailing craft, and 5,273 men in boats, while the value of plants, boats and gear for each Province amounts to $5,014,909 for Nova Scotia, and $2,346,467 for New Brunswick.

In Ontario, the fishing upon the Great Lakes is conducted mostly by means of seines and nets from steam tugs and boats. Three thousand men are employed upon these craft, while a greater number are engaged in the gill net and line work from the shore. The value of the plant and gear used in Ontario's fisheries amounts to $1,147,-

075, while the most valuable fish caught are herring, whitefish, trout and perch.

The total value of the fish and fish products taken by Canadian fishermen during the year 1909-10 amounted to the huge figure of $29,629,169—a sum which constitutes the highest record of Canada's fisheries.

Of the various kinds of fish caught in Canadian waters, salmon leads in value —the catch in all Provinces for the year 1910 amounting to $8,204,524. Cod, the premier fish of the Grand Banker, comes second with a valuation of $3,912,806. Lobsters, which are caught in baited traps on the rocky bottoms around the Atlantic Coast, rank next with a value of $3,657,146. Herring and halibut are valued at $2,754,751 and $1,240,486 respectively. Whitefish, a Great Lakes product, is valued at $1,000,126, while mackerel values $948,071.

Of late years, the handy gasoline motor is speedily displacing sail in the smaller fishing craft, and even in the big off-shore schooners auxiliary gasoline motors are being installed. Though conservative, the fishermen realize the advantages of the auxiliary motor in calms, and in working into harbor, and all modern schooners are being equipped.

For all the romance in connection with the farmers of the sea, one must look to the "Banker". He is the one who is regarded by the popular mind as the fisherman. Pursuing his calling upon the face of the open waters, he has to contend with all the fickle moods of the elements, and pits every ounce of brain and muscle against the spite of wind, seas, rain and cold. Besides being a fisherman, he has to be a sailor —able to "hand, reef and steer." The palmy days of Canada's "Bluenose" clippers and packet ships are past, but the type of men who manned them, live to-day in the crews of the fishing fleets, and they ably uphold the reputation for seamanship, courage and almost reckless daring, which characterized the "windjammers" of old.

GIPSY SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

GIPSY, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Puck is at the door,
Puck is whistling through the wood—
Must I call once more?

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Keen across the night
Hylas flutes among the pools
And the road's moon-white.

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Must I whistle still,
Waiting at your silent door
On the ferny hill?

Moonlit road and breaking sea,
Wet wind from the south!
Gipsy, all your lover lacks
Is your scarlet mouth!

The Descent of Glaphyra Quat

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell

MISS GLAPHYRA QUAT is one of the proudest aristocrats in Betzville, and for a long time it was a matter of sorrow with her that she was the last of the Quats. For years she tried strenuously to accomplish a matrimonial alliance with anyone, so that the Quat line might not become extinct, but no one seemed to want Glaphyra; she was too long and thin, and ran too much to jaw bone and shanks, and by the time she was fifty she was pretty well resigned, and felt that when she died the last Quat would perish off the face of the earth. She would sit in her rocking chair and sigh, and knit the kind of stockings the Quats had always worn—first a stripe of red and then a stripe of green, and then another stripe of red—and think how bad it was for the world that the Quats were about to leave it forever.

But last June a ray of hope came into her life. She read in the paper that Mr. Darwin decided that mankind is descended from the monkeys, and as soon as she read it she arose in her stately manner and smiled at the portrait of Ebenezer Quat. If what Mr. Darwin said was true she was no longer without relatives, for if the Quat line was traced back to the monkey ancestor and then traced down on the monkey side there must be a lot of monkeys in the world that were distant cousins of the Quats. This thought warmed Glaphyra's heart, and the next time a circus came to Betzville she stood before the monkey cage looking at the ring-tailed jumper and the blue-faced baboon with tears of family pride in her eyes.

When the circus left town Glaphyra felt a void in her soul and her life seemed doubly empty, and she longed to have a Quat come and live with her. Luckily an Italian count with a wheezy handorgan happened along about then, leading a thin and fleabit Quat at the end of a chain. When the Count played on the organ the Quat would hustle around and gather up pennies, and gathering pennies had always been a habit with the Quats, so Glaphyra knew this must be a cousin of hers, on the monkey side. So she hunted up one of her red and green stockings and dug into it and bought the cousin. The first thing she did when she had tied the Quat to the leg of the bed was to sit down and knit it a pair of red and green stockings, for they were one of the immutable Quat customs, and Glaphyra was proud to perpetuate the manners of her ancestors. Everything Glaphyra did was based on something one of

her ancestors had done, and as far back as she could trace them they had been sedate and severe, and as stiff as ramrods, and as puritanical as pie.

So Glaphyra set about turning Bedilla—as she called the long-tailed Quat—into a real Quat. It was a hard job. Bedilla seemed to have more effervescence of spirit than ran in the human branch of the Quats. No Quat had ever jumped gracefully from the second story window into an oak tree and then run up the tree to hang from the topmost limb. No Quat had ever shinned up the bed post and stood on her head on the top of the post. And, so far as Glaphyra knew, no Quat had ever swung by her tail from a chandelier; no Quat would have considered that ladylike. Glaphyra tried her best to make Bedilla like the oldest Quat of whom there was any record—Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat of Nantucket, but she couldn't seem to do it. Bedilla was always doing things that showed her red and green stockings clear up to the garters. It looked like a hopeless task, and Glaphyra began to doubt that Bedilla was really a Quat, for every Quat had always tried to be a replica of Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat. She was quite discouraged.

But one day, when she was more discouraged than ever she happened to think that Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat was only back some eight or ten generations, while Bedilla was acting as the monkeys had acted for the last eight or ten thousand years, and that Bedilla was probably acting just as the original Quat Monkey, from whom all the Quats and all the monkeys had descended, had acted. She saw, right then, that Bedilla had the best of her, and was copying the oldest Quat of all, and that the monkey Quats had certainly retained the genuine original Quat characteristics. At first this was a shock to Glaphyra, and pained her, but she immediately began to rectify her mistake, and to adopt the habits of the original Quat, as she was in duty bound to do. Ancestral pride made it a duty.

It was pretty hard work for Glaphyra to shin up the bedpost and stand on her head on the top of it. It was, as one might say, unaccustomed exercise for Glaphyra. But she went at it with a hearty will and did the best she could. She never quite attained the ability to stand on her head on top of the bedpost, for she was too long to do that without letting her feet stick up through the ceiling into the attic, but in a few months she managed to climb to the top of the bedpost and jabber. Then she would get down on the floor and stand on her head in the corner. Thus she did it in two sections, like a magazine story that is begun in the front of the magazine and concluded on page ninety-six. It was disjointed, but all there.

The next month she began to master the art of tree-climbing, and she did pretty good work at it, but she saw what a mistake the first Quat that had discarded the tail had made. Often when she fell with a rattling noise to the earth from a high bough, she regretted the tail, but she did the best she could without it, poor thing! She got so she could jump gracefully from the second story window into the oak tree and hang from the topmost limb by her knees, and the best society of Betzville frequently gathered in her yard to see her do it. Several of our most distinguished citizens remarked that Glaphyra was really making a perfect monkey of herself.

But last Wednesday afternoon the end came. Glaphyra was practicing jumping from the top of the piano to the chandelier, when Bedilla deliberately sat down on the floor and removed her red and green stockings and chewed them to rags. Then she removed her black calico dress and chewed that to rags. And so on, as we might say. And when Bedilla had chewed everything, and had no clothes left, she dashed gaily from the house and climbed the telephone pole in front of the gate. For just one moment Glaphyra hesitated, and she had pulled off one red and green stocking, but when she glanced out of the front window and saw the best citizens of Betzville gathering around the telephone pole she pulled the stocking

AFTER A FEW MONTHS' PRACTICE, GLAPHYRA MANAGED TO [illegible]
TOP OF THE BEDPOST AND JABBER

on again and decided that Darwin was an old fraud, anyway, and that Bedilla was only an ignorant foreigner. When the crowd had waited half an hour they sent Uncle Ashdod Clute in to see what had happened to Glaphyra, and he found her in the kitchen making a green apple pie according to the recipe of Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat.

THE CHRISTMAS READING

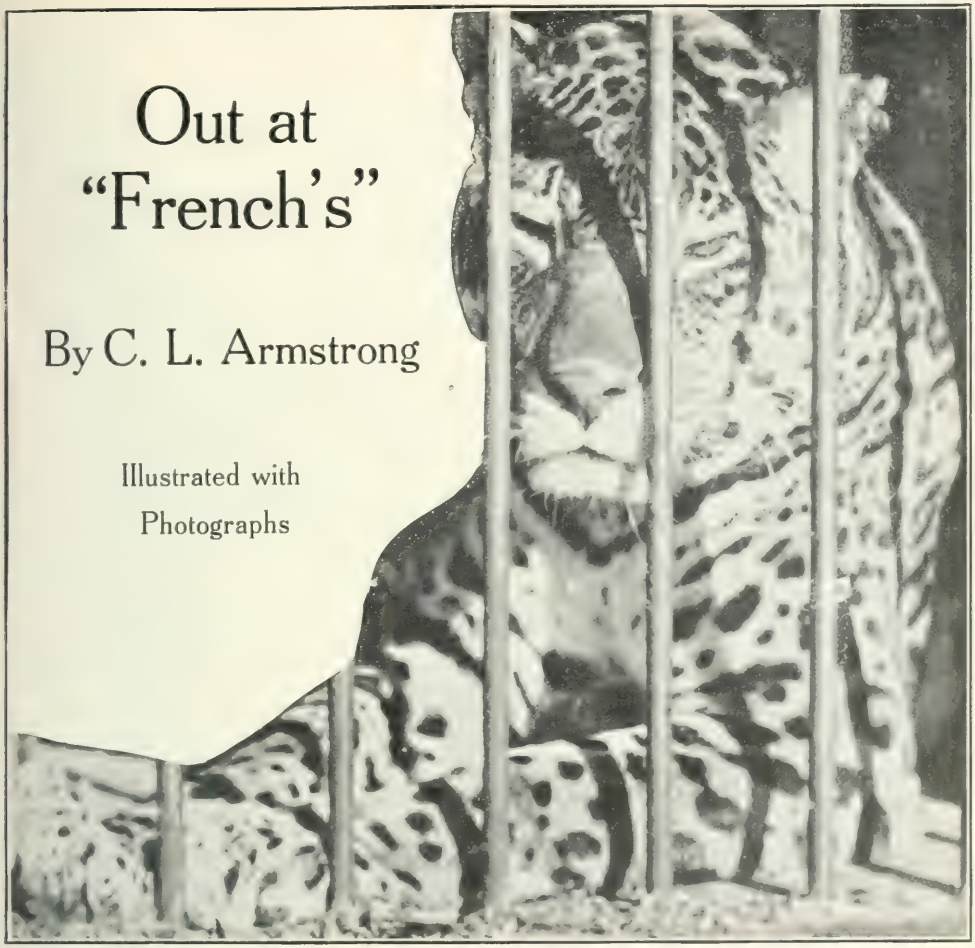
BY THOMAS A. DALY

THE herald winds of Christmas sleep
High-cradled on the wooded steep.
The far stars only are a-thrill
With life; the night is cold and still.
Come! gather 'round the ingle-nook
And from its shelf take down the book
Wherein the masters' genius drew
Those pictures old, but ever new,
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime
Beats down the envious touch of time.
Here let the children sit, and there
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.
Take, thou, the book, O! golden voice,
And read the pages of thy choice.
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,
Of all our favorites old; but most
Tell us with tenderness of him
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
Call thou the soul to every face
About thee in this holy place.
We shall not be ashamed at all
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;
But fervently, with eyelids dim
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,
We'll quote his words when you have done
And say, "God bless us, every one."

Out at "French's"

By C. L. Armstrong

Illustrated with Photographs



To dance with death in a high balloon
Is sure a ticklish notion,
And to skip your wife on the honeymoon
May cause a dire commotion.
But, be you young, or old and sage,
And be you poor or wealthy—
To stub your toe in a puma's cage,
My son, it sure ain't healthy.
—Song of the Circus.

AND Captain Richard Ricardo, with twenty-five adventurous years of wild animal training behind him, wasn't taking any risk on that score. whatever else he may have overlooked.

"It's queer," he was telling us confidentially five minutes after we arrived, "but you take a greenhorn with animals and nine times out of ten he'll throw a fit with fear when there ain't any danger at all and pass through a session of real danger with a smile on his face until somebody wises him up after it's all over."

As it turned out we personally were to provide proof of this circus law before our visit was over.

We had reached the training quarters at "French's," as all Victorians know it, at an auspicious time. "Go right on out that road," the native we met at the end of the tram line had told us, "and when you get near it you'll smell it." Sure enough we did. The air was laden with that indefinable odor that betokens wild animals. The Captain was struggling with one of many difficulties as we pulled up in front of the training cage. Minnie would not come out of her private apartment. Her roars and snarls were awful; her jabs, uppercuts

and straight-arm jolts were wondrous to behold. The former were addressed to the world at large, but the latter were intended for Greene, the Captain's assistant, who was blocking and returning leads right manfully with a long furnace poker. The Captain was posted where the runway from the animal cages entered the barred arena with its canopy of netting, calling loudly on Minnie to make her debut and make it quick; and Dick and Tom and Babe were crouching on the gilded stools behind him, looking for a fair chance to rip him from shoulder to heel. As pumas they were magnificent specimens.

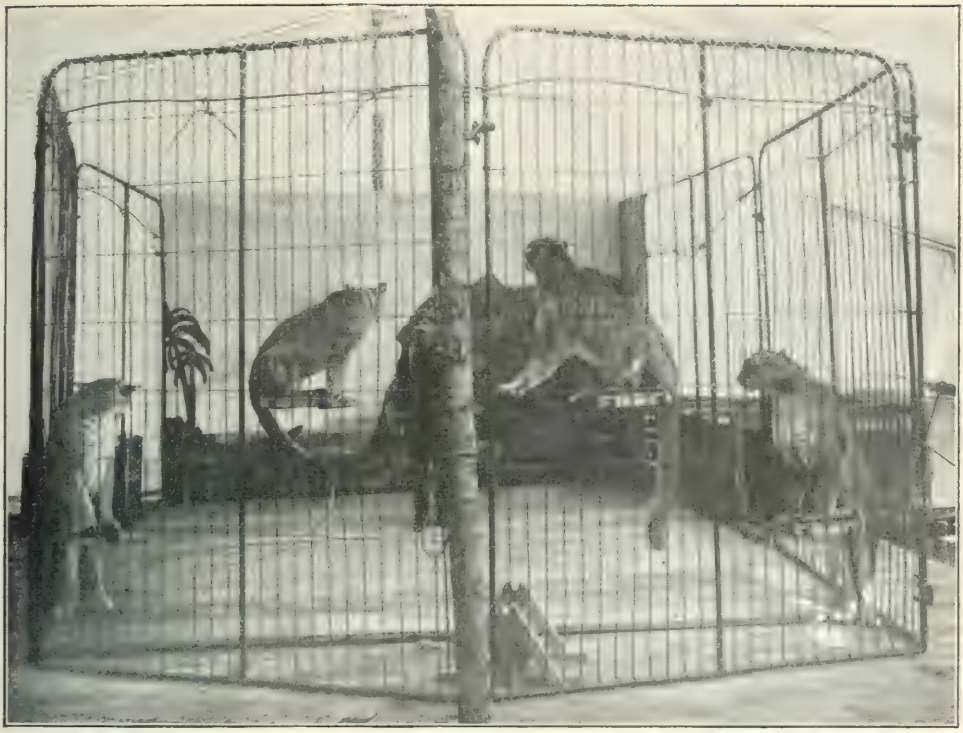
"That," said the Camera Man, getting his tripod in place with an eye to the main chance, "is the first time I ever saw a man get peevish because a full-grown panther with a disposition like a sick baby wouldn't come out and mix it with him."

The greatest collection of wild animals in the whole Dominion of Canada was alive to the glory of the morning. Wallace—the much-travelled, original, untamable Wallace—gathered himself together in the sunny corner of his cage and emitted a roar that rattled the bars and caused the hybrid zebra in the farther tent to shiver like the proverbial aspen leaf. Over the way the tree leopard—probably the only one in captivity—opened his wicked jaws and screamed sharply. The wolves took up the cry and the great striped Bengalis in the enclosure beyond added their notes to the chorus until the entire winter quarters echoed with the springtime panegyric.

James G. French, brother of a famous British General, is a lover of animals with income enough to be able to ride his hobby as hard as he likes. For many years he has been quietly adding to his collection of natural history, until his farm near Victoria has become fairly alive with wild beasts, and the neighbors — unappreciative mortals— have begun to kick about the noise and the smell. From the standpoint of the neighbors, it makes no difference that some of the finest specimens of their respective families in the world contribute to the smell and the noise. But to French it does. He is a lover of quality in animals. A superb specimen always cinches his interest and, if the animal is for sale at all, French is not content until he has him stowed away on his Vancouver Island farm. A glance at the magnificent tigers, at the tree leopard, at the splendid pair of African black-maned lions, Sharkey and Sultana, at old Wallace himself—murderer of more than one keeper—or at Fairview Adonis, the beautiful Welsh pony stallion, would prove that. His menagerie, at its present stage of development, ranks among the best privately owned collections in America. And his taste runs from fierce tigers to Angora kittens; from camels to thoroughbred dogs; from Thibetan sheep to blue ribbon poultry.

Being an expert, French has had singular good fortune with his animals. Once, in truth, a big lion did escape, and when the report spread neighboring ranchers evinced a peculiar preference for their own firesides at the close of day. The fugitive lion was captured, however, without accident. Perhaps this incident helped to prejudice Victoria against wild animals, but whatever the cause, it is a fact that French has tendered more than one liberal offer to show his animals at a Victoria summer park, but always without success. He is always booked ahead for summer shows at 'Frisco Chutes and other southern resorts however.

The centre of attraction for the attendants and loungers on the snappy March morning when the Camera Man and I picked our way through empty animal cages into the big top, was the far end of the tent. There, in a big, steel-barred cage with a net of heavy cord forming the top, stood Captain Ricardo, very much at home, a pipe in his mouth, a short walking stick in his hand and the butt of a heavy revolver protruding from his hip pocket. He was in undress attire, as he apologetically pointed out; he lacked the gay colors of official dress, the tinsel and tassels; he was in shirt-sleeves and corduroy trousers, but he was careful to wear rubber-soled shoes. Minnie was at last driven into the arena and the gate was closed with the assistance of



CAPTAIN RICARDO BREAKING IN HIS FOUR NEW PUMAS. IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER IS MINNIE, THE QUEEN PUMA, REFUSING TO SPRING. A MOMENT AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN SHE LEAPED TO THE TOP OF THE CAGE AND MADE A DASH FOR LIBERTY

Mrs. Ricardo, the Captain's game little wife. And now, to our everlasting surprise, the Captain was conversing pleasantly through the bars, with his back to the row of vicious pumas.

"Look out for Minnie!"

Mrs. Ricardo, whose eyes, we discovered, never left the animals, spoke in a dispassionate tone. The Captain turned quickly and fixed Minnie, crouched ready to spring, with his eyes. The big puma sank back on her stool again with a growl.

"Aren't you taking a chance, turning your back on them that way?"

"Oh, yes, some chance. A fellow's always taking chances in this game."

"But how do you work it? How is it you can go into that cage with those wild animals and not be torn to pieces?"

The Captain smiled appreciatively. "It's dead easy," he confessed in a confidential way. "All you have to do is to keep them buffaloed. You have to just bully them all the time and make them think that if they dared raise a paw to you what would happen to them would be awful. Of course you have to believe that dope yourself too. If you lose your nerve in the cage, it's all off. If they get wise to it before you hop out they'll sure do you harm. You have to keep your wits about you and you have to keep on your feet. If you fell among a bunch of animals, the chances are they'd all be on top of you before you could get up."

"Then what would happen?"

The Captain pointed to a grill-work of white and blue scars on his neck and shoulder. "Worse than that," he said, "unless your helpers could prod them off with forks and fish you out. The main thing, though, is to keep your nerve."

"But don't animal trainers have off days, too, when their nerve isn't as good as at other times?"

"Sure they do, and when that happens, a wise animal man cuts the act short and gets out of the cage as fast as he can."

TWO REPORTS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S RIFLE CRACKED OUT AND WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR OF RAGE SHARKEY LEAPED TO THE END OF THE CAGE AND CROUCHED BESIDE HIS MATE

"What is the most dangerous animal to work with?"

The Captain paused only a second and it seemed certain he would say "lions" or "tigers". "Black panthers," he said decidedly. "They're the worst easily."

A sudden crash of thunder right at our heels made the Camera Man and me do a quick broad jump. When we got nerve enough to look around there was big husky Sharkey, an African lion, getting ready for another roar, while his wife, Sultana, eyed us spitefully. "That's the pair I work," little Mrs. Ricardo explained. "Poor old Sharkey," she cooed as to a baby, moving right up to the bars of the cage and looking straight into Sharkey's capacious cave of a mouth, "he thinks there's going to be work for him, poor old boy, and he doesn't like it." Then, turning to us, "They're dandy lions, that pair. Not a speck of harm in them. Of course I wouldn't go in with this skirt on. They might catch hold of it in play and pull me down. But they mean all right." A bellow from Sharkey shook the earth under us.

The Camera Man and I, being polite to ladies always, calmly acquiesced.

"Well," exclaimed the Captain, from the puma's cage, "it's time we were getting to work. I'm just breaking this bunch in for Mr. French. Come, you Minnie, come Dick, Babe! Babe! Up on that stool!" He rapped with his cane andj abbed at the snarling pumas. For new animals those pumas were remarkable. Two of them worked a teeter-totter, without the aid of a third animal to balance the board. They jumped from stool to stool with that delightful grace characteristic of their kind. Then small stands were attached to the bars at varying heights, and one after another the big animals sprang from stand to stand. All had jumped but Minnie when the stands were placed very far apart, and the magnificent queen puma was commanded to spring. She refused. Crouching, she snarled and spat and snapped. The Captain followed her,

step by step, forcing her to the jump. Suddenly the lithe beast left the ground like a shot from a mortar. She caught the bars high up, and while we were blissfully admiring her clean cut work, there came a concerted shout from the assistants, and Captain Ricardo, alarmed for the first time, sprang and swung with his cane just as Minnie reached the top of the cage. She came down in a ferocious heap and was turned from a vicious spring at the trainer only by a blank shot in the face.

When it was all over, the Camera Man and I ventured to ask what the row had been about.

"Just as I told you," explained the Captain, triumphantly, "you didn't know you were in danger. Two seconds more and she would have been through that net and down on your heads!"

Frankly, we heaved a sigh of relief when the pumas were retired in favor of Nigger and Teddy, two mischievous cub bears who walked a globe for carrots and sugar.

To top off the performance, the Captain entered the cage of Sharkey and Sultana. "Now you just watch how old Sharkey acts up," exclaimed little Mrs. Ricardo, proudly. "He's a dear; he always makes such a fuss, bless his old heart, just as if he was awfully fierce, you know."

And sure enough, Sharkey, the playful little thing, did! He opened his cave and gave a correct imitation of the surf in a heavy gale. Next he made a rush at the Captain, who sidestepped gracefully and flicked at the old king with his cane. This placed the Captain between the male lion and his mate and we looked for interesting developments. Sharkey let go another house wrecker and Sultana, like Echo, answered. The Captain coolly pressed himself against the side of the cage and motioned the big lion back. Sharkey stood pat. Then the Captain drew his gun and stepped forward.

"Now, don't you point that thing this way," shouted Mrs. Ricardo. "Last week you nearly blinded me with the wadding." Two reports cracked out almost together, the fire spat into Sharkey's eyes, and with a terrific roar of rage, he leaped clear from one end of the cage to the other and crouched beside his mate. "Click!" went the Camera Man's shutter.

"Lions," the Captain assured us as he mopped the sweat of honest toil from his brow and strolled with us toward the gate, "are easy. You know what they're thinking about. But black panthers!—well, you can put it down that they're the worst and then come leopards and African hyenas."

"How about polar bears, Dick?" put in Mrs. Ricardo.

"Aw, shucks, that was a slip," retorted her legal protector, holding up the stump of a mangled thumb for us to see.

"That's what one of them gave him in St. Louis," Mrs. Ricardo explained. Then she added, with a becoming blush: "But that was before we were married."

JACK FROST

BY BERN W. A. McDOUGALL

UPON my window do I find,
Queer sketches of an artist mind
Of ferns and castles, flowers and trees,
That seem to wave in every breeze.
This fairy artist I would know
Who sketches thus and leaves them so·
Still leaves no trace of name or kin—
O, that I could discover him!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Cluchy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6", in his monoplane. At the coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, the Chevalier d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"He was my pride, the apple of my eye," Magniff moaned. "I made him a generous allowance, even after he had disappointed my hopes of some day seeing him succeed to my interests. But he was wayward from birth. He could not run straight. He is a forger, a thief, a trickster. He has been the despair of my life, the curse of my old age. And now he plans to blackmail his own father!"

His outburst was so sincere, so genuine, that my anger evaporated; I could only feel conscious of a wave of vast pity for the old man, so miserable, in spite of all his wealth.

"Monsieur," I said, presently, "you doubtless are acquainted with the circumstances that drove my father into exile."

He nodded. "I have been your grandfather's banker for forty years," he answered. "It was unjust; the whim of an ancient aristocrat who placed his own pride before his son's happiness. He drove him from his house because they differed in politics. Ciel! What a cause! What a cause for disinheriting one's son! He could never have done so under the law, Mademoiselle, but unfortunately some of the old estates are still controlled by the old feudal customs of the Bourbons —notably in your part of France."

"Then you will understand," I pursued, "that I do not harbor any goodwill against my grandfather or his grandson."

He looked up at me hopefully, as though he found cause for rejoicing that anyone should share his hatred.

"You would gladly see them dispossessed—disinherited, as they disinherited your father?" he asked, eagerly.

I nodded. Something within me seemed to rise in protest on behalf of them. I saw the proud old aristocrat in the Abbey, I thought of his four and eighty years, destined to end so miserably; then I remembered my father's wrongs and steeled my heart.

"Your revenge shall not be long in tarrying," cried the old man, bringing down his fist upon the table. "For years I have woven my net around them. I was slow, Mademoiselle, but very sure. I have them now. In two weeks—unless they meet the interest on the mortgage—they lose Clichy. And they cannot meet it, the dogs! Twelve thousand francs of interest!—and their castle stripped as bare as a hound's tooth. They live like rats in the ruins of their magnificence. And, even if they meet this interest it will be their last. No, Mademoiselle, have no fear. Their day is done."

"But, Monsieur," I said, recalling him to the purpose of my visit, "when can I get my bonds?"

He started and looked keenly at me.

"Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "either you are indeed the owner or you are the cleverest impostor in Paris. You are ready to make an affidavit?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

"There will be much—what you call 'red tape'. It will be necessary to manufacture a new key. Then an official of the Government must be present when you recover your bonds from the interior of the safe. Return three weeks from to-day, and the safe shall unlock for you.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "do you know why I am willing to gamble upon your honesty thus? It is not sentiment—it is pure business. It is because, in the working out of my plans, the possession of these bonds is essential to me. And so I will risk the loss of what I offer you for them—50,000 francs."

"Ten thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. (I think I mentioned that I specialized in arithmetic.)

"And," he resumed, "you will here and now execute an agreement to sell me the bonds for that amount. Otherwise—why, Mademoiselle, I fear that you will never be able to establish your identity."

"But it is a prodigious sum!" I cried, foolishly.

"They are worth that to me," answered the old banker, quietly. "Are you ready to sign, Mademoiselle?"

He brought in a couple of secretaries and dictated the draft of the agreement. In consideration of the transfer of the bonds I was to receive the sum of 49,274 francs, payable three weeks from that day.

"The deficit is to cover the unpaid rental of the safety deposit box," he explained, suavely.

I appended my name to the document and walked out of the office like one in a dream. With economy, my money would last easily for three weeks. And with fifty thousand francs—why, I should never need to worry about my landlady's bill any more.

My happy thoughts were speedily to be dispelled.

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, Mademoiselle," said the landlady of my pension as I entered. "He has waited two hours in the reception room. Mademoiselle is Canadian—she would doubtless wish to meet him without a chaperon," she simpered.

Somehow my heart failed me as I turned the handle of the door. I was convinced that it was the scoundrelly Greek Zeuxis, who had followed me home.

But it was not—it was Leopold Magniff, the banker's son!

He bowed low and his countenance assumed a sneering deference as I ignored his outstretched hand and stood facing him in silence. I did not deign to offer the least greeting.

"Miss Ives, you've been to see my father," he volunteered. "It's no use to deny it; my agents have been on your trail since you posed as the wife of the Chevalier d'Yves at the coronation."

"I have no intention of denying anything—to you," I said, contemptuously. "But if you dare insult me with your falsehoods again, you shall be thrown from this hotel."

"At least Mademoiselle will acknowledge that she wore a wedding ring during the ceremony," he pleaded, suavely.

"It was lent to me," I cried, and then bit my lip angrily at the admission.

"Mademoiselle, you are charming," said the scoundrel, regarding me with frank admiration. "Now, don't be angry. I have come here as a friend.

And to prove it, allow me to restore you this."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the purse which I had lost in so humiliating a manner inside Westminster Abbey. He handed it to me, and, taking it gingerly, I opened it. There, within, lay my hand mirror, my powder puff, and my five hundred dollar bills. But the key—the key was gone.

"I gather from your expression, Mademoiselle, that you realize that you are in my power," he said.

"If you mean that you have stolen my key——" I began.

"Your key?" he repeated, in feigned astonishment. "I know nothing of any key of yours, Mademoiselle, except that this purse was discovered at the entrance to the Abbey doors by a servant of mine."

"By your spy, Zeuxis," I interrupted, bitterly. "I thank you for your honesty in restoring my money, at least. Good-afternoon, Monsieur."

"But, Mademoiselle," he cried, in real alarm, "I thought, now that I have convinced you of my power, that you would be willing to join forces with me. Otherwise, you will be ruined. Assuredly you will be ruined. My coup has succeeded beyond my expectations—the one I told you that I had in prospect. And I will marry you tomorrow—to-night, if you insist on it. You will be made for life. And I shall worship you. I am sure that we were made for each other. Ah, Mademoiselle, do you suppose that you will have such a chance again? Are you thinking of that beggarly Chevalier? Why, he is a pauper, wiped out—besides, he is a libertine, a rake. They say——"

Something in my expression must have alarmed him, for he suddenly ceased speaking, took his hat, and sidled toward the door.

"Remember, Mademoiselle," he said, grinning nastily, "I am ready at any time to renew my proposition to you. But unless you accept you will be ruined—positively ruined, believe me."

The sight of his grinning face horrified me; the memory clung to me for weeks afterward.

When I regained my self-possession I sent a hasty telegram to the banker. It ran as follows:

"Your son and confederate have key to my safe. Seal it and place a guard over it instantly."

This communication elicited no response. But I felt sure that it would effect its purpose—unless the bonds had been already stolen.

I awaited the termination of the three weeks with ill-concealed impatience.

CHAPTER V.

NEW FRIENDS FOR OLD ENEMIES.

In which I learn that my relations are not so black as I painted them.

HERE WAS I, alone in Paris, under the surveillance, as I was positive, both of Leopold Magniff, Jr., and his rascally sycophant Zeuxis, with three weeks to wait before the opening of the safe in which my precious bonds lay hidden. And in three weeks my enemies could work incredible harm.

Magniff had threatened me with ruin unless I accepted his advances. But how could he fulfil his threat? Only in one way, clearly; by utilizing the key which he had stolen from my purse to open my safe and to abstract the bonds. Would he dare? Had the safe already been rifled? But even so I should at least be no worse off than when I had arrived in Paris. As the days wore away, and the memory of the man grew fainter I came to despise and disregard his powers for mischief.

It did seem unnecessary that I should have to wait three weeks while Magniff, Senior, was fashioning a new key for my safe. But I inferred that he was in reality utilizing this period to make inquiries in Canada concerning me; consequently I became more tranquil in mind. I sent my friend Estelle Christie the ten pounds which she had lent me and settled down to live frugally at the Pension Anglaise with my remaining $450. At the worst I should have enough with which to return to Winnipeg.

A little more than a week of my probationary period had elapsed, when one morning our landlady announced

that two gentlemen were awaiting me in the reception room. Instantly I thought of Magniff and the Greek.

"Tell them that I will not see them," I answered.

The landlady appeared shocked.

"But, Mees Ives, they are of the quality, assuredly," she protested. "An old gentleman and a young one. And the latter—what build, what figure! I thought to have the pleasure to congratulate Mademoiselle," she continued teasingly.

The Comte and the Chevalier! It could not be! And yet, whom else did I know? But, if it were they, how could they have discovered my abode?

"They sent up no cards?" I asked my hostess.

"No, Mademoiselle. But see, only see them and certainly you will not refuse them an interview. 'Ver' important business'—those were their words."

"Tell them I will be down in a few moments," I answered, and began to arrange my hair for the interview. In the midst of brushing it I halted angrily. My heart was pounding in my throat in the most discomforting way. Why, I asked myself sternly, why did I go to this trouble about my personal appearance for the sake of such mortal enemies? And why was I so agitated? I could not solve the problem, and twisting up my hair hastily, I descended the stairs, trying to regain control over my nerves.

It was as I had surmised. The Comte and the Chevalier were waiting for me in the reception room, both faultlessly attired in morning clothes. They rose, each with a low bow, upon my entrance. Both looked extremely grave, and neither evinced the slightest sign of having previously known me. I motioned each to a chair, but they remained standing.

Now, though I had determined to greet them with the barest courtesy, this turning of the tables upon myself affected me almost to tears of rage. It is a woman's privilege to control the temperature of an acquaintanceship; and this immaculate young man, playing whatever part he might be, whether of aviator, diplomat, or anything else, seemed always to have the advantage over me in the manœuvring.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" I asked in my most disdainful voice. They did not know how wildly my heart beat.

"First, Mademoiselle, let me say, in case you suspect us of espionage, that we obtained your address through your friend, Mrs. Christie," said the Chevalier.

I nodded coldly. "I am not in the habit of accusing persons of espionage," I answered.

"Then the old saying is false," he answered. "Evidently, in this case like does not turn to like."

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded indignantly.

"I mean," said the Chevalier, doggedly, "how much do you want for those papers?"

I looked from one to the other, inquiringly. The old Comte now came forward and motioned to his grandson to withdraw.

"You are too impetuous a diplomat, my dear Charles," he said, suavely. "Now, Miss Ives," he continued, "let us come to the point as persons of affairs. How much money do you demand to restore to us those papers which you pilfered from my grandson's coat pocket while he was entertaining you as his guest within the Abbey?"

I gasped for words.

"How dare you insult me!" I stammered—and the observation seems trite enough now, when I recall it. Perhaps it was my intonation, my expression of outraged innocence, that disillusioned him. At any rate he seemed perceptibly embarrassed, and as he hesitated, I recovered my composure.

"Will you have the goodness to explain yourselves in full, gentlemen?" I said, with withering scorn.

"With pleasure, Mademoiselle," answered the Comte. "The facts are simple. As you should know, my grandson here accompanied me to England recently, ostensibly as a member of the French military mission in the Coronation: actually to negoti-

ate an important treaty between England and France, in which three foreign powers are vitally interested.

"We were warned that emissaries of these powers were prepared to go to all lengths to obtain a draft of the treaty. To render it absolutely secure, my grandson kept only a few rough jottings of the French Government's proposals upon a piece of paper in his coat pocket. He thought that none would have suspected he would carry it there. This paper was stolen from his pocket at the doors of Westminster Abbey."

"And so," I said, bitterly, "you suspect me of being the thief?"

He was silent from courtesy, but I could see that I had not shaken his conviction.

"Who else should it be, Mademoiselle?" he asked, quietly. "Remember, when we extended our impulsive hospitality to you we did not even know your name."

Here was my chance. How I had longed for it! And every word should now go home at last.

"If I am a spy and thief and traitor," I answered, "then I dishonor a noble family as well as myself. Shall I tell you from whom I am descended?"

He bowed with deference. "If Mademoiselle pleases," he answered.

"I am of French extraction," I responded. "My father's name was Jules d'Yves"—I saw him start—"and his father was, and is, the Comte d'Yves, of Clichy."

There was a dead silence in the room. Then, as the haze floated from before my eyes, I saw both men gripping their chairs, regarding me with amazement, blended, I think, with fear.

"Yes," I went on bitterly, not caring what I said, "my father was driven from his home, disowned, and left to starve in a foreign land by those who should have been proud to acknowledge him. I am his daughter, and I am proud to be. And I am neither thief nor spy. Good morning, gentlemen."

Just as I had reached the door the Comte found voice.

"Come back!" he pleaded, in such an altered, abject tone that my anger died away and pity succeeded it. A sudden vision came to me of the lonely old man, perhaps torn with secret remorse for his unfatherly crime, perhaps longing for those approaches which my father had been too proud to make to him.

"You are Anne d'Yves?" muttered the old man, approaching me with outstretched arms. Suddenly he took my face between his hands and gazed into my eyes with such benignance that I felt my own grow wet. "Charles, come here," he said. "She has the eyes of my son Jules. It is true. See—why, do not weep, child!"

His arms were round me now, and I —just at the moment of my completest triumph—I was crying. And it was upon his shoulder, too. He sustained me like a lover. O, my dear grandfather, I recall now with what a practiced hand you wiped away my tears, How many women's tears have you wiped away when you were young—young, like the Chevalier!

What I have always wondered at is that neither of the two for the least moment distrusted me.

"My dear grandchild," said the old Comte, when I grew calm, "the memory of my treatment of your father embittered my whole life. Often I sought to find him, but he was too proud to be reconciled. Now it is too late. But I shall lavish on you the tenderness that I have lavished on him so often in imagination.

Then, at his request, I told him the entire story of my visit to Europe, not omitting mention of Leopold Magniff and Zeuxis. I ended with a brief account of my interview with the old banker.

"Describe this Greek, this Zeuxis," he said, when I added that I thought I had seen his face in the crowd at the Coronation. "Has he a scar running diagonally across his cheek, from mouth to eyebrow?"

"He has!" I cried. "You know the man?"

"I do," answered my grandfather, and the Chevalier nodded his assent. "You have described a well-known spy in the service of the Italian Govern-

ment. Beyond all doubt, Charles, it was he who stole the papers from your coat pocket. He is a sleight-of-hand expert, and was once a pickpocket, I believe, though now he flies at higher game."

A sudden revelation came to me.

"Then this must be the coup of which Leopold Magniff boasted to me," I cried. "Undoubtedly the scheme had been already hatched on the boat when he let it out to me in a drunken moment."

They both assented.

"You are right, my dear child," said the Comte. "But now, the point is, how can we recover the draft of the treaty? It may have been already sold to the Triple Alliance; on the other hand, it is in so fragmentary a condition and reveals so little that the conspirators may be holding it back with a view to obtaining a higher price from France.

"If they have already obtained possession of my bonds," I hazarded, "they may hold them as the price of immunity."

"They cannot dispose of them," said my grandfather. "At best, they can but conceal them and prevent you from obtaining them."

Then I told them of my agreement with the banker, omitting nothing, not even the motive that had inspired me.

"And so you wished to help him in his designs against Clichy, little Anne," said the old Comte mournfully, when I had concluded. "God help us all; the old estate must pass to this arch-conspirator. It is now nearly a year since he unveiled his motives to me. I, he says, snubbed him in his younger days, when he purchased the estate next mine. Well, perhaps so, and thus I am rightly punished. Times change greatly, and the old order passes. But it will be hard on your mother, Charles."

"He told me that he will have your property within two weeks," I said.

"Unless twelve thousand francs of interest appear mysteriously out of a clear sky, I think he will," the Comte answered. "And doubtless you understand now why he was so anxious to purchase your bonds, and why he has apparently succeeded."

"Yes," I replied. "He feared that I should place you in possession of them and so enable you to pay off the mortgage on Clichy."

The Comte shook his head mournfully.

"But that is the reason that his son Leopold gave me when we talked on the boat," I exclaimed.

"Is it possible that either of that shrewd pair believed you to be so altruistic as to be willing to present them gratis to an old man, to save his lands, Anne? No, my dear. It is because, so long as those bonds were in your possession, you could have rendered him bankrupt."

"But he has millions!" I cried incredulously.

"And your bonds are worth, potentially, billions," answered my grandfather. "Let me explain the matter to you, Anne.

"When the American Government purchased the old, worthless Panama bonds from the French company, the holders, dispersed as they were throughout the length and breadth of France, were glad to let them go for a song. Magniff & Co. acted as brokers, on the French side, and they made an enormous fortune. But, by the terms of their contract, they bound themselves to deliver *all* the bonds to America, in return for so many millions of dollars.

"They actually did deliver all except the small parcel which you hold. They searched for these and could not find them. They advertised—in vain. Nobody responded to their offer to purchase them. They concluded, not unnaturally, that they had been lost or destroyed and would never turn up.

"All this while the bonds were lying in their own safety deposit vault in your father's name. He knew nothing of the demand for them, and I, of course, did not imagine otherwise than that he had already disposed of them to Magniff. Now, my dear Anne, do you understand why your bonds are so valuable?"

"Not quite," I responded, still puzzled.

"Because Magniff & Co., in taking this chance, 'sold short,' as the stock exchange would say. They sold *all* the bonds. But they did not hold all —they did not hold yours. In consequence, they are legally compelled to deliver these bonds to the American Government the very instant when they come to light. They must deliver them, at any price. If you had chosen, you could have appraised them at a billion francs apiece, and still Magniff must have purchased them. You held him in the hollow of your hand, as he and his scoundrelly son knew well. And, Anne, you have been badly outwitted by the old banker. Well, he was fighting for his existence, I have no blame for him."

"And with that fortune I could have recovered Clichy for you," I sobbed.

"But Clichy has recovered you," answered my grandfather, placing one hand caressingly upon my shoulder. "Henceforward, Anne, your home will be with us—at least, so long as we have a home," he ended. "And now, Charles," he continued, "I have monopolized our relative enough. I shall go for a walk and leave you two young people together."

"O, please," I begged, blushing foolishly again.

But the old gentleman made his exit with a final bow and left us both looking at each other in an uncommonly sheepish way.

"I—I want to ask you something," Charles murmured presently. Then, since I did not discourage him, he continued:

"Is it, then, true, that you are unmarried in spite of the ring you wore?"

My face was so crimson now that I could only cover it with my hands. But somehow he read assent in my act, for in a moment he was at my side.

"Why did you wear it, sun-goddess?" he asked, and I felt him raise my fingers to his lips. "Was it to cast me into the depths of hopelessness and despair?"

"Why should you despair for me, Monsieur?" I asked.

"Because I love you, sun-goddess," he answered rapturously. "I loved you that first moment when you stepped so bravely into my monoplane at the aviation meet and soared with me into the empyrean. And, when I lost you, I knew that I must find you again, though I had to search all London. Then, when you were so miraculously restored to me at the Abbey doors, you brought back the zest of living to me again. And then—that fatal ring! Why did you wear it, Anne?"

"Because I knew that it would be better should you never turn your thoughts on me," I managed to whisper. "We were enemies, mortal enemies, then."

"But never more," he cried. "Anne, sun-goddess, do you love me a little—enough to become my wife?"

I did. I knew I did. I knew, too, that it had been love, not hatred, which I had always felt for him, love which, released at last from its bonds, welled up spontaneously within my heart into a broad river of joy.

"Say that you love me, Anne," he pleaded, his arms about me.

"I—I love you," I murmured, and I felt his lips on mine.

"When will you marry me, Anne?" he asked presently.

Slowly I disengaged myself. In those rapturous moments I had forgotten the mesh of circumstances that had been woven round us. Now the memory of them recurred to me.

"Some day," I answered, "when our troubles are over, Charles. When we have conquered our enemies."

With that he had to rest content. I did not feel that it would be decorous to yield too much within a single hour.

Later that afternoon the mother of Charles called in her victoria and took me to their town residence. She would be satisfied with nothing but that I should become their guest. I pleaded, however, that I must wait at the Pension until the three weeks had elapsed, that the banker might readily find me should he desire to do so, since he could hardly communicate with me at the home of his enemies. However, I compromised by consenting to pay a

few days' visit to Clichy at the end of the week.

CHAPTER VI.

MASCOT OF CASTLE CLICHY.

In which I save my grandfather's estate from the clutches of his life enemy.

I WAS at Castle Clichy, in my grandfather's home, and the home of my ancestors through innumerable generations.

Never, in my most extravagant dreams had I imagined that such a consummation of my journey would occur I had set out from Winnipeg filled with hatred toward those kinsfolk who had disowned my father and left him to die in need in a far country. And here I was, the guest of my grandfather and his widowed daughter, and engaged to my half-cousin Charles.

But for the present the engagement was to be kept secret. That I insisted upon. I was determined that I would win the hearts of his relatives also before allowing him to present me to them as his future bride. I could not but fear that the old Comte might treat him as he had treated my father.

On the third morning after my arrival I wrote to Mary Jenner, my room-mate in Winnipeg, for the first time since my departure.

"When I tell you that I am actually in my grandfather's chateau," I wrote, "you will open your eyes wide, in that taking way you have, and be glad that I am not there to say, 'I told you so'. For were you not the ringleader in the conspiracy to keep me at home till the close of the school year, when we were to make up a party to see Europe? And, Mary dear, I do hope that scheme has not fallen through. Come to France, and a royal welcome awaits you.

"Have you pursued your acquaintance with little Mr. Spratt? Poor little man! I have not yet glanced inside the covers of that monumental work of his upon the Code Napoleon, which he presented to me so proudly at the moment of my departure. Be good to him, Mary, and make a man of him. He's timid with ladies, so don't be afraid to give him encouragement.

"And now you'll want to know about Castle Clichy, Mary. It is the very quaintest place—all early Norman, with bastions and moats and battlements, set in the midst of an enormous park, and most delightfully feudal. But by the time you receive this it won't be in the possession of our family any longer. Fancy being turned out of your home after you have inhabited it for eight hundred years! But we're wretchedly poor and in the hands of an unscrupulous banker, one Magniff by name, who owns a mortgage on us, and unless we can obtain twelve thousand francs—$2,000—within a few days, to meet the interest, Clichy passes out of our hands forever.

"This Magniff is the most avaricious scoundrel imaginable, except his son, who's worse. Mary, he's agreed to pay me $10,000 for those bonds of mine you always laughed about, when the safe is opened next week. And so I thought I might just as well pay off the interest on the mortgage out of it. I wrote to him, asking him to advance me $2,400, and he curtly refused. He has a grudge against my grandfather and means to turn him out of his home. I went to Paris to plead with him, and he sent out word he would not see me. Think of it; my grandfather must lose his property when, less than a week afterward, I shall receive enough money to have saved it many times over! Well, I've done my best and there's no use crying over it now.

"Come to France, Mary, and all of you, right soon. I embrace you and salute you, as we French say.

"P. S. I'm quite French now!"

I did not convey in this letter the sense of impotence, the burning anger with which the banker's conduct had inspired me. When I had proposed to my grandfather that he let me meet the interest due out of the proceeds from my bonds, he seemed to realize the futility of the attempt.

"It's no use, my little Anne," he said. "I thank you from the depths of my heart. But you will be beating against a granite wall. Magniff means to have Clichy, and he won't advance you a

penny until the vault is opened. Then, nothing can be done."

And, as I have described in my letter to Mary, I beat in vain against the granite wall of Magniff's vindictive hatred. Now we were already setting our affairs in order, packing our few cherished mementoes, ready to leave.

There was pitifully little that we could take with us. The castle was indeed, as Magniff had so graphically portrayed it, "as bare as a hound's tooth". All the furnishings of its seven and forty rooms had long since disappeared, save those of the half dozen in the right wing where we lived, attended only by two old servants who would not be dismissed. Costly pictures, tapestries, armor, whole sets of Sevres, had gone into the maw of Magniff, being sacrificed to meet the ever-recurring indebtedness. For twenty years—ever since the failure of the original Panama Company had ruined the Comte—this process of depletion had been continued. Now our sparse furniture would barely have accommodated a family in a six-room flat.

"But they shall never take our monoplane," said the Chevalier, as we stood within the hangar and looked at the gigantic, graceful bird, which seemed to float airily upon the planking that supported it. "I would rather burn it, give it the baptism of death in that fiery element toward which we ascended together on that first day of our meeting, sun-goddess."

The memory brought tears to my eyes.

"Charles," I said, "they shall never take Clichy from you!"

"Not if your wishes were dollars, sun-goddess," he answered, gaily.

"But they shall not," I repeated, frowning. "Charles, you know I am a mascot. All my friends have told me that. Did I not bring luck to you as a passenger in the machine? And didn't I get Estelle Christie inside the Abbey to see the coronation? I say that Clichy shall never fall into Magniff's hands. Why, has it withstood seven sieges by the English and two by Burgundy, not to speak of countless gallant defences in olden times against Frenchmen themselves; in the wars of the Fronde, against the Huguenots, against Henry of Navarre and Richelieu, even, that it should succumb now to a paltry mortgage?"

"Bravo," said Charles, clapping his hands. "Your eyes flash fire, dear Anne. If they were mortars and used in our defence, I warrant Clichy should never go under."

"Mock me as you please," I answered, a little petulantly, "Clichy shall be saved, or I will never be called mascot again."

Thursday came, the last day accorded us, and the interest was as far off as ever. It was a sad gathering that morning at the breakfast table. Everything was packed, and we were to remove to the little cottage at Rambouillet owned by the Comte's daughter, where they hoped to find a precarious existence for a while on a few thousand francs that remained of her dowry.

"It will last us a year, Anne," said the old Comte grimly. "And then—well, I am not likely to see the next. And Charles can take care of his mother, somehow."

I could not restrain a sob. "But my money from Magniff!" I cried. "You must take it; I can earn my own living in future, as in the past. On that you can live decently, at least."

The Comte smiled sadly.

"We'll talk of that when the time comes, Anne," he answered. "At least we are not yet dispossessed."

"Nor shall be," I replied defiantly. "Does not the law give three days' grace to us?"

"Three days or thirty," answered the Chevalier, "it is all one to us now."

And while we still sat talking over our plans, we saw a smartly fitted dog-cart turn up the drive and there descended—Leopold Magniff, junior!

I confess that I was thoroughly unnerved at the sight of this man. I had never believed that he would dare to cross my path again. The memory of the threats which he had made on the occasion of our last interview recurred to me and afflicted me with a presentiment of overwhelming horror.

He came in jauntily, bowing to all of

us, an affectation of regretful humility hardly concealing an air of obvious triumph. The Comte and the Chevalier arose grimly and stood confronting him, like two statues of stone.

"Monsieur," said our visitor, addressing each alternately, and becoming disconcerted as neither appeared to recognize his remarks, but merely stood to receive him—"Monsieur, it is with deep regret that I come to receive the interest upon my father's mortgage or, in default, to take possession of the chateau."

Then at last the Comte spoke, and each word seemed wrenched from the fibres of his heart.

"We cannot meet the interest. The chateau is at your disposal."

"Stop!" I cried. "The law allows three days of grace, I believe."

Magniff turned toward me and bowed sneeringly.

"Quite so, Mademoiselle," he answered. "But it permits me to take possession immediately pending this period."

The old Comte touched a bell and Jean Casseroy, the ancient butler, entered. "Take this gentleman to his apartment," he said. "Obey his orders and make him comfortable. The library will be at his disposal."

Magniff, thoroughly disconcerted, stood glowering at the Comte, uncertain whether to bluster or to accept this most distant hospitality. And, then, with a most charming courteousness of which, I am sure, I should never have been capable, the Chevalier's mother arose.

"I shall see to it that your sheets are aired, Monsieur," she said, smiling as though he were the most welcome guest. "The grounds are at your disposal; pray make yourself master here."

Magniff swung on his heel and strode sullenly out of the room in the wake of the old servitor.

"You may as well leave to-morrow, Anne," said my grandfather. "Every moment spent here now is a humiliation."

I took him by the arm and patted his trembling hand. I knew that the departure from Clichy would quickly snap the thread of his still vigorous life. Though I no longer hoped for rescue I was resolved that we should hold out to the uttermost.

"Grandfather," I said, "when Richelieu invested Castle Clichy and the last ounce of powder had been fired, the last atom of provision gone, Clichy did not surrender. And, at the last instant, rescue came. Let us fight to the uttermost. Let us remain till Sunday."

A dull fire gleamed in the old Comte's sunken eyes.

"You are quite right, my dear," he answered. "What do you say, Charles?"

"She is right," answered the Chevalier. "It was a woman like you, Anne, who inspired our ancient defenders, as you inspire us to-day."

Friday came, then Saturday. But a bare four and twenty hours remained. Magniff had not ventured to leave his apartment during the period that had elapsed; but on the morning of the last day but one I encountered him in the grounds. I think he had been watching for me.

"Wait a moment, Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, as I made to hasten past him. "A moment only. Will you not believe me when I say how profoundly I regret the part I have to play? Let me assure you, I have no enmity against your grandfather."

"Then why are you here—how did you dare come here?" I asked indignantly.

"It was to see you," he answered. "Now, do not go, Mademoiselle. I knew that you had met your relatives and become reconciled and gone to reside with them. Meanwhile, my father and I had become reconciled also. And nothing would content him but that I should assume this odious role of bailiff. He wished me to keep you under surveillance."

"O, that was unnecessary," I retorted. "Nor does it seem probable, since he refused to see me when I called at his bank, nor deigned to answer the letter I wrote him. And, besides, in less than a week I am due at his office

to receive payment for my bonds. O, I am sure he is not so vitally concerned about me."

Magniff stepped up close to me and every atom of insincerity left his face.

"Miss Ives," he said bluntly, "you are living in a fool's paradise. Believe me, you are on the verge of complete ruin, and so is the Chevalier. No, do not look so disdainful, for assuredly you will come to a realization of that fact unless you accept my proposal. He will not lose Clichy alone; he will lose his liberty, perhaps his life. The loss of his estate will be as nothing in comparison with the shame that will be his, that will send down his grandfather into an unhallowed grave." He bent his face until it almost touched mine and hissed in my ear:

"He sold the treaty!"

"Impossible!" I cried wildly, starting from him.

"Improbable to the uttermost, but true," Magniff rejoined. "I told you on the occasion of our last encounter certain things derogatory to his character. You refused to hear me. Listen now! He has a reputation for wildness second to none in Paris. It was to pay his gambling debts, debts which he had concealed from his grandfather from very shame, that he sold the draft of the Anglo-French treaty to the Triple Alliance. Doubtless he has accused me."

"And I believe you did, liar and thief," I cried.

He only laughed.

"If you persist in your refusal to see things as they are, Miss Ives," he said with intense earnestness, "then I must abandon you to your fate. I only warn you that the net of evidence has been woven round him. He cannot escape it. His arrest is imminent. Only you yourself can save him. Say the word that will avail and I will see to it that the vital evidence is missing, that he remains unscathed. Marry me!"

"Never!" I cried. "I loathe you and despise you."

"I am unfortunately aware of that," he answered. "Nevertheless, you shall have the completest liberty. Until I win your love I shall never molest you. You will be free to come and to go; I only ask you to go through the form of the ceremony with me."

"You may plead forever," I answered, "but you will waste your breath. I do not believe a word of your concoction of falsehoods, and, if I did, I would not marry you."

"Not to save Clichy?"

"How——how——?" I stammered.

"Marry me and, on the day of the ceremony—as soon as the union has been pronounced—I will present your grandfather with a full and free release."

"You will induce your father to forego his revenge?" I cried. "You lack the power, Monsieur. Not for a thousand worlds would he be balked now, after these years of scheming."

"He must," answered Leopold. "I have him in my power. He knows it; that is why he made terms with me."

"How?"

"Because I hold your bonds," he answered. "You know their value now."

"They are his; I have sold them."

"Anne," said my persecutor, "we are wasting words. Can I never convince you? Listen! Give me your solemn promise to marry me and, on the morning of the ceremony I will restore Clichy to your grandfather. And the Chevalier shall go free."

"Wait—wait!" I cried desperately, trying to pierce the tangled net of cunning that surrounded me. "Give me until to-morrow to make my decision."

Suddenly he seized my hand.

"O, Anne, be wise," he cried. "I love you; I worship you; you are the one woman I have loved out of all who have come into my life. You can redeem me with your goodness. Marry me and I swear to Heaven that I will adore you, I will be your slave. I will consecrate my life to you. I love you, Anne."

And, falling at my feet, he poured forth a more impassioned plea to me. It was impossible to mistake the sincerity of his passion; I could not but recognize that in this, at least, he was not base. I turned away and left him kneeling in the path.

To be continued

"I CAN GET A HUNDRED AND FIFTY APIECE FOR THE CUBS," HE DECIDED

On the Other Side of the Mountain

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated with Photographs

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain
To see what he could see.

But the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain
Was all that he could see.

—*Ancient Saga.*

AN old she-bear thrust her silver-tipped body out of the underbrush at the edge of the timber line and sniffed the breeze that came softly down from the snows and the mighty cliffs. Up above her, from far across a ravine, a band of mountain sheep espied her and galloped with frightened snorts to the rocky fastnesses. In the edge of the brush a timber wolf smelled the presence of a monarch and slunk cannily away to more healthy parts. Down in a low valley a couple of hundred yards distant a tawny mountain lion also scented the mountain ruler's nearness and growled as he reluctantly slipped away to more congenial fields.

With her great head swinging low, her high shoulders and her mighty body and limbs, the massive brute sauntered ahead with a leisurely movement that seemed powerful enough to shift mountains. Close behind her trotted two small cubs, exact reduced replicas of their elder, arrogant, fearless, and challenging.

Then came a man, a copper-colored man with long black hair, ragged clothing and sharp black eyes. He saw the great bear and her cubs, but he did not slink away; on the contrary, his eyes sparkled, his hands clutched his rifle more firmly and, dropping behind a rock, he lay still after assuring himself that the breeze was carrying from the bears toward himself. Then he waited with the patience of his race until the rattling of stones showed that the animals were near, whereupon he raised himself cautiously, noiselessly, and threw a small stone to fall to the left of the big bear. As the missile dropped she stopped and stood like a graven image, solid, intent, curious, a splendid side-shot. Sharp and clear against the grey of the rocks her huge-muscled neck stood out, quick and

steady was the bead the Indian drew on that vulnerable spot. If a grizzly is shot through the heart it will often live long enough to tear up two or three men; if it is shot through the body, the throat, the eye, it will often live to reap a bloody vengeance. A story is told of the finding of two dead men, Indian and white, lying near a dead grizzly. The Indian's knife was in the heart of the monster, but the bodies of the men were torn to shreds; the white man still held the broken remains of a sixteen-shot, forty-four calibre Winchester. In the bear's neck and vitals were found traces of all sixteen bullets, but he had lived to punish his slayers. The conjecture was that the white man had emptied his magazine, the bear still charged, the man clubbed his rifle and broke it on the granite-like head, then the mighty paws seized him and the Indian came to his aid, thrusting shrewdly and hard through the muscles to the heart, but not killing until he himself had died with his partner.

But despite the gigantic vitality of the monarchs of the mountains, they cannot continue the battle if the bullet rips the spinal cord. The body dies at the shock, the brain is paralyzed, the heart stops, the great animal slumps in its tracks, a heap of bones and fur, blood and flesh, cumbersome, jelly-like, but still so bulky and massive of appearance that it is approached with caution. The Indian behind the rock sighted with care and, steadying his weapon on the rock edge in front, he pulled the trigger. With the report the mother bear sagged with a grunt and huddled up on the rocks, dead as such of her forefathers as were not allowed to sail in the Ark with Noah.

The little cubs rushed to their mother's side, sniffed the blood and then stood with snarling mouths and twitching manes as the Indian came up. Fearless as bulldogs, snapping, growling, they stood side by side and presented the battle front to the enemy, but the enemy grinned as he dropped hide ropes around their necks and dragged them away to be tied to a tree while he skinned the still warm mother. Then he looked over the two youngsters while ideas, absorbed from contact with white men, flashed through his brain.

"I can get a hundred and fifty each for those," he decided; so he returned to his valley camp for help after making sure the captives could not chew themselves loose in his absence.

Two weeks later the native brought the two cubs to the government park and sold them for a round sum to the eager officials. They had no specimens of the mountain lords, they wanted them, and they paid good money. The Indian retired to the hospital in town to have his hands and legs dressed, for they had been badly torn and ripped during the time he had been foster-mother to the pair of cubs. They appreciated nothing but the fact that he was an enemy, and showed it in every move.

The park authorities ordered the new comers to be placed in the great cage between the mountain lion and the timber wolves, and this was done amid much nervous profanity from the English zoo-keeper. But still the cubs remained the scions of lords and held the snarling respect of their neighbors. Side by side they stood, high of shoulder, long of limb, with bristling manes and low-hung, stiff-necked heads from which rumbled the offended sounds of hill-kings ready for battle. They were not much more than fourteen inches high at the shoulders, but in disposition they were full-grown grizzly bears, ready at any moment to do battle, swaggering about with chips on their shoulders. The big wolves came to the separating steel screen and sniffed curiously, with inquisitive and eager whines. Instantly the pair charged and raged with scratching claws against the partition. The wolves caught the odor of the twain and retired in respectful haste, growling reluctantly, but giving way before the instinct of the wild. On the other side the mountain lion arose, stretched himself and came close; like one the cubs whirled and charged again, from their interiors coming the rumbling roar of angered grizzlies, reduced to correspond with their size. The lion smelled and growled—and shrank back. He,

too, knew by instinct that the odor presaged defeat and death to his forefathers, and would perhaps mean the same to him. The cubs then turned upon each other and wrestled and rolled and played. After all, they were just cubs, little, lonely, motherless cubs who had already forgotten their mother and who had little stomachs that were full of rich new milk and bread.

That night the clouds rolled down, black and thick, while the lightning played around the mountains and lighted the blackness for blinding seconds. Made restless by the struggle of the elements, the roar of the wind, the groaning and crashing of the forest, the cubs wandered around, one finally climbing the walls of his rocky cage and ripping the screen from the top, climbing out to liberty. Then he uttered wild cries calling his mate. The English keeper heard, came and saw the small body running up and down along the crest of the cages, following the path that had been built for spectators to look down on the animals.

"Blimy, the bloody bear's hout!" he said to himself. " 'Ere's where I go fetch the Injun," and he hastened away. They awoke the red man from his hospital bed and they came, twenty strong, to capture thirty pounds of wild grizzly bear. They found the small ruler in the den with the black and cinnamon bears. Swaggering and swaying, deep rumblings coming from his throat, the small pinch of dynamic pugnacity strolled about; while huddled in one frightened group two great black bears and a mighty cinnamon pressed against the granite corner of the cage and longed to get further away. They smelled the presence of their bullying lord, and they feared as they had never feared before. The Indian, with his bandaged hands, went in and captured the small insurgent, while the English keeper and nineteen assistants stood in an anxious group outside the cage and gave advice. Then the snapping cub was tossed back with his little mate, the wire netting on the cage was repaired, and quiet reigned, broken only now and then by the frightened complaints of the cinnamon bear and his black companions.

The Indian returned to the hospital with a few new scratches, the cubs continued to stand shoulder to shoulder and glare defiance at inquisitive tourists, the big bears in the end cage refused to eat for four days, their appetites having been spoiled by the awful fright of the scent of the grizzly. And still the wolves gave the separating bars a respectful distance, still the mountain lion paced his long cell—but gave the little cubs' side of the apartment full four feet free.

"Animals must be fools," remarked a spectator to a mountain man, as he noticed the fearful respect shown the grizzlies by the other animals. "Any one of those wolves, or the mountain lion either, could kill each cub with one bite."

"But there's the animal instinct," replied the mountaineer. "They might know damn well that the little fellows were cubs, but they know, too, that whenever cubs are smelled there is a she-bear close by. And I'd rather face a pack of hungry wolves any day than a she grizzly with a pair of cubs. She don't do anything but just kill, and keep on killing. I think them animals show considerable judgment, taking everything into account."

SHE MADE ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PICTURES POSSIBLE, MOUNTED ON A CLEVER CHESTNUT

Diana of the Foxhounds

By Catherine Adams

Illustrated by W. Molt

TRANBY LANE was one of the muddiest places in South Loamshire, where mud is a predominant feature of the country. The end of the lane merged into a fine open space, a noted meeting-place for hounds, known as Fives' Cross.

Up Tranby Lane Mr. Wayne, the Master of the South Loamshire Hunt, and Lord Hurtlington, a former Master, were jogging along slowly, deep in conversation over the iniquities of a certain tenant of the latter as regarded barbed wire.

The two horsemen were only a short distance from the end of the lane when whirr! whizz! and without so much as a warning toot of the horn, a small motor-car rushed by. Lord Hurtlington escaped with only a few splashes of mud, but Mr. Wayne, being on the near side, was bespattered from head to foot.

"Don't apologize," said his lordship, as the M.F.H. sent a long list of names after the driver of the car. "I endorse every adjective. I am old-fashioned, but fairly tolerant, and I do not say a

word when motors are driven reasonably and drawn up at a respectable distance from the hounds, but the lady-motorist deserves a lesson. You, Wayne, should be able to read her one."

"I will!" ejaculated the M.F.H. as he wiped some mud from his left eye. "I hate motorists, they are so horribly selfish and pig-headed." He spoke in deep tones of disgust. He had an old-fashioned sportsman's dislike to any innovation, and was extremely conservative. So conservative, joked his friends, that he could not change his bachelor state. Which was a pity, added his feminine friends, for he was an excellent *parti*. He was about thirty-five, he had a well-set up athletic figure, a keen, alert face, well bronzed by exposure to all weathers, and a pair of grey eyes that usually held a humorous twinkle. Now they were scintillating angrily.

"Tell you what, Wayne, come along with me," said the old lord. "I will introduce you to that little lady in the motor. She's a sort of connection of mine, and I give you permission to read her a lecture." And he chuckled wisely to himself.

"I never like holding my temper," said Wayne, "it's bad for me. I believe in letting off a little powder and clearing the sky. By George! Look at that!"

The two men had emerged from the lane and were now in full view of the motor-car, which was being backed heedlessly among the hounds. Wayne was a fairly even-tempered man. He had been decidedly ruffled by the shower of mud with which the car had pelted him, and he was prepared to let fall a few words of protest and warning, but this terrible recklessness regarding a pack of valuable hounds raised his wrath to boiling-point. He never waited for Lord Hurtlington's introduction, but rode close to the snorting car.

"Madam!" His voice cut across the intervening space like the thong of a whip. "Do you wish to kill my hounds? I must warn you that the damages will be excessive."

The lady looked behind her quickly. "Oh, I am sorry. No, I don't wish to hurt the poor things. You see, I am experimenting. This is a new car, a hunting car, and I am not quite sure what it can do."

"So I should imagine." The hostile tone made the girl look at the speaker curiously.

"Are you the Master of the South Loamshire?"

"I have that responsibility."

"And you object to motor-cars at your meets?"

"I do, strongly."

"Ah!" The violet eyes met the grey ones fully and firmly. There was a flash of fire, like the crossing of two finely tempered weapons, then the girl's glance wavered just a little and she turned as if to speak to the chauffeur at her side. Wayne had time to observe the delicate profile and proud little chin. She was provokingly pretty, without doubt, but, resolved the M.F.H., not any claims to beauty should alter his determination to get the better of this intrepid young woman. The girl turned again and bent her gaze resolutely on the stern-faced man by the side of the car.

"I am very sorry you do not like motor-cars, or——" she smiled a little "motorists, but I always like to be perfectly straightforward, and I warn you that my car is going hunting to-day. It's a cross-country car, the latest thing out, a copy in miniature of the Army-Caterpillars, only much faster, and—well, you will presently see what we can do!"

"Do you mean to tell me," said the astonished Wayne, "that that snorting thing is going to follow the hounds?"

"Exactly!" There was a pretty, triumphant air about her now that exasperated the man intensely.

"You will get stuck in the first fallow you come to," he retorted.

"Shall we?" She smiled sweetly.

"It is a difficult country to negotiate sometimes, even when one is well mounted, but a motor-car!" His expression of disgust made the fair motorist laugh outright.

"If I am in at the death, will you give me the brush?"

"No," he said curtly. "That is for mounted sportswomen."

"But that is just what I am," she began, when another voice broke in on the dialogue and Lord Hurtlington rode up to the car.

"Why, Grandpapa! I thought you were at Norbrook," and she turned delightedly to the old man and pressed his hand affectionately.

"Ah, I was going to scold you," he smiled, "but——"

"You just can't do it, dear." A roguish look passed between the two.

"You know they say that I am a chip of the old block," she continued. "But why am I here? I am going to hunt the fox."

"Anybody else?" joked her grandfather.

"*Cela depend.*" She sighed whimsically—"I have had a rebuff." She nodded her pretty head in the direction of the M.F.H., who had ridden a few paces off.

"Wayne!" called his lordship, "come here. Let me introduce you to my granddaughter, Miss Ferrers — Mr. Wayne."

Wayne's back was like buckram and his features never relaxed a muscle as he raised his hat.

"Vi," continued the old lord, "you must apologize. You splashed Mr. Wayne shockingly just now."

"Oh, did I do all that? Please forgive me." She looked so contrite that Wayne was half taken in, but a second glance at her face belied her words.

"Little vixen," he thought. "She deserves to be whipped." Then aloud: "I must beg you, Miss Ferrers, to keep well to the rear of the field, that is, if you are still bent upon what seems to me to be a most disastrous course."

"All's well that ends well," she scoffed. "We will count up our mishaps at the end of the day."

Wayne gave a jerk to his hat and rode off, more angry than he had been for many a day. As for Violet Ferrers, her color had heightened considerably and her lips had compressed firmly at his speech.

"Vi means mischief," thought her grandfather; "I can see it in her eyes." Then he gave her directions as to the probable point at which a fox would break cover, if the hounds drew a neighboring copse successfully. "And, Vi, my dear," he added, "I have not the remotest idea of what this wonderful car can do, but remember that I am fond of you and I have no desire to wear a black band round my old arm for you."

"All right! I will be as good as gold and as circumspect as the M.F.H. himself."

After that the car behaved beautifully. When hounds moved off to cover Miss Ferrers waited until everyone was well out of the way, then her car followed at a discreet distance and with commendable quietness. Finally, when the hounds disappeared from view in a tiny copse, the motorist forbore to come up with the rest of the field, and kept a wide space between the car and the groups of horsemen waiting without the wood.

But a few minutes passed before there was heard a whimper, then gradually the whole pack broke into joyous chorus.

"Yonder he goes," cried a countryman, who had been cutting faggots from the hedge outside; "there!" He pointed to a long reddish-brown streak that was creeping alongside the ditch surrounding the wood. There was a view-hallo, and the fox, finding there was no chance in malingering around his home, broke right away and headed across country for another stronghold at his very best pace.

"Yoicks! Get away forrard!" shouted the second whip, as he slashed at two laggards of the pack. "We're in for a good thing, my beauties!" And away they streamed. Over some park-land first, then on to a stretch of breezy, gorse-covered common. Thence through an open gate into a road leading into the farm lands. Meadows here, and fairly easy going, for the tenant was a sporting man and would leave some of his gates open on hunting days.

All this time Miss Ferrers and her car formed the rear-most contingent of the

chase. As for the M.F.H., he could not battle quite successfully with his curiosity, and at every convenient turn he gave a backward glance to see what was happening. But the motor was plodding along most decorously and quite at the tail of the field.

"Ah," he thought triumphantly, "I don't see much 'hunting' about that car, and when we get into the turnips it will get stuck altogether."

The hounds now took a rapid turn to the right and disappeared over some rising ground, and sure enough, here was the turnip field. But the car did not get stuck. On the contrary, it suddenly forged ahead quickly and was soon on even terms with the foremost huntsmen. A high bank, topped by a straggling hedge, loomed in sight. Before he put his horse at the obstacle Wayne looked back. The car was running at top speed alongside the bank, and then, a convenient gap discovered in the hedge, it went "clutching" up the incline and then dropped down into the next field.

"By George!" laughed Lord Hurtlington, who had waited to see the achievement, "I only hope Wayne saw that!"

"We lose time creeping up and down, but now, on the straight, we will race you, Grandpapa," cried the girl gleefully.

The pace was hot, for there was a burning scent, but the car soon outdistanced all but the very hardest riders.

The M.F.H. had been an astonished spectator of the climbing of the bank by the car, and though he could not help admiring the pluck of its driver, he resented the wonderful mechanism of the thing.

"It is not sport, is it?" he said to his horse, as he patted its neck affectionately, "not good bone and muscle like yours." Then, hearing the near approach of the machine, he urged his horse to yet better endeavor.

After that it seemed somewhat of a duel between Miss Ferrers and Wayne. The chauffeur didn't count. After putting in a few words of warning, of which the lady took no heed, the man said no more.

"We are not going to be beaten," said Violet determinedly.

On they pounded over the long brown furrows, then into the meadows again, and still, whatever time the car lost in seeking for easy places at the intervening hedges and ditches, it made up for the lost ground afterwards by its marvellous speed. And always—after the huntsman—the foremost people of the hunt were the M.F.H. and the fair motorist. The rest of the field were quite two fences behind.

Presently, as they topped the crest of a long rise in the ground, a gleam of silver could be seen far down in the next meadow. The stream was wide enough to test a good horse's jumping powers severely. Hounds could be seen swimming across. The huntsman turned and, riding about fifty yards down the stream, came to an old wooden bridge, by which he crossed and then was soon lost to sight.

On came the dauntless motorist and her car, and on came the determined M.F.H. Water was his horse's specialty, and he resolved not to lose time by riding to the bridge. It was neck or nothing now as he raced on, firm in his resolve to be first on the other side of the shimmering brook. Violet also realized that here would be the final tussle for precedence. She sent the car forward at an awful speed now and shot swiftly down the slope, passing Wayne. The overtaken horseman bit his lip angrily. That chit of a girl! He gave his horse a sharp dig with his spurs and fairly raced down to the stream, determined that, as she was doubtless pushing forward for the bridge, he would not wait his turn to cross by it, but take off near enough for her to see some decent horsemanship.

Wayne's horse reached the stream at the exact moment that the car's front wheels touched the first plank of the bridge.

It was a slippery, rotten bit of bank, and the horse, finding the footing insecure, refused the jump. His angry master pulled him round quickly and put him at it again. He scarcely rose at it and, stumbling forward, fell

heavily into the brook, pitching his master off into mid-stream. Three feet of water was nothing to hurt, but as Wayne rose the fallen horse kicked out wildly and something snapped in the man's leg. "Broken! Confound it!" He plumped on his knees and was preparing to wade out so, when the horse, in struggling for the bank, kicked out once more, and this time the blow fell on his master's head. This was the final coup and poor Wayne fell backward into the water, in danger, unless help were speedily forthcoming, of being drowned.

Simultaneously with his first tumble into the water there had been a cry from the motor-car. The slight wooden structure that bridged the stream was but a narrow way, and Violet, in her great desire to reach the opposite bank before the M.F.H., had driven on to it recklessly. The car swerved and dashed into the side of the bridge, the rickety support gave way, carrying with it some of the cross planks, and the weight of the car did the rest.

Crash! Miss Ferrers' hunting-motor was in the stream!

At their first impact with the railing the chauffeur had been hurled across to the opposite side, where he lay stunned but not grievously hurt. Violet was not thrown out, but as the car dumped into the water, she was pitched violently to the left and hurt her head against the side of the car. Although she was a little stunned she was unaware of the severity of the blow until later. As the car settled down in the stream the water came over her feet, but that was all. "No danger of drowning," she thought. Then she was suddenly aware of the other accident a few yards away, turning her head just in time to see the M.F.H. make his first attempt to get out of the stream. Violet gave a queer little smile.

"A dead heat!" she murmured hysterically, for she understood that even as they both had reached the brook simultaneously, so, too, the dual disaster must have happened in a single moment.

She anticipated no danger to Mr. Wayne, however, until she saw him sink back into the water after the second blow from his horse's hoofs. She gave a little cry and looked round for help. There was no one in sight—the pace at which they had come had far out-distanced the rest of the field.

"He will be drowned," she said to herself. "I must get him out quickly." She dropped down into the water and waded to the spot. She nearly fell over Wayne's prostrate body as it lay across the bed of the stream; then she started dragging him towards the car, keeping his head well up out of the water. She had a confused idea that it should be towards the bank, but her brain was not working properly, her actions were purely mechanical now, and the car seemed the easier refuge.

Violet never knew how she drew her heavy burden to safety, everything was so hazy; but at length she succeeded in getting the unconscious man on the floor of the car.

"The tide will rise," she said, with a queer notion that they were on some rocks and the brook was the sea lapping the sides. "I must get him still higher." She lifted him up until his head rested on the cushioned seat, and then, her own injury beginning to have its way, she leaned against the back of the seat and lost consciousness.

A few minutes later, the chauffeur, recovering his senses, sat up and regarded the position of the hunting-motor and its unconscious occupants in bewilderment. But to his great relief, he descried some patches of scarlet coming over the bend of the hill they had lately crossed. These, resolving into the followers of the hunt, came galloping down to the scene of disaster.

* * * * * *

There must surely have been some whimsical fate abroad which led to the two people who had been so much at variance at the beginning of the day being so suddenly brought together in their misfortunes.

So thought Lord Hurtlington when he superintended the removal of his granddaughter to the "Broken Pitcher"—the nearest inn. Here he was informed by the doctor that, though he anticipated no danger, it was impera-

tive that Miss Ferrers should remain where she was.

"And Mr. Wayne?" asked his lordship, for the luckless M.F.H. had necessarily been brought to the same haven.

"Ah!" The doctor shook his head ominously. "I cannot say. His case is very complicated. We must hope for the best, but it may be many weeks before he can be moved, even if——"

There was a significant pause, which Lord Hurtlington quite understood.

But Douglas Wayne had a fine constitution, which he had never undermined in any way; it stood him in good stead now, and soon gave the lie to the gloomy prognostications of the doctors.

When Violet Ferrers at length came to the convalescent period of her illness, she was enlightened regarding the results of the double accident, and she evinced much interest in the condition of her fellow-sufferer. The interest became mutual as Wayne passed the critical stage. Messages of condolence were first exchanged, and later, congratulations on recovery. Magazines travelled to and fro between the patients' rooms, and baskets of fine fruit from Mr. Wayne's hot-houses were reserved for the use of the lady.

Finally Wayne heard from his doctor what a narrow escape he had had that fateful day, and he wrote a note to Miss Ferrers. In this he begged that she would not leave the inn without giving him an opportunity of seeing her.

Violet at once guessed the reason of his wish for an interview.

"He feels beholden to me and wants to get his thanks done with," she thought.

One afternoon her nurse helped Wayne's attendant to get the crippled man into the little sitting-room which had been improvised for Violet's benefit. With a nice intuition the girl retreated to her bedroom until her visitor was safely settled in the other room.

When she first saw him she could not repress a little cry. This hollow-eyed, cadaverous looking man was so utterly different to the robust, alert M.F.H. who had met her with so much hostility on the day of the accident.

"No, please don't try to get up," she said, as he made an effort to rise.

For his part, the man was astonished to see the change in Violet.

All the mischief had vanished from her eyes, and instead, they held a sweet seriousness, and her voice vibrated with a charming sympathy. Wayne thought her face the very sweetest he had ever seen, and himself a consummate ass for his behaviour to her at Fives' Cross.

As the nurses left the room there was an obvious constraint between the two: then Wayne, determined to be rid of his obligations, fired off his thanks rather abruptly.

"Oh," said Violet, paling a little.

"Yes," repeated the man, looking at her earnestly and smiling at her as if he rather liked the idea. "I owe you my life."

"Indeed, it was nothing," murmured Violet, her face flushing crimson.

"Was it not? Then how about this, then?" He touched her bandaged arm gently. "The doctor told me that you had severely strained the ligaments of your shoulder through dragging my heavy weight through the water. It hurts me to think of that."

"Then don't think about it," said Violet simply. "Try and forget the whole episode."

"I shall never do that. I don't mean to. I don't wish to forget it," he replied sturdily, looking into her eyes very earnestly.

Again there was that meeting and flashing of glances, but this time there was no hostility in them.

"Give and take" is a very useful maxim to apply to married life. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wayne evidently found it so, for during the following hunting-season it was not unusual to find that, while Mrs. Wayne invariably drove her husband to the meets in a motor-car, the M.F.H. would give an excellent lead across country to his wife, who made one of the prettiest pictures possible mounted on a clever chestnut, which she rode with grace, skill and judgment.

The Taking of Almighty Voice "Bad Indian"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Howard Giles

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*I wish to say that this story, and the others of the series which follow it, are written at first hand. They are not yarns that have been handed down, nor the creation of a lively imagination, but the plain record of actual happenings in my ten years' service in the force. The North West Mounted Policeman is no lover of publicity, and for that reason few of his deeds have appeared in print. But while he dislikes boasting, he also resents being misrepresented; and many of the tales that have appeared about him are calculated to divide the force between anger and a grin. For instance, to call a Mounted Policeman a "private" and the officer commanding his division a "post commander" savours too much of United States Army methods to suit the men of the red tunic, who are "constables" officially until they earn promotion from the ranks, and who disapprove of being called "gravel crushers." Again, in a recent story purporting to be a tale of the days when whiskey smuggling into the Northwest Territories kept the Mounted Police busy, a character in apprehending a whiskey runner tells him he is arrested "in the King's name," which, as Queen Victoria reigned until* 1901, *and the Liquor Ordinance making whiskey-running no longer unlawful came into operation in* 1892, *must have amused more than one member of the force. These reminiscences are written with the idea of giving truthful pictures of the Mounted Policeman to the readers of* CANADA MONTHLY.

THIS is the story of the Cree Indian *Ka-Kee-Manitou-Wayo* (Almighty Voice) who, in company with a boy called "Little Salteaux," entrenched himself in a hole in the ground and for three days and two nights stood off an entire troop of Mounted Police reinforced by about a hundred armed settlers and two field guns. Garbled versions of this story have already appeared in print, mostly glorifying this savage and ringing in the "last stand" stunt. He undoubtedly possessed a certain kind of bravery, but it was merely the courage of the cornered wolf.

Taking for granted that the reader will be interested in a true account of this "bad Indian's" exploits at first hand, I will set down the bald facts without any frills.

The trouble started when the Indian,

being too lazy to work, killed a cow not his own property to satisfy the pangs of hunger. For this he was promptly arrested and confined in the police guard room at Duck Lake until he could be sent in to Prince Albert. During the night, while the sentry slept beside the stove, the prisoner managed to get out of his cell and, possessing himself of the jailor's rifle and ammunition belt, made his escape into the bush.

Next morning there was "hell a-poppin'." The detachment was ordered out to hunt for the fugitive and Sergeant Colbrook, accompanied only by a half-breed scout, located him. When he saw he was discovered the Indian jumped for his gun and warned them not to come near or he would shoot. The scout promptly turned and fled, but Colbrook advanced, as in duty bound, and was shot dead in his tracks.

This happened on October 22nd, 1895, and for two years thereafter the country was combed for hundreds of miles in every direction and a large reward offered for the Indian's capture. The whole of the Mounted Police force were constantly on the lookout for him, but the murderer had disappeared.

One fine morning towards the end of May, 1897, came to the barracks at Duck Lake Napoleon Venne, half-breed scout, with a bullet in his shoulder and another through his hat. He had stumbled upon the outlaw in a poplar bluff near the scene of the first tragedy. Almighty Voice told the scout to *mistapute*, and Napoleon *mistaputed*, persuaded thereto the more readily by a spatter of bullets in his rear.

Duck Lake detachment consisted of but five men, some of them absent at the time. The sergeant in charge wired to Prince Albert, the headquarters of "F" Division, for reinforcements, and at once took up the hunt himself with the help of a few of the citizens, but with disastrous results. He was forced to retire, leaving on the field the dead body of Grundy, the village postmaster, and Almighty Voice cut the second notch in his gun stock.

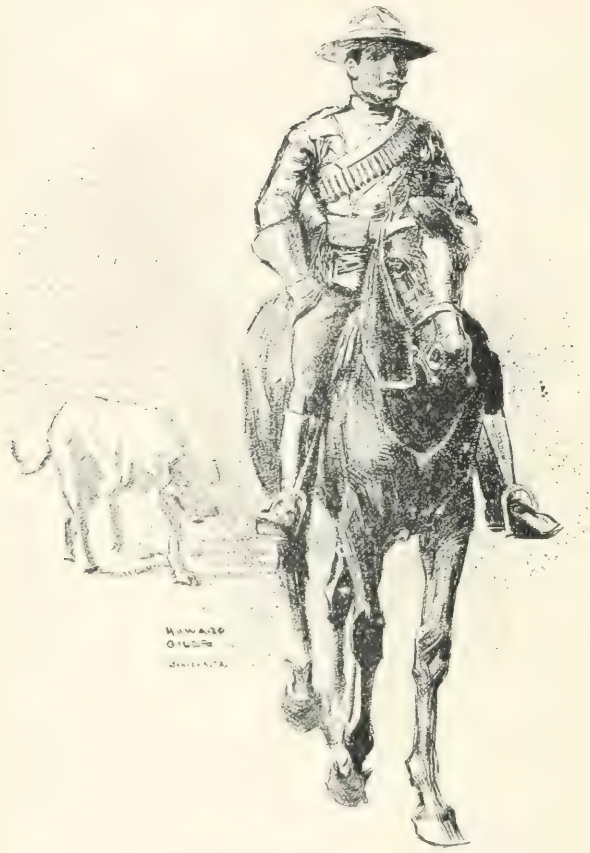
A few hours later Captain "Jack" Allan and fifty troopers arrived at the poplar bluff and tried to storm the Indian's defence. By this time Little Salteaux had joined the outlaw and the police charge was checked by a steady rain of bullets from the repeating rifles of the two Indians under cover, Captain Allan being badly wounded.

At this critical moment Corporal Hocking (formerly a captain in the Essex regiment) and two troopers crawled into the brush and tried to creep towards the pit in which the two Indians were entrenched. They were never again seen alive. All three were killed before they had advanced a dozen yards. After waiting some time Constable O'Kelly and Richard Cook, a Dominion Forest Ranger, went to the rescue in an attempt to remove the bodies of their dead comrades, and then only was the real nature of the outlaw's entrenchment discovered. A most scientific rifle pit had been dug and it was impossible to reach them without a considerable sacrifice of life. As it was, one of O'Kelly's spurs was shot away and Cook was hit in the leg, but the former survived to die four years later on the African veldt, while Mr. Cook lived to become mayor of the city of Prince Albert.

"I looked square into his face," Mr. Cook says, "and I tell you, his eyes were dancing."

Captain Allan and Sergeant Raven having been badly wounded in the first attack were carried to the rear, but the gallant officer insisted on retaining the command. Recognizing the death trap that he had fallen into, and not wishing to sacrifice any more lives by rushing the bluff, he withdrew his force out of rifle range but stretched a cordon around the outlaws to prevent their escape in the darkness. It was soon apparent that the Indians had no provisions, and it was only necessary to sit tight and let hunger do its work.

About midnight Almighty Voice asked for a "pow-wow," and to the interpreter, who remained at a safe



THE WHOLE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE FORCE WERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE MURDERER

distance, however, during the parley, he complained of being hungry.

"I have put up a good fight to-day," he argued, "and I want my supper. You have plenty. Give me some grub-pile that I may be able to continue the fight to-morrow."

The reader can imagine how the tired troopers grinned in the darkness at this ingenuous request. The outlaws were told to come out and give themselves up and they would get food and a fair trial. This, however, they refused to do, and so the night wore away. Throughout the whole of the second day the situation remained unchanged. The cordon round the bluff was drawn tighter, but no attempt was made to attack. The outlaws were heard chanting their war songs and "making medicine" to sustain their courage.

Towards nightfall reinforcements arrived from Regina and Prince Albert, bringing two field guns, a seven and a nine-pounder, and preparations were made to shell the bluff.

All through the second night of the siege the old mother of Almighty Voice sat on a low hill wrapped in her gaudy blanket and chanted her son's death song. Once the old creature tried to break through the line to take him food and ammunition but was driven back.

Next morning, after again calling in vain upon the Indians to surrender, Superintendent McIllree, who had now assumed command, ordered the artillery to commence firing, and shells began to scream through the air and to cut down the brush that concealed the pit. Soon the bluff was laid bare, and the gunners trained their pieces to drop the deadly missiles into the hole itself.

It was a wild scene. Hundreds of spectators had gathered from the surrounding country to watch the fight, bands of Indians from the nearby reservations looked on from the neighboring hills, and the old crone continued to rock to and fro chanting the weird death song of Almighty Voice. The bursting shells tore up the ground and scattered earth and brush in all directions, while the fierce war song of the doomed murderer came to the attacking force in savage defiance.

There seemed to be no other way. The outlaw undoubtedly deserved all that was coming to him, yet amongst the troopers compelled to look on inactive while this unequal battle raged, more than one felt something akin to shame that one lone untutored savage (for his companion was only a boy) should be able to compel recourse to

such terrible, perhaps questionable, measures.

By and by the gunners got the range, and when the shells commenced to drop into the pit the harsh notes of the war song ceased and were heard no more, yet so great was the dread inspired by this one man that the firing continued long after the silence of death had settled over the fatal spot.

At last the order was given to cease firing and a rush took place. No rifle spat to stop the charge—the tragedy was finished.

The dead bodies of the two Indians, frightfully mangled, lay in a heap at the bottom of the hole—they had gone to the happy hunting ground to be judged by the *mistahay Manitou*.

TO A DROWSY MISTRESS

BY WALLACE RICE

WAKE, Lady, wake! the stars grow few,
And all the world doth bid thee rise;
For who can see the heavens' blue
Until he spies it in thine eyes?
So rouse thee! and thy pretty smile
Shall gladden earth and me the while.

I cannot know the dawnlight true
Till thy fond blushes paint the skies,
Till thy bright lips shall stain anew
The line below which Phœbus lies;
The little birds wait to rejoice,
Thy morning madrigal to voice.

O waken! for the meadows sue
A share in lovers' ecstasies,
To see thine eyelids and their dew
Arouse the earth in sweet surprise;
Awake! and lend thy dear consent,
To love-light in the firmament.

She rouses—and the linnets sing;
She wakes—the sun to view doth spring,
The flowers open, everything
Is bright and gay; and gay am I
To see my Lady drawing nigh
With love-light spread on earth and sky!

Allies Invisible

By G. F. Chipman

Illustrated by
C. O. Longabaugh

"OLD MELVILLE HAS TRIED TO RUN 'EM OUT ALREADY, BUT THEY'RE STILL THERE"

THERE never lived a set of more happy-go-lucky human beings than those gathered around the bar in Colonel Ashton's hotel at MacLeod one evening in the early eighties. The cowboys and ranchers from the surrounding country had finished the work of the spring round-up and were taking their usual relaxation after the strenuous season of the rope and branding iron. Twice a year, after the spring and fall roundups, this same crowd were the guests of the Colonel, where they assembled in search of recuperation and inspiration. Something in the hospitality of the hotel, the typical western greeting of the host—or it may have been in his refreshments—warmed the cockles of their hearts and made them feel that they had not lived in vain.

In the early days of the west the life was an active one and the pleasures were equally stirring for the pioneers were strangers to the civilized recreations of to-day. An evening or two in the "city," when time allowed, were bright spots to those who hoped some day to return to their native land, when the west had been fleeced of its wealth. The bartenders were kept busy filling the glasses, and soon the odor of beer permeated the room, and the tobacco smoke grew thicker, so that features were difficult to distinguish. The best stories of the season's accumulation were exchanged with the embellishments which only frontiersmen can lend, particularly after such a long drought. The proceedings of the evening were enlivened by impromptu songs and dances as the Colonel's firewater began to eat its way into the brains of the range. The entertainment provided by the intoxicated cowboys was unique, and the fantastic steps they shook were unknown to Parisian dancing-masters of the day. The wonderfully soothing effect of the potent beverage was soon evident, and the evening was not hoary when slumber prostrated many forms and snores punctuated the revelry of the bar. Poker chips were in considerable demand, and jackpots decided whither hard-earned money

should go—except what went over the bar.

During one of the occasional lulls when an inebriated dancer had agitated himself into oblivion, a drawling voice asked, "Has any of you fellers heard how Wilder and Black's gittin' on?"

When old Tim Foster propounded this query he struck a chord which met with a response from nearly every sober individual present. Even Buck Turner, the most inveterate gambler when loafing, turned to give attention regardless of the fact that in so doing he was exposing his "flush" to the gaze of his opponents.

It had been in the same room, and but a few months prior to this occasion, that Jack Wilder and Harry Black, two of the best known young fellows on the range and owners of the Lazy Y outfit, had announced that they were quitting the ranch and were going to farm. They had purchased a large strip of land from the Canadian Government and on it intended to raise wheat, carrying some cattle as a side line. The Crow's Nest Pass of the Canadian Pacific would pass near their farm within a year, and would thus bring them within touch of the markets of the world. They saw in the near future the cattlemen disappearing over the range before the onward march of the homeseeker, and determined to be in the van. They knew that steers and steam plows could never flourish on the same range.

Like a thunderbolt came the news to their comrades, and when it was known that the farm was in the centre of the ranch leased by Colonel Melville, the "Cattle King" of Alberta, all knew there would be stormy times.

"Wall, I don't jest know how they're makin' out, but I kin tell you how they'll end. Old Melville's b'ilin' hot, and he's the devil when he's hot. Them fellers has got the ch'icest bit of range, and right where the old man drives his steers over the Little Bow. The Cunnel nearly had a fit when he found the land was bought. He'll kill 'em if they don't quit farmin'. I'm bettin' there ain't no wheat grows on the Cunnel's range." Sam Rampson, affectionately called "Ram," spat decisively on the floor as he concluded his address.

"Don't be too sure," drawled Tim. "Old Melville has tried to run the boys out already, and they're still there."

"Spin it, Tim!" yelled several voices, scenting a story.

"Well, you see, it was this way," and Tim added more fire to his already fiercely burning pipe as he settled down to tell his story. "The boys' farm is right up agin the Little Bow at Sarcee Ford, and that's the best crossin' on the whole range, and the Cunnel always used it. You see, you can't farm till you git things fenced, so the boys strung a fence around the farm and shut off the ford from Melville. Jest's soon as he heard about it the old man sent his cowpunchers to drive a bunch of steers across the farm and through the ford. They left a few steers on the farm jest as reminders and to show there wan't no hard feelin's like."

"I'll bet the boys have been livin' on Melville's beef ever since," interrupted Buck Turner.

"No, they ain't. Wilder wouldn't shoot the creatures till he had to. He jest goes out and ropes the wildest lookin' animal in the bunch, an' when he let the son of a gun loose what do you s'pose it looked like? He had a big white cloth strapped tight onto his back with the sign tellin' everybody to 'Keep off the Farm and Save Trouble.'"

"Hurray for the byes!" "I'm backin' 'em to win!" "I hope they'll lick the old devil!" "I guess they'll farm some yet!" and similar expressions came from all parts of the room when old Tim finished his yarn.

"What's all the noise about, and who's this you're backing?" came a voice from the doorway, and as the crowd turned they saw the two objects of their admiration enter the room.

"The boys is jest sayin' thet they'll back you fellers agin old Melville," said Tim as he shook hands with the newcomers.

"That's good of you, boys, and I guess we'll need all the sympathy possible, for the old man's got his Irish up and is out for blood," said Ralph Wilder. "No, we haven't quit," he

replied to a sarcastic remark from the "Ram." "We'll get you to give us an exhibition in sprinting when we're ready to retreat." This allusion to Rampson's well known cowardice put a quietus on that individual for the remainder of the evening.

A casual survey of the two farmers showed them to be young men of about thirty years of age, and their splendid physique had not been ruined by dissipation. Clean-shaven faces revealed determination and grit which would need accounting for in any struggle. They were dressed in regulation cowboy attire and had apparently just ridden into town.

"This session is rather a dry one. Fill 'em up, Pete," yelled Tim to the bartender. "Come on, boys, I want you to drink to the whitest farmers that ever turned a furrow. I'm goldarned if I care if they did leave us; I wish 'em luck, an' I hope they'll lick old Melville so his own mother won't know him when they git through with him. Here's to 'em!" and without more adieu Tim plunged his face into the foaming beer, for it was a long speech for him.

"Thanks, boys," said Wilder when the toast had been drunk. "Harry and I need all your kind wishes, and we hope you won't think we've gone back on you. We're all after the dollar, and if we can't find it in wheat we'll be back with the steers."

The evening slipped away quickly, the chief centres of interest being the farmers, and many questions were asked them of their experiences. Late in the evening the meeting broke up, or rather, early in the morning, and shortly after daybreak Wilder and Black were on their way back to their farm.

* * * * *

"I saw one of the Cunnel's men drive a bunch of steers over the fence this mornin', and some of 'em's in the field now." This was the information brought to the farm shack very early one morning about a week later.

"Bring your gun, Harry. We've got to keep our word with the old villain." Rifles in hand they started for the scene of action. A short time and the fence was repaired, the cattle having all been driven out onto the range—except two that were shot and left lying dead without the fence.

"The old devil will carry war into Africa now," remarked Harry when the deed was done. "We might as well get ready for him."

Before the sun reached the horizon that afternoon Colonel Melville rode up to the farm, accompanied by Bryce Sutherland, another big cattleman of his own stripe.

"I presume you have the price of those steers you shot," was Melville's opening shot.

"If I haven't, I'll get it just as soon as you bring the price of the damage you have done to my property," Wilder did the talking and Black stood with him facing the cattlemen.

"Your property!" Melville shouted, rather than spoke. "Ain't that the best you ever heard?" he said, turning to Bryce, who nodded acquiescence. "I want to tell you youngsters right here that I have been running cattle over this range before you ever saw a steer, and I'm not going to be cut out of the ford. I want that ford kept open, whether you raise wheat or not."

"This farm is paid for. We bought it from the government and it is ours. If you don't like the way we do things you can buy the farm and keep your ford open, but we won't do it for nothing."

"Buy your farm! Why, you——"

"Don't say it, Colonel; you'll only feel bad afterwards," interrupted Black.

"I'll drive the whole d——d bunch over your old farm before you're a month older and wipe you and your darned old crops off the face of the earth. You've only got yourselves to blame for it, too. You youngsters get too cocky and need taking down sometimes." Having delivered his ultimatum, the king of the range rode away with his companion.

"Don't lose any sleep out of sympathy for us, Colonel," shouted Wilder after his retreating form.

Melville had a habit of carrying out his threats, and this time he would do so, of course, as interlopers on the

THE BOYS HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR AFTER SUPPER

range were considered the legitimate victims of the cattlemen. The two young farmers at the ford knew there would be an invasion of their domain as soon as the Colonel could make ready.

As became good generals, Wilder and Black did not make the mistake at the outset of underestimating the power of the enemy. They realized full well that in Melville's wrath they would be compelled to combat the plans of a demon rather than a man. The cattle king realized that his prestige was at stake, and a defeat would mean humiliation such as only a discomfited bully ever feels. To him it was not a fight against civilization, but for selfish aggrandizement.

The defenders of the farm had seen the inevitable battle in the distance, and held a council of war, at which their preparations were passed in review. This battle would be the last throw of the dice, and it was their duty to see that they were properly loaded. The enemy had revealed his line of action and they governed themselves accordingly. The next day the wire fence was carefully examined and put in order against the rush of cattle. Inside the shack by the house Wilder was busily engaged, and by his orders a wire was strung from the fence to his place of work. He labored continually in his workshop, while to the observer it appeared that he was taking Colonel Melville's threat very calmly, or he would be gathering men together instead of repairing farm machinery.

King Philip, in advertising the preparation of his Armada, was not more boastful than Melville in detailing his plans to wipe out the farm and its owners. Soon it was known throughout the range that he had pronounced the doom of Wilder and his partner. In order that the final act of the drama might be spectacular and live in the memory of the observers, Melville ordered that several thousand of his cattle should be stampeded over the hill and across the farm, so that the wheat-fields and the shack would be in the pathway of the tornado. He knew that no person would come to the aid of the farmers, for the success of their efforts spelled the doom of the ranch. If Wilder and Black were foolhardy enough to stay before the stampede it would be their loss, and not his, for he had warned them. It was a great

URGING THE CATTLE ON WITH SHOUTS AND REVOLVER SHOTS

comfort and satisfaction to the cattle king to feel that he had such power at his command.

Such exhibitions as were planned for the destruction of the farm were not common in the ranching country. Even in itself the fury of a stampede is worth witnessing—from a safe distance. But the temper of the two ex-ranchmen was well known, and all knew there would be a defence of their rights. This added zest to the excitement. It was rumored that they would make an attempt to turn the stampede—an attempt which would be fraught with the greatest danger. Cowboys from all directions gathered on the hill when the day arrived. Though their sympathies were largely with the defenders, yet they were debarred from interference. On the range it is the survival of the fittest.

Still all was quiet at the farm and no extraordinary preparations were made. The day of battle was welcome, for after the tension of anxiety Wilder and Black longed for the decision. That morning the big engine on the steam plow was steamed up and run out beside the house facing the shack. Melville smiled when he heard this, amazed at the splendid nerve of men who would prepare for plowing when in a few hours there would be nothing to plow and such operations effectually disposed of.

Shouts and shots from over the hill announced the approaching hosts of destruction, and the earth trembled with the tread of the bovine army. With heads and tails in the air, with eyes rolling in maddened terror and with lolling tongues, the leaders of the stampeding herd tore down the range towards the farm. Gathering speed, and close behind them, came the main army of Melville's vengeance. Urging them on with the lash, shouting and revolver shots, were his hirelings. The king of the range was a most interested spectator from an eminence nearby.

Surely no human power could arrest the progress of that mighty avalanche —and yet, who were those two silent men in its path? Mounted on their horses, with rifles in hand, Wilder and Black sat quietly inside their fence facing death. Only a few hundred yards separated the stampede from its prey, for maddened cattle are blind to everything. Was it wilful suicide?

Rifle shots were heard over the din of the rushing herd. Yes, it was the two defenders, and two of the leaders of the army rolled in the path of their followers. The repeating rifles sent a fusillade of lead into that army, and at each shot another leader bit the dust, to be trampled by his companions. Over the bodies of their comrades many steers stumbled and fell. Those immediately behind instinctively swerved to pass the struggling barrier. Before the fence was reached the cattle were wallowing, a struggling mass of flesh. Yet their speed was slackened, and the herd was scattered as it approached the farmers' fence. Still there was time to retreat, but the horsemen never stirred. Revolvers succeeded

rifles in their hands and in the few seconds allotted to them they shot to kill.

At last the fence was reached—but was not passed. As the nose of the first huge bull touched the wires the animal was hurled backward to the ground as by a giant hand. Simultaneously others were stopped in their mad rush and cast under the feet of the trampling army. In less time than words could relate there was an impassable barrier of struggling steers piled high without the fence. The remainder, by sheer force, were turned aside, and hundreds were crowded over the steep bank into the river before the remnant of the once invincible army was headed towards the open range.

Still Wilder and Black sat their horses like statues, and still the big engine at the shack puffed forth black smoke. "There's a lot of valuable beef going to waste there," was the first remark of Wilder as he pointed to the dying cattle.

"Yes, and Melville will decide that an electric dynamo is the most advance implement of successful agriculture that has yet been introduced on this range," replied his partner as they turned their horses towards the house.

Philomel's Doll

By J. A. Dobson

"Y-AS," and Jacques looked at the mountains just before him as though recognizing old friends, "ya-s, I have been here before. Once I leeve here. 'Way down that lit' trail, you see eet, M'sieu?" and he pointed to what seemed a dark line on the side of the mountains, but most distinctly defined.

They were camping for the night on the Bow river, which winds westward through fair valleys encircled by the Canadian Alps, as the tourist calls the northwestern Rockies. The hunt had again been successful and Rupert Gordon nodded encouragingly to Jacques to continue. These reminiscences of the early times had become a fitting ending of the day's sport.

"Y-as, I leeve there once. An' our neighbaire was Pierre Duquesne. He an' hees lit' familie. There was no village near at han'; only a lit' trail led to the trading post w'ere we buy w'at we neede. Pierre Duquesne have one lit' girl name Philomel. An' w'en we go to trade I always say to her:

" 'What I breeng you, Philomel?'

"An' she hide her face behin' her mother's back an' call out:

" 'A doll, lit' Jacques.'

"Y-as, dat w'at she call me, 'lit' Jacques,' " and he stretched out his long limbs before the fire and laughed.

"Wa-ll, M'sieu', for seven year I breeng lit' Philomel a doll. An' den my mothaire die an' I am lonely an' I mar-rie Philomel. I taike her to my home an' she maike me so hap-py I almos' for-gait dat once *ma mere* sat by de same fire an' wait for me to come. The young for-gait soon, M'sieu'—eet ees on-ly de ole dat leeve in de past.

"An' I was ver' happy. My Philomel not han'some as some, but her heart, ah, M'sieu', eet was of gold. She stan' among her nine boys laike a lit' queen, and there was nevaire a cross look for one of us. Only a smile an' de cheery word w'en we come in from de hunt or de work. An' den at night w'en we seet aroun' de fire she would sing a lit' song or tell some story w'at she hear from her own people,

an' we all laugh an' think dat ees de bes' part of de day.

"So eet went an' our boys grow beeg an' strong laike me, an' when dey stan' by Philomel she look so lit' dat Jacques say—he name aftaire me—:

" 'Ma mere, you look laike one beeg doll,' an' then Philomel laugh back:

" 'I have seven dolls, Jacques, w'at your pere geeve me w'en I was lit' girl, an' I will geeve dem to my gran'-chile.' Den de laugh ees on Jacques.

"An' w'en our boys all go out with me to work I feel sorry sometime for Philomel lef' all al-one an' weesh one of my beeg boys have been a girl. But w'en I look at dem walk so strong beside me I feel I would not laike dat one be gone from my side. Dat is man, M'sieu', so selfish. Nevaire think of de woman lef' by herself."

"But Philomel say nothin'. She thinks only of me an' de boys. She ees nothin' so we be happy.

"One day I say to her I must go to de post an' get some things. An' early nex' mornin' I have my sledge ready. She come to de door to smile me good bye an' den laughs an' says:

" 'Bring me a doll, Jacques,' an' shuts de door.

"Eet was not a ver' good day. De sun was not shine, an' de clouds were dull an' grey. Eet was not good, M'sieu', to be caught in a storm any time, and then dere was no houses on de way, only a lit' trail w'at wound in an' out aroun' de mountain. I know ev'ry step of de way, but eet ees a wise man who does not lingaire w'en de snow ees scurryin' on de path.

"W'en I go to trade I see Gilber' Le Fount ees not all right. An' w'en I hear hees wife's voice in de kitchen, I know de reason. Gilber's wife is not pleasant, M'sieu'. She ees one scold. Always a scold. So I say queeck to Gilber' w'at I want so I can hurry to Philomel, who nevaire scolds.

"But Gilber' was slow; he stops an' he looks at me, den goes on to get me de sugaire, de spice, all de things that we need. Den he stops again. I say:

" 'W'at de mat', Gilber'?'

"An' he hurry pas' me queeck an' say nothin'. Den he have my things ready for me, an' I think of de doll Philomel ask for an' I say to myself:

" 'I'll buy a lit' doll for her jus' to maike one laugh.'

"So I turn to Gilber' and say:

" 'Gilber', you have one lit' doll here?'

"An' he look at me so strange an' say:

" 'W'y you buy a lit' doll, Jacques? You have no chile at your home, only beeg boys.'

"An' I laugh an' tell him what Philomel say.

"An' he come close to me an' whispaire:

" 'Come with me.'

"An' he leads me into a lit' room jus' off de side of de house an' dere is a lit' chile lyin' on de bed. Eets mouth is jus' open wid de cry an' one beeg tear on eets lit' cheek. I look at de chile an' look at Gilber', an' jus' den hear dat scoldin' voice an' know w'at Gilber' wants to say. Eet ees not hees. God knows w'ere to sen' de lit' chile, an' in dat house dere is not a single place for one.

"So I ben' down over dat lit' thing an' eet jus' hol' up eets han's an' de lips turn into a smile. An' Gilber' chokes a lit' an' pushes de chile into my arms an' says:

" 'Dere is a doll for your Philomel.'

"An' den I laugh an' laugh w'en I think how Philomel will look w'en I put eet into her arms. An' Gilber' ben's down an' rubs his rough cheek against de baby's lit' roun' face an' whispers again:

" 'She will be a lit' sistaire to your beeg boys, Jacques,' an' we go back to de store an' he bundles her up laike a piece of goods.

"Jus' den Veronique, dat's Gilber's wife, come out an' she looks at me an' den at Gilber' an' says:

" 'You goin' to taike dat chile, Jacques? Your wife one beeg fool if she keep eet. You with your fam-i-lie. I say, Philomel one beeg fool if she keep eet. I tell Gilber' to taike it away. He fin' eet in de snow. Jus' outside de door. Some low woman's. Why she drop eet at hees door? I say, why she drop eet at hees door?' an' she

turn an' look at poor Gilber' laike she kill him. Den she go out.

"I turn to Gilber' an' look straight at heem an' I says:

" 'Gilber', tell me true, ees dis chile all right?'

"An' he says, an' he leefs up hees han':

" 'I know nothin' of de chile, Jacques, but I fin' her.'

"Jus' den she smile again an' put her lit' han's in my beard an' make a noise with her rosy mout' like a dove coos, an' I think while I hol' her close to my heart, I do not care whose chile she was, she ees mine an' Philomel's now.

"Wall, I start home an' I hol' her close to me an' I laugh an' laugh at what Philomel say w'en she sees her doll. An' eet snows an' snows an' de win' blow an' I jus' let my horse taike hees own way out, eet falls so thick an' fas'. An' den, at las', I sees a great light, an' de open door an' Philomel an' de boys stan' dere an' wait an' look. An' eets her voice I hear first, always Philomel's voice first.

"I get out of de sledge an' de boys taike out de things an' I come in slow wid dat chile under my coat. An' Philomel's eyes fin' mine an' she says:

" 'Oh, Jacques, I almost fear to-night you have been los',' an' den, with a lit' laugh almost a sob, 'an' my lit' doll.'

"An' then I laugh an' laugh, an' my boys, my beeg boys, stan' roun' an' dey laugh, too, an' not know w'y. But I wait until they have bring in all de things an' put dem on de table an' den I lay my doll right in among de flour, de molas', de sugaire. An' Philomel watch me. Dat woman know. How she know I nevaire can tell, but she always know. An' de first thing she take up dat doll. I see de lit' feet commence to keeck an' Philomel's eyes grow all so bright. She taike off de lit' hood an' den cries out:

" 'My doll, my doll, my chile, my chile!'

"An' de boys stan' aroun' her an' ben' ovaire dat babe an' I kneel at her side an' wid de look in her face I know how de shepherds felt w'en de star led dem to de stable an' dey fell at de feet of Mary an' worship de Chile."

A DELUSION

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I KNOW he never loved me; that
He scarcely saw at all
The soul that wears my body's garb,
And is both lord and thrall.

Yet through my day there runs a song,
Sweet, sweet, though but a lie,
There is no use in dreaming? Well—
Who then should dream but I?

I know he never loved me, yet
Each day I dream anew;
Might not a parched and thirsty field
Pretend that there was dew?

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

CHRISTMASES WITH DICKENS

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

WHEN the mighty Spirit of Christmas descends to the earth he carries tucked under his vast wing the spirit of Charles Dickens—that bright and great and cheery spirit who made Christmas twice the merry feast it is. No one will deny that a certain warmth glows in the heart at Christmas time—a delightful feeling of affection towards all humanity, of brotherly love, of human interest in the very poorest brother of them all; there is, in fact, a feeling of light-heartedness abroad, a royal, a generous feeling as though we would snap a merry finger at all the year behind and that to come, and care not a jot what it brought us one way or the other.

It is good and wholesome and wise to spend an old-time Christmas with Dickens if only to make us forget the modern mercenary spirit which has crept into the grand old feast. And how many sorts of Christmases you can spend with him!

Walk right up, my masters, and take your choice.

Will you have it with surly old Gabriel Grub in the churchyard under the light of that very young moon who was more than half afraid to shed a ray of her pale light on anything so un-Christmas-like as an unfinished grave? Sour enough was old Gabriel as he sat on a flat tomb stone and made a joke of a coffin as a Christmas box as he drank deep from his wicker bottle. But Gabriel was not "watching out" so the "Gobbiluns" got him. You remember him, that terrible little Goblin that suddenly popped up from somewhere, with the long legs and the short body and the inquisitive nose that smelt out Gabriel's bottle and wanted to know what was inside it. But what of it when the Goblin with a fearful laugh which made old Gabriel's last few hairs stand up straight upon his head and set his old teeth chattering in their sockets, ordered Gabriel to be held by the throat by a smaller goblin while another—small, but vicious—poured down the old sexton's throat such a draught of flame-like liquid as made him gasp again as he wiped the tears from his eyes!

A Christmas draught that to make the Devil himself chuckle.

THE MOVING PICTURES

"AND now," quoth the Goblin, "show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouse."

Then began a series of such moving pictures as you or I, friend, may see any Christmas Eve we care to go—purse in hand and compassion in the heart—to look for wherever men meet in crowded city ways, in every land upon this earth, whether a hot Christmas sun beats upon man and beast, or the fog enwraps them, or the frost and snow crackle under their feet on some fine and sparkling Christmas morning. The little children crowding about the mother in the poor home waiting for father to come to the lean feast. Not much Christmas cheer, here, to be sure, but such love and joy and merriment as the bright laughter and noisy chatter of children whose great feast it is. Some toys were there, you may be sure, if only the smeared-face doll or woolly sheep that cost at most a copper.

This—and sadder pictures of death and sorrow, and brighter ones of calm contentment and cheerful lives of labor Gabriel Grub saw, as the Goblin waved the fairy clouds before his face—old Gabriel who had come, cross and surly and hating Christmas, and boxing the ears of small boys who whistled Christmas carols—to finish the unmade grave upon one Christmas night. And he saw himself and men like him—people who cry out upon Christmas, upon Christmas living and Christmas joy, who snarl at the light-heartedness of the Cratchits as they pick the bones of the Christmas goose, or the Fezziwigs as they dance—(you remember how old Fezziwigs' calves winked again as he footed it up and down and round about with Mrs. Fezziwigs)—who growl like Old Scrooge at every hearty "Merry Christmas". And when, lying flat on his tombstone, old Grub awoke on Christmas morning, he was, I can tell you, a different man, and if you wake up on that morning half as happy as Gabriel Grub, as contented, wise and

THE LITTLE GOBLIN POPPED UP, SMELT OUT GABRIEL GRUB'S FLAT BOTTLE AND WANTED TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT

cheerful as he afterwards became, it might be a good thing after all if the "Gobbiluns cotched yeh."

OTHER CHRISTMAS PLACES

OF COURSE, you might prefer to spend Christmas—if you are young enough and lucky enough—at Grand Papa's or Grand Mama's, in which case this history will have little to tell you of joy and happy merriment that you won't know all about before—how

Grand Papa of that Dickens dinner long ago insisted on walking all the way to market to choose the Turkey himself and had it carried home behind him in triumph by a porter; how Grand Mama was so very secret and mysterious two or three days before Christmas—as well she might be, and is to-day with all those lovely things up her sleeve, so to speak. And you will go down to the kitchen with Uncle George (who takes off his coat to do it) to stir the pudding, and you will play blind-man's buff with him in the evening and go to church next morning in state with Grand Papa and Grand Mama and Uncle George and the Poor Relation and all the children and will hear them sing the "Adeste" and will pipe in to help, too.

And what a dinner that will be! Was there ever a turkey so white and firm and plump as to breast, my dear, or pudding so round and speckled, or mince pies so rich and juicy, or oranges so large or nuts so full of flavour———

A Merry Christmas surely!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

THERE was that Christmas we spent with Pip and Joe Gargery and Mrs. Joe and Uncle Pumblechook. Mr. Wopsle, the town clerk, was there too—you remember him by his Roman nose and large shining forehead, and the deep bass voice with which he said grace? What was it we had for dinner? Oh, a leg of pickled pork and greens and a pair of roast stuffed fowls, to be sure, followed by as handsome a mince pie as ever you saw and topped off by Uncle Pumblechook's sherry wine—the merest ghost of a glass. And all the time you were thinking of the convict out on the marshes—lame and hoarse and cold—gobbling all at once the mince meat and bread and cheese and pork pie that Pip had stolen for him—and as you look, the mists upon the marshes thicken and he flits like a ghost into the heart of them.

CHRISTMAS IN DINGLEY DELL

BUT there are no ghosts at jovial Mr. Wardle's where they bred "lovely pork" and warmed the immortal Pickwick with cherry brandy, most comforting of tipples. You go down to Dingley Dell on the Muggleton Coach—outside of course, and well wrapped up in great coat, shawl and comforter, and "vith" Mr. Samivel Veller up behind and that contrary codfish for somebody's Christmas dinner, got somehow, head and tail in the middle, into the boot by the combined struggles of Mr. Weller and the Guard. Off you go on that Christmas journey, rumbling out of London and down over the hard and frosty roads through the little towns and villages to where Mr. Wardle—along with the fat boy—is waiting for them at the Blue Lion.

What a time Mr. Pickwick had that Christmas Eve playing solemn rubbers with the old lady, Mrs. Wardle's mother, and sipping hot elder wine with brandy and spice, and afterwards when the ladies had gone to bed. And what a morning after, when everybody—the old lady at the head—was up betimes, the maid servants in new pink muslin gowns, and the old lady in stiff brocade all ready for the Christmas wedding and the festivities after it. That *was* a Christmas! and a Christmas dinner and a Christmas ball after it, where the fiddlers sat in a bower of holly and evergreen, and Mr. Pickwick in speckled silk stockings and neat pumps danced with the old lady—hands across—down the middle—and back again until they all adjourned to the big farm kitchen to join in the Christmas games which Mr. Pickwick led by kissing the old lady under the mistletoe, and Mr. Winkle followed by kissing, not without much scratching and struggling, the young lady with the black eyes, and which merry old Mr. Wardle himself ended with a stave of a Christmas carol:—

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold,
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall,
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS

THERE are no merry old ladies sitting down to dinner upon a Christmas Eve in the quaint hostel of good Master Watts who, as many centuries ago as would make you wink again for thinking how far back they are, founded this Charity for "Six poor Travellers, who not being Rogues or Proctors may receive gratis for one Night, Lodging, Entertainment and Fourpence each."

Inside, the Travellers sit by the fire and "cook what bits of supper they buy with their fourpences," but on the night when we look in—this very Christmas Eve, it is, it happens that a Christmas traveller who has no need of Master Watt's fourpence is here to spread a feast for such poor wayfarers as find themselves homeless on this night. And what a supper it is, with "a temperate glass of hot wassail" to follow! From the adjacent inn comes the turkey—the biggest that money can buy—and cooked to a turn and, racing after as though to overtake him, a noble Baron of Beef—a very Sir Lion of the spit, bursting with gravy, more of which accompanies him—like a page—in a tureen, which is accompanied in its turn by a mound of plates and "the female carrying sauces" and the man with the tray on his head containing the vegetables and sundries, each and every brought up by the volunteer hostler from the hotel, grinning and "rendering no assistance."

The Six Poor Travellers with the Seventh—who was also host—did full justice, you may depend on it, to the noble feast and told stories later when they gathered round the fire with the nuts and wassail and listened to the wind outside and drank again to Christmas—"Christmas Eve, when the shepherds, who were Poor Travellers too, in their way, heard the Angels sing, 'On earth peace. Goodwill towards men!'"

GRAND-PAPA INSISTED ON WALKING ALL THE WAY TO MARKET TO CHOOSE THE TURKEY HIMSELF AND HAD IT CARRIED HOME IN TRIUMPH BY A PORTER

Nor did they break up till the cathedral bell struck twelve—and then, near the old gates of the city the Seventh Poor Traveller—the master of the feast, who lodged at the inn, paused to listen to the waits and hear the blue-nosed clarionet pipe, tremblingly enough, God knows—

> "God bless you, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay——"

before he, with his fellows, was led away to make merry himself beside the roaring inn fire.

It is not so far to the Holly Tree Inn but that upon another Christmas night we spend an hour with the lonely traveller who is shut up in the dismal bedroom with the grim four-poster and the high-shouldered spindle-waisted furniture. We were snowed up that night, you remember, and though the waiter poked the thin fire vigorously and brought us an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle and an old song book, we fell to listening to the growl of the wind, and thinking of all the Inns we had ever known and all the lonely Christmases poor travellers like ourselves had spent in them, until, growing more lonely than ever, and fearful of the wind which had fallen to whispering and muttering, we called up the boots and, asking him to take a chair, which he did, and some refreshment in a liquid form—which he did—resolved to make a night of it.

Which we did.

THE SINGING OF THE CRICKET

BUT what is this which drowns the growl of the wind, and calls us from the Holly Tree Inn and the boots asleep across the fender, and downs the song of the kettle who is fast going boiling mad, and makes little Mrs. Peerybingle put a candle in the window pane that John may find his way home—what but the Song of the Cricket on the Hearth—chirrup, chirrup, chirrup! Not that the kettle is beaten, for with a burst of steam he boils over just as John, shaking the snow from his comforter, stamps his shoes upon the floor to rid them of the clinging snow, and snatches little Mrs. Peerybingle, baby and all, to his mighty breast, while Boxer, the dog, elicits dismal shrieks from the handmaiden, Miss Tillie Slowboy, in the corner as he whirls and barks about everybody all at once.

A Merry Christmas this, if you like, with the Cricket singing in his chimney crack, for whatsoever shadows darkened the hearth are all swept away, and Christmas peace and joy have descended on the little home and John and little Mrs. Peerybingle and the baby. And in the dance that finished up the Christmas feast, Tilly Slowboy dives among the merry couples under the impression that this is the very height and breadth and grace of dancing—the "only principle of footing it," so to speak, and all the while the Kettle races with the Cricket to see who will be the first to sing "A Merry Christmas."

OTHER CHRISTMASES

BUT before we come to the grandest Christmas of them all, there are other Dickens Christmases which may not be forgotten. There was the Christmas night you sped with the Spirit to that bleak and desert moor where, in a little cottage with, God knows, a meagre feast enough spread upon its bare board, there sat a cheerful company of those who labor in the bowels of the earth. An old, old man and woman, you remember, with their children and their children's children all gathered to do honor to the feast of the child who on such another night was laid shivering in the manger. And the old man's quavering voice was lifted in a Christmas song, and the fresh young voices of the children joined him in the chorus and drowned those other bleaker voices of the wind and rain that sang out there in the dark upon the moors.

And with the Spirit, too, we drifted out to sea, and on the lonely ship that plowed through the black and heavy waters, we stood beside the helmsman for a moment and heard him hum a Christmas tune and saw in the hearts of his fellows the kinder thoughts the great feast wakes in every breast.

And in the lighthouse upon the "dismal reef of sunken rocks," he heard the men that watch the light bid each other a Merry Christmas as they joined hands across their Christmas grog, and heard one sing a sturdy song that drowned the voice of the gale as it drove by outside.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CRATCHITS

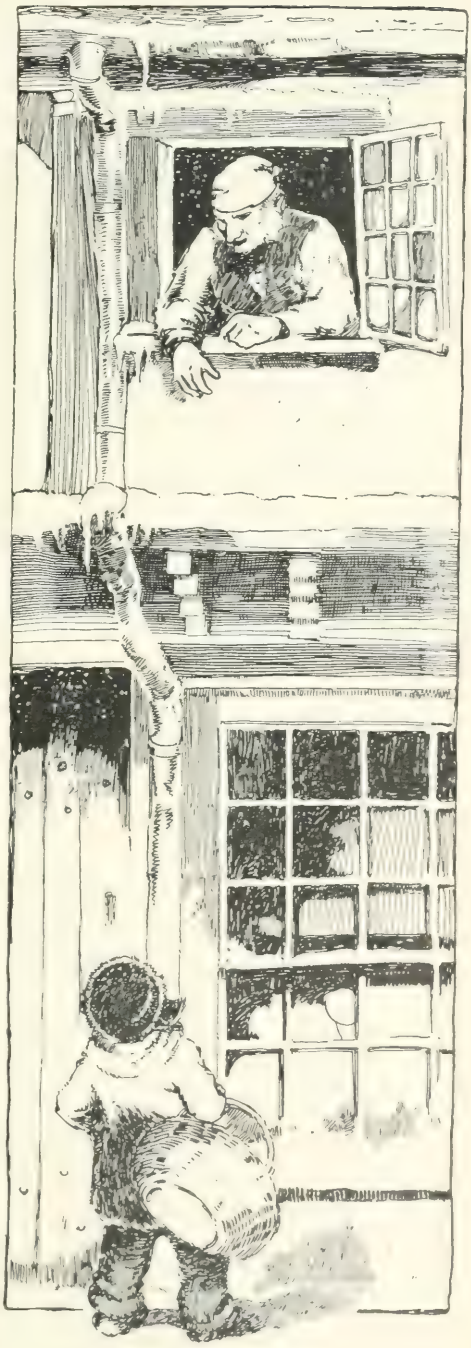
BUT of all the Christmases that was the most glorious! You could cut the London fog with a knife it was so thick, you remember, that Christmas Eve that Bob Cratchit "with the long

ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind man's buff."

A cold and bitter night. The very doorways were filled with fog which stole in like a thief whenever a door opened and hung its pall in halls and on staircases and into the very room where the children made merry until it was shamed out of countenance by the glowing face of the fire that roared its way up the chimney. But how different on Christmas morning when Old Scrooge after his night with the Spirits, put his head out of window and bade the first boy he saw off to the poulterer's to buy the big prize turkey—not the little prize one, remember, and take it with all despatch to Bob Cratchit's at Camden Town. I do not for a moment think that the little Cratchits enjoyed the prize turkey half as much as they did the goose the night before when Scrooge and ourselves joined them at their Christmas dinner.

That was a dinner! Mrs. Cratchit, brave in ribbons; Miss Belinda Cratchit also brave in ribbons; Master Peter Cratchit minding the potatoes in a collar of such monstrous proportions that its only way out of its Brobdinagian dilemma was an effort to poke its corners into Master Cratchit's mouth. And the little Cratchits who stood outside the baker's to smell the goose and knew it out of dozens for their own; and the table laid by Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Miss Belinda, and the young Cratchits in intervals of smelling the goose, dancing round the table and watching Master Peter Cratchit in all the glory of his collar, prodding the potatoes to see if they were done.

And in comes Father in his white comforter and thin jacket with Tiny Tim—ah, Tiny Tim!—high upon his shoulder, and the little crutch carried tenderly and the message in the childish heart that he had heard at church of One who made "lame beggars walk and blind men to see," and who would be



SCROOGE BADE THE FIRST BOY HE SAW BE OFF

kind to little crippled Tim upon this Christmas Day.

That was a bustle before we all sat

down and little Tim sat beside his father in a tiny corner of the table. The goose! Mrs. Cratchit's heart was in her mouth at the thought that it might not be done. And what a turn it gave the young Cratchits who "crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped." And what a big goose it was, to be sure! Enough for everybody and one small bone left over, and the young Cratchits steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrow.

Not that they hadn't room for pudding when Mrs. Cratchit, proud but smiling, entered with that speckled beauty blazing in blue flame and brave in Christmas holly. My eye! how Master Peter got the corners of his collar out of his mouth and the little Cratchits ate till their faces shone again and everybody said what a pudding it was but "nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family; any Cratchit would have blushed to think of such a thing."

And there lies the gist of the whole matter—the full beauty of that rapturous Christmas dinner—the glory of all Christmas giving—not the gift or the size of it, but the exquisite happiness of it, the sense of noble gratitude for it—the decency that would not permit the littlest and hungriest Cratchit of them all to allow that they had not enough and some over, and were deeply thankful for it all.

That is the true meaning of the Spirit of Christmas.

And if these Christmas journeyings with the Spirit of Charles Dickens, he who left so much of Christmas joy upon this earth, have wakened in us some touch of kindly feeling, those will not be idle words or that an idle wish when we turn to one another on that immortal morning with "A Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS ROUNDEL

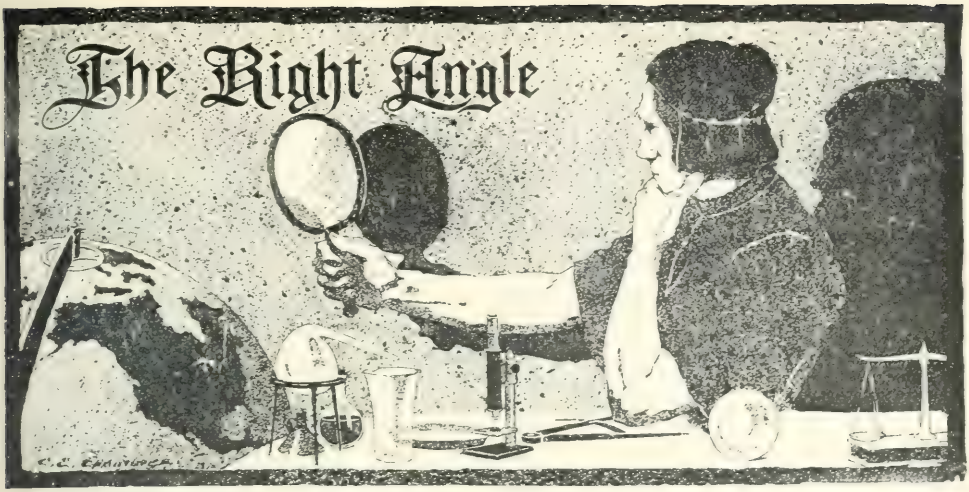
BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

CHRISTMAS glows in the street,
Everyone wears the holly;
Everyone's laughing and jolly—
Ah, there's a lilt in their feet!

Minna is thinking of Pete,
Patrick is wishing for Molly;
Christmas glows in the street,
Everyone wears the holly.

So I have wished we could meet,
Here, 'twixt a clown and a dolly,
Laughing in babyland folly;
So I have wished you luck, Sweet.

Christmas glows in the street;
Everyone wears the holly!



FROM A "BLOODED BANKER"

FREDERICK William Wallace, whose "Farmers of the Sea" appears in this issue, is a good sailorman as well as handy with a pen, and his picture of the fisherman's life is gathered at first hand. "The subject is a fascinating one," he says in a recent letter, "while the fishermen themselves are the finest fellows I ever was shipmate with. They are fearless, good-hearted, and most intelligent; while the way they treat such dangers as fog and heavy seas while out in the dories is positively funny. I was out with them this summer on a twenty-one day trip, and turned to with the gang, rigging gear, hooking up, baiting, and also hauling trawls out in the dories, besides the rather sloppy job of cleaning and pitching fish. Being an old hand at sailoring, I had a fine opportunity to appreciate their seamanship, as I turned out many a time to furl sail, make sail and relieve the wheel. It is like a tonic to a lover of the sea to get out on a bowsprit on a pitch dark night to muzzle a balloon jib. The schooner driving her bows down into the sea; the big sail banging and flapping, the spray slashing your oilskins, and all hands laughing, shouting and cursing on the foot-ropes while they tie the sail up, give you a rare thrill.

"Our skipper was a driver in every sense of the word, and coming up the Bay of Fundy on a black night with a stiff breeze, our deep laden vessel was like a half-tide rock—the seas pouring down into the foc's'l like a cataract, and sweeping across the deck. When she came through the tide-rips off the Northwest Ledge, she threw all the gang out of the upper bunks, as well as shipping some seas that filled the sea boots of the man at the wheel—and he was sitting astride of the wheel-box. Nobody worried about it, though it might have disturbed a landsman. 'She's got a little water on deck tonight,' said one of the hands. 'Well, it'll clean her down.'"

The fishermen of the Banks have been little chronicled, except in Kipling's "Captains Courageous." Who that has read it will ever forget Captain Disko Troop of the *We're Here*, or Manuel, the Portugee, or any of the gallant, homely crew who went up at the last to fish in the streets of that roaring sea-town, called "The Virgin"? It is time that their picturesque and hazardous romance were set before us again, and Mr. Wallace, knowing his subject intimately, has done it for us with skill.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

AND many of them! Holly and mistletoe, candy and paper bells—red ones—dolls and drums, Santa Clauses and turkey dinners, sunshine and laughter and new sleds and sleigh-bells jingling by—that's Christmas, holiday alike of children aged from eight to eighty.

"Do you remember," asks Currie Love, "when you were very little and

Santa Claus still your patron saint, what the night before Christmas meant to you? For weeks you had been looking forward to it, wondering what you would ask for, trying to decide between the rival charms of skates and sled, a doll with really truly hair and eyes that would open and shut, or a pink silk dress for parties.

"You used to whisper all your delirious dreams of grandeur to Mother, who tactfully tried to lead your thoughts towards new shoes and warm mittens.

"But not for you these solid joys. Curls and skates, pink silk and sleds were inextricably mingled in your dreams, and at last the night came.

"Down on the floor in front of the grate you sat in your little white nightie with Father's arm thrown protectingly about you lest you should get too close to the dancing flames. And then you began:

"Dear Santa:—I've been most awful good, truly I have. I've done every thing — well, 'most every thing — Mother told me, and please I want a new red sled with silver runners, a big fairy-tale book, a doll with really truly hair and eyes that open and shut, a pair of hockey skates *an'* boots, a pink silk dress an' a pink hair-ribbon an' oranges an' candy an' nuts—an'," you concluded in an outburst of wanting, '*anything else you like to bring me, Santa.*'

"Then you knelt to say your prayers at Mother's knee and afterwards you begged to sleep in her bed, and last of all you hung up, not your own stocking, "'cause it's too small and don't hold enough' but one of Mother's because you knew candy and oranges and nuts could be crammed into that. And then you went to bed. But not to sleep. Oh, dear, no! You intended to stay awake to watch for Santa, and your eyes were big and wide with excitement. You cuddled down under the clothes, quite sure that you'd never go to sleep again in the world. Every time a sleigh-bell tinkled or a horse's hoof beat you thought it was Santa with his reindeer. When suddenly a noise awoke you, and you were sitting up straight in bed, peering into the darkness. The little, muffled noise came again. 'Santa!' you exclaimed, and one tiny bare foot came out from under the clothes. You hesitated. Mother was apparently sound asleep. A terrible thought struck you. Suppose it should not be Santa but a 'burg-you-lar'. My goodness! Just suppose it should be!

"But your head went up with a little toss. You didn't care if it was. You weren't going to let any old burg-you-lar steal all your Christmas presents. And the other little bare foot swung towards the floor.

"You slid gently out of bed and started towards the door when bang! You'd knocked something over. An anxious voice came from the bed, 'What's that!'

"And you replied, tremblingly: 'It—it's me. I thought I heard Santa.'

"Mother politely stifled a laugh, but you could hear that her voice was smily as she said: 'Come back to bed, dear. It's just about two o'clock and you can't get up until seven, you know.'

"Very much ashamed of yourself, you crawled back between the warm covers, and Mother took you in her arms and you exchanged confidences about Santa and Christmas presents until you fell asleep again, to dream of reindeer and sleighbells and dolls with pink hair and really truly eyes, until at last —it was Christmas morning."

THE LEAPING FLAME

A HOUSE without a fireplace is like an egg without salt, a rose without scent, a gown without a pretty woman to wear it. What Adam and Eve did without a fire—for presumably fire was not introduced into Eden until after the fall, when the angel with the flaming sword kindled the first spark —it is a puzzle to determine. I, for one, should not care to inhabit the veriest paradise unless it had a hearth in it.

When you were a small boy, do you remember the grate-fire in the library —sparks-and-blaze you called it—and the long winter evenings when you were first allowed to sit up until nine o'clock with the grown folks? Mother had her low rocker on one side, where she sat knitting with fingers that twinkled

as they plied the bright needles, and father in his morris chair flanked the other side, reading the evening paper, while you curled up on the ottoman beside the fascinating shiny poker and shovel, and saw knights and ladies and the Land of Heart's Desire in the blaze. A modern gas-log has nothing like that to offer—nobody, even with the imagination of Baron Munchausen and the magic lamp of Aladdin, could see anything in a gas-log but a bare-faced attempt at deception.

And then when the fire was dying, and the merry blaze flickered and died down, and the deep, pinkish-orange coals glowed and faded as the wind whistled in the chimney mysteriously, what magical colors lay in the heart of the fire. Fairy palaces were the least of the wonders there, and you would not have been surprised to see a salamander or a phoenix basking among the ashes.

Slowly, however, the coals darkened, dropped softly apart and vanished, and father, rising, put away his paper and assumed the poker to extinguish the last red eyes. This is the time when school lets out for the fire-children, and the sparks vanishing swiftly up the dark cavern of the chimney are the eager scholars. There goes the last one—no, another yet—one more who must have been kept after school—and then at last comes the schoolmaster, the last spark, who vanishes somewhat more slowly as befits a dominie.

Sparks-and-blaze is out, and it is bedtime

IT GETS LATE EARLY

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

ONE lonesome bee lags to the hive,
On stiffened and rheumatic wings,
The frost-bit cricket, half-alive,
Creaks out the swan-song that he sings,
The wind-tossed withered blade and husk,
Where one lorn cornstalk feebly sways,
Are crackling dirges in the dusk—
It gets late early nowadays.

The cat is whining at the door,
The dog will whimper, too, ere long;
An undertone of winter's roar
Comes in the breeze's treetop song;
Bare boughs are lifting here and there,
The afternoon dies in a haze,
A subtle warning thrills the air—
It gets late early nowadays.

SOME OF THAT

A MAN whose uncertain career had confined his knowledge of things to eat to such standards as ham and eggs found himself in strange company who ordered learnedly from an extensive bill of fare. It combined a wine list and so many classified dishes as to constitute a fair-sized book whose pages he pawed aimlessly and in dismay. The waiter needed only his order to go to the kitchen and was standing at one side deferentially, slip and pencil in hand.

The delay was noticeable and irritating to the unskilled diner, and finally he made a stab blindly in the middle of a page with a finger.

'Give me some of that," he said.

The waiter looked over his shoulder and remarked:

"That's mayonnaise dressing."

"I know it. I can read."

"But (apologetically) what will you have it on, sir?"

"On a plate, you bonehead. Do you feed your customers in troughs here?"

HOMEMADE PRESCRIPTIONS

A DRUGGIST in Toronto received penciled notes asking him to send some "cloderine of pottige," some "eppiac" and an ounce of "anatomy."

Another claims to have received this illuminative note:

Mr. drugs i Want you Send some best tabes you got for cold and pane head Each i Want something to brake up the cold and all the pines foer am suffing so Bad i can hardly lay still.

And a third got this order from a customer:

Please giv my Boy ten sents wourth of tinker of suburbs and som good anti sceptic pouder also a qarter bottle of panes salary compound.

THE RASPING SCOTCH

TWO men with thirsts, bred in a long sojourn in dry territory, boarded a limited train and, after disposing themselves comfortably in a stateroom, espied the bell. The colored porter presented himself.

"Ephraim," began one, "bring two long glasses (indicating the height in pantomime) and have one big chunk of ice in each. Bring two drinks of your finest liqueur Scotch and a quart of charged water. Now hurry!"

The porter hawed a bit and said:

"Ah'm ve'y sohy, gemmen. Ah can bring yo de watah an' de ice, but this yah train has got to go mo' dan a hundred miles fo' Ah can git you anything rasping."

WATCHING THE HOLE

AN elderly Irishman who runs a humble bar on the edge of Montreal and who tends it in his stocking feet was surprised in a visit by friends from downtown. The old man was sitting in a chair behind the cigar case, sound asleep and with a club in his hands.

They prodded him and he awoke with a start.

"Oh, it is you byes? I was sittin' here waitin' fer a rat."

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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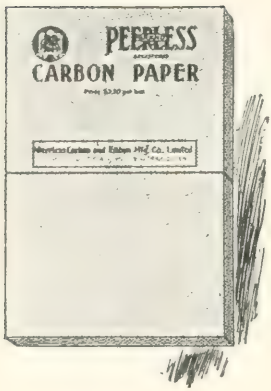

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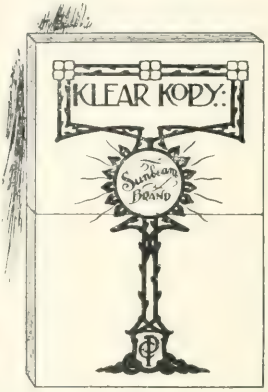

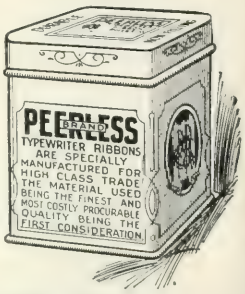

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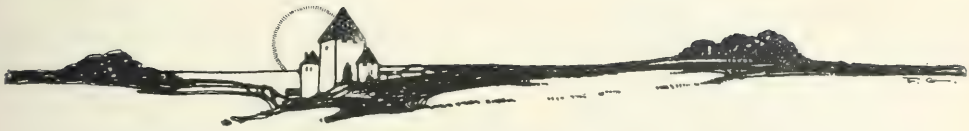


ON AN OLD FRENCH AIR

BY ANDREW LANG

There is an air for which I would disown
  Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies—
A sweet, sad air, that languishes and sighs,
  And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
  Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;
The Thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold,
  A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
  The windows gay with many-colored glass;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,
  That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

PROF. CLIFFORD WILLIS, PROF. JAMES H. PETTIT, MR. HOWARD WHITNEY, MR. SEAGER WHEELER, WINNER OF THE $1,000 PRIZE FOR WORLD'S BEST WHEAT, AND MR. SAM McKELVIE

[illegible] MR. SEAGER WHEELER SHOWS HIS 1911 CROP TO THE [illegible] PER BUSHEL, 75 BUSHELS PER ACRE

CANADA MONTHLY

VOL XI. LONDON, JANUARY NO 3

The Yielding of Eleanore

by Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless" etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"I SAW Wardlow to-day," the man began. The servant who had lighted the fire was gone, and they were alone. He leaned over and carefully chose a cigar from the jar upon the table. He had left his hat and coat in the hall; but as the rooms had been aired in their absence, and the evenings had begun to be chilly, his wife kept on her cloak, and now she bent to warm herself at the drawing-room fire.

The glow of the fire brought out her face, throwing into charming relief her profile, touching with a high light her mobile, sensitive mouth and determined chin.

"I told him," the husband continued, after watching her a moment, "that we would want the house this fall."

"Charlotte—Mrs. Gardinor asked me to-day to go with them to Spain, Philip," the wife said, speaking quickly, as though she had not attended to what he had said but suddenly had been reminded of this that she had forgotten. "They are to land at Gibraltar and stay two months in Spain, and then go to Nice, where they have arranged for a villa for the winter."

"Yes; she told me. And you said?" the husband questioned. He cut off the tip of his cigar carefully and started to light it; but without touching the match to it, he dropped it into the ash-tray.

His wife, watching him intently, threw back her cloak and bared her shoulders nervously, glancing at the clock. It was not yet one, although they had dined with the others after the theatre before returning to their apartments.

"What do you say, Philip?" she said at length.

"I have said already that I saw

Wardlow to-day and that I told him I wanted the house this fall," the husband returned.

"Yes, I know, Philip," the wife replied. "But you have told him that every fall for a good many years, haven't you?"

"A good many? Yes; seven." He watched, without triumph, his precise enumeration of her "good many" sting her slightly. "Yes," he repeated, "every fall since we were married—not counting the first, now seven! But this time, I think—whether you go there with me now or not—will be the last, Eleanore!"

"You mean, Philip?" She sprang up. "You mean," she suddenly caught his sleeve and held him, "that if I do not go to the house with you now, you——"

"No, Eleanore! No! Not that!" Philip said quickly. "I don't mean that I would ever think of leaving you, or ask you to leave me—more than you do. I just mean, my wife——" He held her before him, searchingly, examiningly. Her hair, which was very heavy and full, had become a little disarranged, and the hour had taken some of the smartness from her dress. Her shoulders drooped a little and her lips relaxed, letting lines, which she could conceal when she was conscious of them, come out. Her husband lifted his hands and with the tips of his fingers traced those lines, tenderly, tactlessly.

"I only meant," he continued then, "that unless you were ready to go to our house to make it our—home together now, Eleanore, very soon it may be too late for us ever to have it as our—home. That is all!"

He felt his wife loosening herself from him, silently, firmly, angrily. She shook off his fingers and drew herself up before him, beautiful, defiant, with her lips white but her throat and cheeks crimson. So he let her go and stood watching while she turned from him and slipped to the further end of the room and seated herself before the low desk where the telephone stood.

"Mrs. Gardinor—Charlotte," her even voice rose, after she had given the inaudible number, "I am so glad I caught you just as you got in. You wanted me to let you know as soon as possible. I have just spoken with Philip and have decided to go. . . . Yes; that's all. Good-night!"

She came back and stood before her husband.

"Then you sail on Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes; the day after to-morrow."

"Very well," Philip said. He looked away from her toward the clock. "I'm sorry, Eleanore," he added then, as though it were merely for having kept her up. "Good-night," he said, and stood back from her way to her room.

His wife, without looking at him, started past, but after reaching the hallway, she turned back suddenly.

"If this is the last time, Philip, and we are not to speak of this matter again, I think I want you to understand my side of it—at least a little better," she said.

"Oh, that's all right," Philip waived discussion.

"Not for me, Philip," his wife replied quietly. "I know I can't prevent your friends with 'homes' of the sort you like—the Wardlows and the rest—from keeping on criticising me and pitying you when you go back to them now to comfort yourself in their houses and with their—children. But maybe I can let you think of me a little differently. I have been a great disappointment—a shock to you since the very first, when you married me to make your home and you found I wasn't ready; for you, yourself, were so ready then and couldn't then see, or since then, that I couldn't be ready!"

"You couldn't be!"

"At the same moment you were—no; for you were not only ten years older than I—and that was ten times the difference then—but besides that you were a man, and had had a man's chance to take life! Why, when you were sixteen at college you were independent—in a way very different, indeed, from my girl's finishing school. And when I was being called back even from that to come home and take care of my little brothers and sisters after

my dear mother died, you were free of even your college restraint, and already going about and having the world! Oh, I hate people who pity themselves, but —but it is true that my life was made up of measles and whooping-cough and fevers all those years while you were living as you pleased and where you liked—in Paris and London and Germany! You have told me yourself how you had everything you wanted those years—everything—while I could scarcely leave the lawn for a few hours without a promise or a bargain with someone. So when you became sick and tired of your life at hotels and clubs and in other men's places, of course you were ready for a home! But I—Philip —oh, when I had been having little but the burden and complaints of a home ever since I was seventeen—*could* I want another at once?"

The husband raised his head quickly. "Did I not appreciate that, Eleanore?" he asked. "Did I not—as soon after our wedding as possible—take you to Europe—to London and Paris and Vienna and wherever you told me you wished to go?"

"But how patiently and tolerantly you did it, Philip!" the wife cried. "Oh, the patient 'how-soon-will-you-be - ready - to - go - home - with - me - Eleanore' way you took me through all those places you had grown so tired of, but I had been waiting all my life to see! And when your business called you home, and you left me, do you remember how you wrote to me—I can never forget it—in each letter, 'when you are tired of your life over there and are ready for our home'; and 'I have sold the old house and have bought a beautiful country place, not too far from the city, and, as you can see from the enclosed plans, I am building upon it the sort of a home which, I hope, will soon please you'."

"I do not remember," Philip put in, as she caught herself up for a moment, "exactly what I may have written there. But if it was that, what was so wrong in it?"

"Oh, nothing, Philip! Nor in the plans enclosed, either. They were quite fitting—particularly the plans of

HER VOICE ROSE A LITTLE. "I HAVE SPOKEN WITH PHILIP, AND HAVE DECIDED TO GO WITH YOU"

the big, south nursery and sewing-room and beside them four or five other light south and west rooms, not for us and not for guests, but—well, rooms clearly to be finished in chintz and big, flowery papers in pink and blue! And then you wrote, when I proposed that you should come over and be with me, 'I had hoped instead, my dear, that you would return here so that I could give

you the home upon our anniversary.' You wanted me to come and take it, sewing-room, nursery and all, upon the first anniversary I married you, thinking you would free me from 'home' for awhile, and after I had just one year of the life of which you had twelve years before you came to want this home.

"And what can a home of the kind you want mean to you, anyway—what do they demand of a man? A little expense and a little worry at times; but you are ready for it and tired of everything else! For at worst, you need never give more than the profits of a few months of your business to it! You need scarcely miss an afternoon riding or on the golf links. Yet you are so ready to take my whole life for the next ten years and portion it out to your home plan! You have taken your own time, before you thought of this home yourself, yet you treat me as though I were unnatural and strange not to be ready to settle in it at precisely the same moment you were; and you throw me on the defensive. You demand my—surrender to you and want to take me like a prisoner and shut me up in it; and you wonder I can't go with you that way!"

She caught convulsively at the table cover as the blood choked hot in her throat. The husband stepped quickly a little nearer, but as he did so, she gathered herself up again; so he stopped at the edge of the table with his hand clenched against it.

"Eleanore," he said; then, patiently, "my dear, I know how hard it is for you—for any woman who is still young and beautiful and full of life like you—to give up everything for—my home. I know how full and complete your life still seems to you; so time after time I have let you go away to take it and have waited. But this time—I can not let you go away again lest it come to you at last, as it has come to me a hundred times these last years—the emptiness of these rooms and all these things; lest you wake up some night and raise your head from the pillow and listen, half awake, for a stirring or a sound of someone's breathing, and you find your hand feeling out for—someone who won't be there; and it will be too late ever to find—anyone there unless—unless you will give up the other things for—them now, and go now and make the house our 'home' with me!"

But Eleanore, as she faced him, went white again to the lips and, as he finished, had raised her arm before her as though to protect her eyes from a blow.

"Philip," she said tersely to him at last. "You put the house in my name. Mr. Wardlow wished to buy it last year. I shall meet with him in your office and make over the papers to him to-morrow morning, or at any other convenient time before I sail."

She turned from him then, and Philip stood back, stunned and silent, till he heard her close the door of her room.

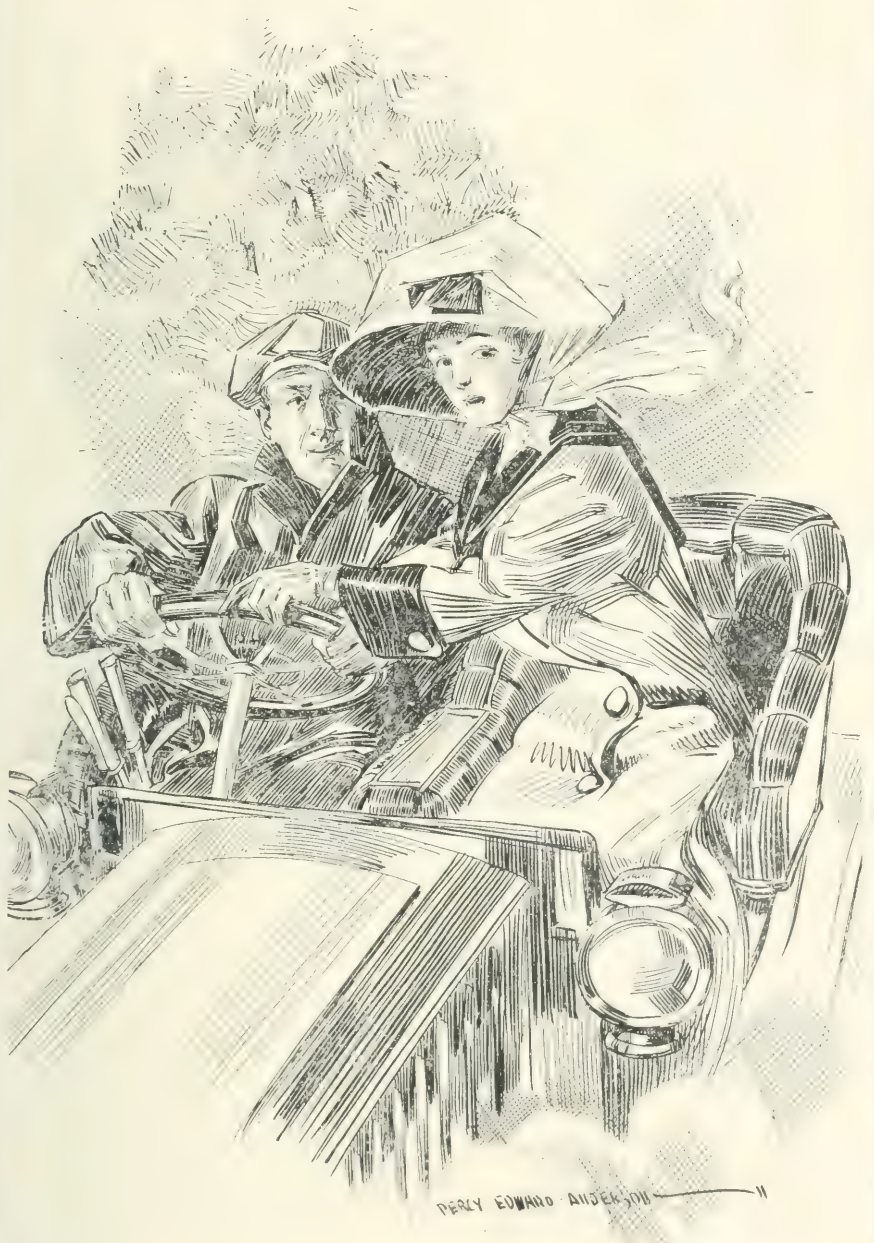
II.

The bright, bronze sun and the clear blue shadows of middle October spotted and stained the road ahead; and, over the yellow, coruscating clouds which the flying motor surprised up from the country road and lured livelily along after it, the copper-colored flashes made a marvellous mesh and medley of the light.

As the car slowed from its short, rapid rush and ran into a clear, sunlit stretch of the road, the man and woman in the front threw themselves far forward and together breathed in the clean, crisp autumn air which tingled their cheeks.

"Um-m-m!" Eleanore exulted in it gloriously. "Again, Philip!" she cried, touching his gloved hand holding the driving wheel. "Again!"

The fuel-feed snapped down, rasping, and the controlling lever shot forward. The engine, gasping just an instant at the catch, coughed back the dust and spurted again triumphantly away from it. The husband and wife straightened, full chested, to the wind as the car flashed under the trees. Overhead the boughs began rustling their leaves, as though trying to deny the fresh crunch and crackle of the brown, fallen leaves and twigs underwheel; but they



"FASTER," SHE CRIED. "YOU SHALL NOT STOP!" SHE CAUGHT HIS HAND, AND THREW HERSELF UPON THE WHEEL, JARRING HIS FOOT FROM THE BRAKE AND SNAPING THE CONETROL FORWARD

succeeded only in showering down more.

Philip glanced quickly and incredulously at his wife when she laughed like a girl as the leaves pelted her face. He raised his hand from the driving wheel, and catching at the next which threatened and dashing them gallantly aside, he laughed recklessly with her and let the car sway and lurch deliriously before he steadied it skillfully again.

She let her hand rest unconsciously upon his arm as she settled back, and he, steering with one hand, continued to strike with the other at the leaves and bits of twigs falling about them. He handed them gravely to her when he caught them, and she took them as seriously and stored them in her lap, and then looked up and laughed at him.

Philip laughed back incredulously. Hours before he had stopped trying to understand her, this day, and had become more than content just to enjoy her. For that day, before she should sail from him again, for the first time he could remember, she had chosen — consciously, deliberately chosen—to be with him and have him with her all the day, alone and unreserved.

The day had come to cap the very highest crest in the golden crown of autumn before the first tarnish or touch of winter. The crops, already cut in the fields about, still lay upon the ground in yellowing shocks and sheaves —not ready, yet, for the sheds; the grapes and pumpkins still waited the frost upon their bare vines; and the cattle and horses in the meadows, though they had deserted their shade for the sun weeks before, had still as many weeks left in that brown sunshine before they would begin to long for their shelters.

The reaped acres of brown stubble were beginning to be all spotted and dotted by crows and blackbirds bound for the south, "like big squares of blueberry cake," Eleanore had cried as the motor shot past them. And once, as the car ran very quietly and a clear "honk, honk" called to them suddenly from straight overhead, she had turned her face eagerly up, and, pointing out the wild geese extended in a great V in the sky, and dared Philip to a race.

She cried to him then to run cautiously as they reached a little village, where the country school was letting out for the afternoon; and with the bright blood brought by the race still tingling her cheeks, she called and nodded to the lines of little girls in new shoes and with bright jackets, who stared back, open-mouthed and unreplying, and then hurriedly waved after her when she had passed. Philip pointed out to her the boys in the field beyond, gathering for a game and "choosing sides". She had made him slow down till she could see the little, padded figures struggling eagerly against each other and running down the field as a boot smacked against the ball and the big, brown oval whirled triumphantly up into the sharp autumn air.

Fifty miles, the indicator showed Philip as he glanced down, they had run since she had foraged his lunch for him from a farmhouse, as he had replaced a tire—fifty miles that afternoon, only more unbelievable than the seventy of the morning's run out.

When she was looking ahead again, Philip turned and watched his wife wonderingly. He had felt sure that morning, when she had planned this day with him alone, that she had done it as a sign to him that the issue between them had been closed the night before. But now he wondered could it not mean that she had reconsidered?

He caught himself up swiftly. Five hundred yards ahead the road branched and held before him, at that precise instant, a test and determination for that. If he were wrong, what harm? But if he were right!

The choice in the road showed sharp and sudden. As he neared the turn, therefore, he shut off the power and slowed gradually: and then, as he knew his wife was watching him, he swung the car deliberately to the opposite edge of the road to take the short turn into the narrow fork.

"What are you doing, Philip?" He felt the change in her as she asked the question.

"I am taking the west road."

"It is almost five o'clock. The other is more direct."

"This is very little longer, Eleanore, and——" He did not finish. He had made the turn and straightened his front wheels again. The car moved directly into the rays of the western sun. Eleanore raised her hand and shaded off the glare.

"You have been on this road before, Eleanore?" Philip tried to ask unsignificantly.

"I did not believe you would do this, Philip," she returned quietly.

"Then you know that this is the way to the house?"

"I did not believe that you would do this to-day, Philip," she repeated. "I thought—I believed, after last night, that if I tried very hard to show you to-day, you—you would understand."

"What do you mean, Eleanore?" He neglected his steering.

"Be careful, Philip!" She touched the wheel and steadied the course herself. "I meant that—after I planned this, I believed—I believed even a moment ago, that I could have made you understand, but now—but now——"

"And I believed, Eleanore," he leaned forward and adjusted a valve unnecessarily, "a moment ago that perhaps you meant you could stay now with me. I let Wardlow know that you would sell him the house, but I believed, after the way you seemed to-day, that if I could show you the house as it is this afternoon, you would tell him now that you would not sell it!"

"You thought that, Philip?"

"Yes, Eleanore!"

"Then you will turn back now, please."

"No!" Philip straightened himself in his seat. "There is no place to turn till we pass the house and besides, even if you sell it to-morrow, at least you shall see it to-day!"

He shot the car rapidly forward and up a little incline and clear of the trees.

"There it is, Eleanore!"

"Philip!" she cried, as she saw the house upon the rise of the hill. "You are not going to stop, Philip!"

The car, mounting the little incline from which the lawn ran back, was dashing forward to where the walk met the road, and Philip slowed his engine.

"You are not going to stop!" Eleanore commanded madly.

"I shall slow," he answered tensely, "for the children!"

"The children!"

"Wardlow's, of course." He felt she was incapable of hearing. "Playing there at the edge of the road!"

"Faster! You shall not stop!" She caught his hand, and threw herself upon the wheel, jarring his foot from the brake and snapping the control forward.

"Eleanore!" he cried, sucking in his breath terrifiedly, as she blocked him, helpless for the instant. "The children!"

"The children!" Her eyes flashed forward then, and—she saw them.

They were playing at the edge of the road under the big trees which bounded the way close on both sides. The boys and the little girl nearest had noticed the car and were watching it; but a very little girl, playing with a big dog beyond the rest, had not seen. As the motor sprang forward from the released brake and regained its full speed the big dog pawed suddenly and the child, laughing, ran into the road and stopped directly before the charging car.

Some one, with a shout, sprang for her too late as Philip fumbled, white and helpless, for his brake. But Eleanore's brain responded in time. She hurled herself violently, irresistibly, upon the driving wheel and twisting it about, she swung the car at full speed and crashed it straight into a tree.

The gardener helped Philip up, as Wardlow and the butler bore Eleanore into her house and took her to the first room ready and laid her upon the bed.

III.

"Philip—the children! I can see them this morning? I am so much stronger and quieter and better! You have said so yourself, besides the doctor!"

She was holding one of his hands

between both her own as his other played softly with her dark, heavy hair, and smoothed it back from her forehead. He brought that hand down and held it as though to protect the big, bright, restless eyes from the late morning light which streaked in through the drawn curtains and struck just beyond her pillow. But he knew it was to protect himself, as he answered, from the search of those big, dilated pupils.

"Not yet, Eleanore, dear!" he answered. "It is not best yet."

"Why not, Philip?" She shook his hand from her eyes, but let him lay her back quietly again. "I am almost—almost myself this morning; so can I not see them, even for a minute?"

The husband shook his head, and had to look away.

"Why?" she cried suddenly. "Tell me," she caught him, "is it because the children are not here, Philip?"

"Oh, dearest, no!"

"Then tell me,"—the big eyes, stilled from that alarm, travelled from the ceiling along the wall to the door—"it is not because—— Tell me, Philip; you have been very patient with me, my husband," she tried to press the strong fingers which held hers now, "but I have been very sick and for a long time, and so have not——"

"I know, dearest!"

"So it is not strange when one dreams and imagines things always so—that I am afraid of such strange things!"

"No, my dear, no!" Philip controlled the quivering of his throat.

"Then," the big eyes searched about the room again. She raised her head and listened for an instant to the faint fragments of sound from the rest of the house, and lay back with a reassuring smile. "Then—I knew the children were there, of course, Philip," she continued. "You told me, but besides I could hear them! You tried to make them quiet, but—oh, I tried to tell you, when I heard them, that I didn't want them kept away or even quiet. I thought, if you wouldn't let them come in, at least you could let them make lots of noise, so that I could hear them and know they were there. But you wouldn't!

"Still, I could hear them. And besides—come closer, Philip—do you know where I went," she pinched his cheeks teasingly, as she caught him closer, "that night I was so sick, but I got away from you all for a moment and you never found me till I came back to bed? No? Well, it was all your fault, keeping them so quiet that—that I was afraid they mightn't be there after all! So I went to see! I found them, of course, just where I knew they always were. So I kissed them all very softly and came back to you so happy—so happy! You could see I was happy, couldn't you, Philip?"

"My dear!" The husband stroked her cheek helplessly.

"So I suppose," she argued on with herself, "this now is just like that. But Philip—please don't laugh at me when I ask you——"

"I won't—laugh, Eleanore."

"For since I have been this queer, quiet way," she lifted her hand and touched his cheek again, "this queer-feeling way you and the doctor call better, I have become so—so strange and afraid that the—the children," she turned her face and hid it from him, "that even the children whom I *know* are here in these rooms beside mine, whom you have told me are here and whom I have heard every day and even seen and kissed myself, as I told you, still are not—are not—*mine*—are not ours, Philip, yours and—and mine."

She closed her eyes then and held her head very quiet upon the pillow. The husband bent and pressed his lips against her hand. But she moved suddenly and, touching his cheek, found it wet.

"Oh, forgive me, dear," she startled herself up then. "I wouldn't have told that, if I knew it would hurt you. I thought you might only laugh. I forgot how—how unnatural it must sound. But, Philip, it was only because I have been so very sick and confused and—and can't remember. That was all!"

"My dearest, of course!" He caught

"I HAVE BEEN AFRAID." SHE TURNED HER FACE AND HID IT FROM HIM, "THAT EVEN THE CHILDREN I KNOW ARE HERE STILL ARE NOT — —MINE"

her again. "You are just confused and —and can't remember!"

"Yes! For this is my own room—mine, isn't it, Philip?"

"Dearest, yes; this is your—own—room."

"For yours is right there beside—has always been there with the door open

so I can see you and hear you when you are getting up. And the children have always been there in their rooms on this side between the nursery and the sewing room. Of course!" She explained on when he did not answer. "But still, Philip, I feel so strange, somehow, and—and so uncertain now, and unbelieving about them—everything—this morning, Philip! So let me see them, please dear! Bring them to me now and let me see them or I must—I must——"

She sank back as suddenly as she had struggled up, and Philip, putting her down, crossed the room quickly to the stand where he caught up a glass of water and her medicine. But as he turned again, he knew that her nervous strength had flushed back to her as quickly as it had fainted. She had risen and reached the door to the room between hers and the nursery, whence she had heard the sound of the children.

"Eleanore! Eleanore!" he cried, as he sprang for her. But she was through it and had reached the door on the other side of that room and had the nursery door open before he caught her.

She let him pick her up and carry her unresisting then back to her bed. He put her down carefully and covered her up, replacing his arms about her as he knelt beside her.

"Eleanore!" The tears ran then, unashamed and unconcealed, down his cheeks. "Oh, my wife!"

For many, many minutes, it seemed, neither could think. And then he raised his face to her and tried to speak, but, as she felt his movement, she opened her eyes and looked at him through unwet lashes and touched his head.

"I remember now, Philip," she spared him. "I—I remember all."

"We—I thought, at first, after you were hurt and began to ask for them, that you meant the—the ones we almost hurt, dear." He pressed her. "And then you began speaking of them as—as ours, and telling me how you—you had loved and wanted them, so we—I couldn't tell you," he stammered.

"I remember, and I know now—all, Philip," she repeated, gently,—"all now. They—the children are here! They are just not—not mine, that is all! They are just not mine! And I tried to make them mine—mine, for I always thought they would be and I—I loved and I wanted them—oh, I wanted them so!"

"Oh, my dearest, I know now!" The husband held her with his breast beating as though it must burst. "Oh, my wife, I know all now! But, my dear one, till this I did not, and you never told me! Oh, why did I not know and you never tell me till—till this made you?"

"Oh, a thousand times I tried to, Philip!" she cried. "But I—I could not! For you thought—for every man thinks, I suppose," she spared him in her agony, "who marries a woman like me, that it is the other things she won't give up for the children, when it is just—oh, just this between them, dearest, and he can't see it and she can't tell him till, perhaps, it is too late!"

Philip's breath caught with a sob.

"Oh, of course I wanted, Philip, as nearly every woman married like me must want—the other things for awhile. But then she must want the children; but you—you can't let her. You make it so hard—so—so impossible!"

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't!" the husband tried to stop her.

"I must—and now, Philip!" she fought on. "For I tried to tell you only last night—oh, that night, whenever it was, how hard you were making it for me. For, just because you wanted the home and them before I could, you took it all to yourself so and put me out against you! You would never, never let me go to the home except after open capitulation to you. So even after I came to want the home and—and the children, to want them in a way you could never, never have known, Philip, still you kept it so that I could not have them except in surrender to you.

"You built this house high on the hill—the house upon the hill which could not be hid—as the sign to the world of your wish for your home; and you would never, never let me come to it of my own will, but you required to

take me to it as a captive—in capitulation to you, I said, before the Wardlows and all the world! And you could not see that—though it tore the soul from me—I could not go that way. And I couldn't tell you plainer than I did.

"Why, Philip," the quick words tore on, "the last time I was away—in Japan, in May it was—on the day there of the festival for the children, and above every house where they have sons they fly the big, bright carp kites, and all the children are so merry and happy and the—the mothers so honored and so smiling and proud. Why, that day I sat down, Philip, and wrote out all my heart to you. I wrote it all to you, through tears, in a letter which I sealed without daring to read. But before I could mail it, another letter reached me from you, demanding, every word and every line, as always, my surrender—my surrender to you. And I—I tore up the letter and wrote you, instead, of—of a reception upon a yacht at Kobe!"

"I remember! I never knew!" The husband hid his face.

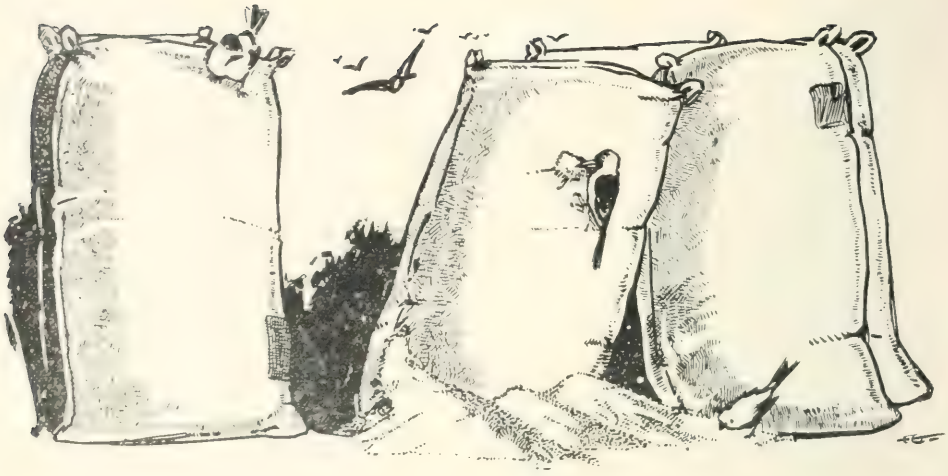
"And this time when I was home again," the words rushed on. "I knew better than you it was getting late. And I meant to stay almost at any cost, but I heard that you had gone to the Wardlows again and let your friends know, too, that you would take me to the house this winter. Yet, even that night, I tried to tell you. But—you could not see. So the next day—yesterday, or whenever it was, Philip—I planned to show you how I was! But as soon as you saw me yielding, you had to force it again! And—oh—oh——"

The husband caught her in his arms and held her as she broke and shook with her sobs.

"Oh, I was wrong, Philip—I was terribly, terribly weak and wrong; but you, Philip, you, too——"

"My dearest," he cried in his agony. "I know now! And if this punishment could come only on me and not on you, too!"

"Punishment, Philip?" He felt the frail frame against him suddenly become still and controlled. "Oh, my dear. I do not believe—I can not believe just in punishment! No! No! This can not be punishment! And I was a coward a moment ago when I said it might be too late. For it is not! It can not be! For this has made us both know—in time; and this can be our home still! This can be a home—for us, too!"



Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

Part 4.

WE LOST half a billion dollars last year. Yes, sir, you and I and the fellow in the next flat lost it between us. Half a billion dollars! Five hundred Million Dollars LOST!! Worse than that, *it was thrown away.* Half a Billion dollars ditched by a bone-headed bunch of indifferent farmers. And because of the indifference of these ham-handed lard-brains you and I and the other fellow haven't got our share of that half BILLION. Somebody must make a howl about it. What are *you* going to do about it? *You* suffered a share of the loss. How about retrieving it?

The loss is a matter of official record. It cannot be disputed. You helped to pay for the investigations which proved the deficit. The Federal Government spent a few thousands on an audit of Canada's agricultural production. The Commission of Conserva-

tion did its work well. It probed into methods. It went after causes as well as effects. The work was carried out under the supervision of the efficient officers of the Provincial Departments of Agriculture and the Agricultural Colleges. The inventory was absolute and accurate. There isn't even a dumb doubt about the deficit.

How the Devil of Immediate Gain Gets the Money-Mad Farmer in Spite of the Government

It was a big job, discovering a half-billion dollar debit. It meant *stock-taking* from Atlantic to Pacific. One hundred *representative* farms were marked down in each Province. Expert investigators were sent to each. The investigators made accurate notes of of every little and big twist of the game exactly as each farmer played it. The results were tabulated and analyzed and the findings of the Commission are beyond question. The results of the enquiry reflect *actual conditions* in each of the Provinces. Now just read a few lines from the general summary as they are written in the book of the Commission of Conservation for the year 1911:—

"The survey for the Committee on Lands has brought out the fact that, if farmers on the average throughout Canada would farm as well as the fifty best farmers whose farms had been surveyed, the result would be the doubling of the quantity of field crops from the land now occupied in Canada within a period of three years. Since the valuation of field crops in Canada ranges from five hundred and seven to five hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum, the importance of that possibility is seen."

Just think of it:—"*the result would be the doubling of the quantity of field crops from the land NOW occupied in Canada*". Don't run away with an idea that the fifty thrifty farmers were hand-picked. The "fifty best" doesn't mean the acme of agricultural excellence either. One hundred farms within each province—representative farms mind you—were visited and put through the third degree so to speak. Out of this number the fifty displaying the most intelligence were taken as a standard and if their methods had been followed by the other fellows we'd have been another half-billion to the good last year. Instead of that we were five hundred million dollars behind our easy possibilities. Half a Billion to the bad. Get it?

You can't get the "bigness" of the thing in plain figures. Size it up in the coal-bin instead of dollars and cents. One year's loss from the farmer's faulty farming would give every man jack of us free fuel for over five years. Just think it over when you stoke up the furnace to-night. Half a Billion's a lot of money and it's well worth working for. And *you* can help put it in the National coffers. Doesn't matter if you're tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man—or money mad farmer. It's up to everybody. The indifference of the shiftless farmer is a matter of grave National importance. He must be made to see the error of his ways and have his feet planted on the right path. It's high time he was pushed out of the comic supplement and put to work. Prod him along.

We'll discuss your share in the work of the farmer's regeneration later. In the meantime let's review the situation. The agricultural production of Canada is the Nation's greatest asset. No mistaking that. It has been proven that the present production can be doubled without breaking another acre of land. No question about that. By producing only fifty per cent. of a possible hundred we're losing half our agricultural revenue. And that's a fearful fact. Conditions must be changed. Short-sighted greed, ignorance and indifference are the underlying causes of our agricultural deficiency. The greatest of the three evils must be Ignorance. The devil of immediate gain can only get his work in with the ignorant; and indifference never was coupled with knowledge.

"Then why doesn't the Government do something to dispel this ignorance?"

you ask. Why bless your life, man, the Government sits up nights planning new schemes for the spread of the better-farming gospel. But Ignorance, Indifference and Short-sighted Greed together make an unholy trinity which is mighty hard to buck against. The indifference is spawned in ignorance and the devil takes the farmer in spite of the Government. The fact is the lard-brained section of the farming community—the big majority—doesn't *care* because it doesn't *know*. Just how to let daylight into them is the problem of the day.

How the Government is Pounding Sense into the Farmer

The Government is doing its share in the salvation of the soils of the country. It is working hard to pound sound principles into the foolish farmer. Experimental stations have been established all over the place. Agricultural Colleges have been built and equipped with all the men and machinery necessary to carry out the work. Demonstration cars have been sent out over the railroads to carry the work to the heathen agriculturists. District Representatives—missionaries of a better farming faith—have been established permanently on farms in different localities to set examples to all thereabouts. Tons of inspirational and educational literature have been printed for distribution. And yet, let us repeat it, the devil takes the farmer in spite of the Government. But don't think *all* this work is going to waste. It isn't quite as bad as that. Here and there among the multitude the scales fall from the eyes of an individual and he wakes to find himself thrice blessed because of the practice of the principles the Government has taught him freely and without cost. It is because of the few exceptions to the general rule that agricultural appropriations spring eternal from the national money chest. And the work *must* continue.

What the City Man Has to Do with the Half-Billion Deficit

"What more can be done?" Very much more can be done! Go over the facts again. Present conditions exist because of the indifference of the ignorant farmer. One tithe of the warnings and teachings directed against corresponding conditions in almost any other line of activity would be heeded and heeded mighty quick. But the farmer needs about forty pounds of gun-cotton touched off under each of his two heels before he is thoroughly roused to the error of his ways. Properly directed Public Interest is the gun-cotton in this particular case. Remember, oh ye bankers, bakers and candlestick makers, that the amount involved in last year's losses alone would build the road to Hudson Bay, deepen the Welland Canal, buy two or three score more navies and leave a lot over to boot. Double the present production of farm products—and it can be doubled—and all those other things that you're yammering for will come as a natural consequence—if you still want them. Doesn't it strike you as a worthy accomplishment; something the whole nation should desire *and demand?* Don't set the thing aside with the thought that it's none of your business. It *is* your business. It means an acceleration of progress in the general prosperity of the Dominion. Don't leave it to the farmer. As things are now he doesn't give a hang. He'll go on mucking his feet in the same old rut, wasting money, energy and fertility, and producing half of what he should, as long as you let him.

Get "het up" about this "spinal maginnis" of the National back-bone. Start something. Take an interest in the betterment of agriculture; you'll

soon find fascination in the study. Proclaim the preaching of crop rotation, seed selection and intensified farming to your neighbor, and write your country cousins about it. The press quickly follows public interest and then things 'll start moving. Apply the gun-cotton and the farmer will step out lively on the road to a doubled prosperity. Take a review of the prevailing conditions in agricultural France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden. There you will find a maintenance of *public interest* in agriculture and a hearty support of any measure calculated to provide the farmer with a better equipment of knowledge of his subject. Above all you will find an agricultural production per acre many, many times more than ours. General Public Interest did it; and General Public Interest will do it here. How about *your* contribution of interest to the common fund?

Five Cardinal Points in the Creed of Better Agriculture

There are five cardinal points in the Better-Agriculture Creed. Maintenance and *development* of soil fertility; Scientific selection of seed; Eradication of weeds and pests; Elimination of unprofitable stock; and Proper marketing of produce. Out of these five spring a multitude of improvements effecting a conservation of energy and more than a duplication of production. The maintenance and development of soil fertility means a systematic rotation of crops. Seed selection means the development of special strains which will germinate, ripen and yield a rich harvest under the peculiar climatic conditions of any particular locality. The eradication of weeds and pests will result in bumper crops of higher grade grains, roots and vegetables. The elimination of unprofitable stock will explain itself to anybody who has seen a dairy cow eating its head off and delivering a few pinched pints of watery milk in return or a bacon hog eating pea-meal by the barrel and qualifying for the washboard class at the same time. As to the proper marketing of produce, it can't even be understood when the housewife has to pay about 'steen middlemen before she can cook breakfast, lunch or supper.

The Foolish Farmer who Lets the Soil Blow Away under His Feet

The farmers are neglecting the cardinal points; there can be no doubt about it. Take the first essential, Rotation of Crops. Read what the Committee on Conservation has to say about it. Here is another quotation from the report for 1911:—

"For the Committee on Lands last year a survey was made of nine hundred and eighty-five farms, or an average of rather more than one hundred farms for each province. From the survey it was gathered that, of the whole number of farmers visited, not more than nine per cent. follow any intelligent and effective system of rotation of crops. Many farmers take rotation to mean any order of sequence for one crop to follow another. Instead of that, rotation of crops implies that, during each year while the crop is growing, the best preparation is being made in the same field for the succeeding crop and for the preservation of the fertility of the soil and its freedom from weeds. . . . . Lack of rotation in one large area in the Northwest extending over about five hundred square miles is given as the reason for the destruction of the fibrous material in the soil which formerly held it in place. In the area, the farmers reported that, from want of root fibres in the soil, winds in the spring sometimes carry off the surface soil including the seed, or else leave the seed bare. There are some Western cities that may follow the fate of Nineveh, smothered into oblivion from want of care in protecting the soils."

That "official" reference to Nineveh ought to hit pretty hard somewhere. As with crop rotation, so it is with all the other primary principles—the farmers are avoiding them. How much longer will you stand for it?

What the Government Will Give If You Will Trouble to Take It

Dig into the primaries for yourself. There are free Government publications covering every turn and twist of the whole matter. The Federal and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have taken up every phase of the subject. The work of Experimental Stations, Agricultural Colleges, Dairy-Commissioners, and District Representatives has all been tabulated and set forth in the King's good English so simply that he who runs may read it. Prod your local newspaper man into discussing these things in print so that the whole family can read about them after supper. They make interesting reading and mean more than a lot of twaddle about who's who and why in politics and police news. Take for instance the case of producing a wheat that'll beat the frost to the tape and yield thirty-five to fifty per. The agricultural experts in the Government employ have discovered such a wheat and the Government will supply any intelligent farmer with free seed of the variety. About four hundred new varieties of barley, oats, wheat and peas are now being tested at Ottawa. It's a matter of years to sort the good from the bad—but it will be well done and the farmer may benefit from the work if he wishes to. Take an interest in this work and make it jolly well known all round that you're interested.

By a display of interest amongst the common folk—meaning you and I and the other fellow—let's hope the big fellows will be made to take notice. Let the importance of this thing be once glimpsed by the men who wield big power and control creative forces and the indifferent farmer 'll wonder what struck him. But the big fellows are very busy building railroads, harnessing water powers, digging ditches and manoeuvring bond flotations. Let the dear old General Public shout loud enough about that half billion and the mighty men will quickly set about help setting things to rights. Agriculture is the corner stone of our National success and at this blessed minute the corner stone's quite a little out of alignment. It is a matter for the immediate attention of the Nation's master builders. By all means bring the big men into the argument.

The Promotion of Better Farming Concerns Every One of Us

You can see then that the promotion of better farming concerns every one of the seven and a half million of us. The regeneration of the farmer is a public cause to be espoused by all. Every organization in the country must take it up and force the light on the feckless farmer if we are to retrieve that half billion. Don't waste any time mourning over lost opportunities; the past is buried and so is the half billion. The present and future are ours to do with as we will. We *can* control our agricultural destiny. Remember—General Public Interest will turn the trick. Let's start to-day on the path to a 100 per cent Prosperity. Rouse up your Local Member, Board of Trade, Business Men's League and Bankers' Association. Canada's agricultural constitution has a stitch in its side. The remedy lies ready to your hand. What are you going to do about it?

A Mongrel Dog of Italy

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

NOT so very far back, when people made trips on bicycles, I took a run all by myself through Italy from Naples down to the toe of the boot, and discovered a dog, and the dog developed rapid history, with a climax.

Late one mid December afternoon I wheeled into a Calabrian village of small size, great age, and unbelievable dirt. At the hither end of it stood the village pound, and from this pound rose staccato clamor audible for the last half mile and steadily kept up. There was a note of appeal in it that warned of trouble within. Instinctively I slowed down.

"Bosh!" said I, reasoning with myself. "What could you do with a dog?" Nevertheless I came to a stop and proceeded to make investigation.

Against the wall, when I looked over it, rested the dog, by his forepaws; and from his forward end ejaculated all that noise.

A dozen or so additional dogs were droop-eared and pessimistic, miserably reconciled to death and subsequent sausage, accepting both as part of an established order in an evil world. But this one was of another mind, because of a cheerful disposition and a faith in man. Somewhere in the universe there was a human friend, who would see him through with it if only he could be made to hear. So he was sending forth his call and doing the best his inches would allow to get a look over the barrier, and see if a cloud of dust might not be coming, with deliverance in its midst. The proceedings were without interest to the others, but his optimism passed that over as being no concern of his.

He never could have been mistaken for anything but a dog, but nobody could have told what kind or kinds of dog—not with a thousand years to guess in. The bloods of all the dogs of all the bygone ages was his, with all the worthlessness of all of them; but unimaginable dim memories of many generations of hearthside and hillside companionship with men and little children blended in a faith that shone pathetic in his clear brown eyes—anxious, foolish and fond.

The moment those eyes met mine his tail went invisible through activity. Down he dropped, and pranced back and forth and sidewise, barking delight and welcome and entreaty.

"O, there you are! I knew you'd come. O, you human being, get me out of this. You can do anything, I know you can, and I'm your dog, only you don't know it. Can't you see this is no place for me? Open that gate quick. Whatever good I might be to you anywhere else, I'm no good here. I've been looking for you ever since I was a puppy, but I need you now to the limit. Get a hustle on! Do you want

to see me turned into links? Yip-yap!"

And the bark toned down to a muted whine as the tail slowed into sight and the forepaws went up against the wall again. Then came a shifting scrabble and a try at a jump near enough to let him slather my face with his long and limber tongue.

There was a tumult of protest originating in misapprehension when I dropped out of sight and wheeled away to find the official in charge, but it was all right when we returned and the official nearly pulled the back of his neck over his ears in lifting him out, delivering to me at the same time a story about him that I wouldn't care to have told about me if I were a dog, and commending other members of his collection as outpointing him in all the virtues, if I were really so idiotic as to want any dog at all.

The dog paid not the slightest attention to this, but rolled in the street a few times, scratched himself vigorously in several places, tried to jump all over me, and seemed to be delighted when he got in a lick or two at the back of my hand. For the official he had no use farther than to give him an atavistic glare and growl, wolf like. When I got on the wheel he followed me, unquestioning and happy.

The official lost no time and spared no gestures in giving out the news that a mad Englishman had paid a small fortune to liberate a miserable dog with whose depravities all were familiar; so that by the time I had beached my wheel at the inn and gone over to the fountain with Il Trovatore (the dog—I thought that name would fit), I had an audience of all ages but no voice watching me with a curiosity so open that it carried no offense. When examination betrayed Trovatore to be the home and sustenance of a population beyond all possibility of census, and I began by bodily ducking him in the water, this curiosity became inflamed by suspicion, and they drew nearer, sending children out for other villagers as against the chance that something sinister was toward. The audience grew.

But when soap was applied, with resultant suds, the circle widened—drew off a little — and there were murmurs of surprise not wholly free from awe. The mad Englishman was working strange wonders on that so unworthy animal. To see him change water into foam and then to see emerge from that foam a black and yellow dog that previously had been a uniform though indeterminable brown, was a thing that should be reported to those higher up. A boy was sent with speed for the village priest.

When that mild old gentleman arrived, rusty in his worn frock and frayed bands, the dog was dry again, and submitting to being scissored with the patience of an injured saint. The hair had been clipped from his body amidships, disclosing blue-grey skin; and at this astonishing exhibition the priest himself was taken aback, so that he waved the people with a gesture to wait, and make no noise.

The hair disappeared from the shoulders and the muzzle, then from the legs excepting the feet, then from the tail excepting a tuft at the end. When a souse under water completed the operation and the dog was set down to shake himself, he stood revealed, a little living image of a disproportioned lion: and only the presence of the priest withheld the people from a wild stampede after weapons of sorts, invocations inclusive of all holy things wavering skyward in a sudden gust of fear.

Explanations to the priest allayed but did not dispel this state of the general mind, for his reverence had been at the schools in his youth, and now recalled faintly the curious phenomena of soap and water. But the absence of miracle by no means cleared up the question of motive in the strange conduct of this deranged though evidently opulent stranger.

The dog made tentative skips toward the inn and back again, with gentle yips and yi's, while this was being volubly gone over, and joyously led the way after I had proven myself a good Christian and a man of large estate by contributing a few shillings' worth of Italian coin to the charities of the parish, and was free to go—but not unfollowed. A changing audience

AT THIS ASTONISHING EXHIBITION THE VILLAGE PRIEST HIMSELF WAS TAKEN ABACK

was with me still when, as the sun went down, I had my supper under the vines before the tavern door.

Changing, but scandalized. For I fed the dog, from my own plate, and found him insatiable. He didn't eat—he gulped, and got more than I did, and thumped his comedy-tail for more, raising puffs of dust, licking his chops, and working his forepaws in little up and down unconscious movements of anticipation; but never taking his eyes off the face and hands of this new human being whom he had adopted at sight to be his very own.

I ordered further supplies, which were produced without enthusiasm, for the landlord was inwardly indignant. The third order had been filled and I had saved out of it for myself enough to tide me over before the dog began to realize that nothing else would be doing. Even then he seemed to feel that he had been in some way slighted. When I took up my wine to finish it he almost spoke, his whine was so expressive. He wanted some. I let him have it, in a dish. He lapped it up like winking and beat a perfect tattoo of joy with his tail and barked for more. Here ended my first lesson. Il Trovatore was potentially a soak.

The people found voice among themselves against this sinful prodigality that had fallen among them, where a dog might drink wine and eat as never they had done, and still no fall of the heavens proclaim the wrath of outraged gods. If all that was said to the innumerable saints of Calabria went home, there must have been commotion in their paradise that night—but nothing came of it, and the crowd eventually left us to ourselves.

When I went to bed the dog went with me. No inducement of an individual pile of sacks upon the floor could change his mind about it. He prevailed, partly because I was too weary for dispute. But after he had snuggled his nose up close to my ear and breathed two or three contented sighs, I gave in, for it brought back with a soft pang the memory of another dog, beloved in boyhood, for whose sins I had many times accepted vicarious thumpings.

In the morning there was breakfast to be dealt with, outside, as before, and now again the dog and his appe-

tite invited popular criticism. The people gathered early to see what we would do. They seemed to have plentiful leisure.

A chicken had been ordered, and some inferior food for Trovatore. This last disappeared before I had made a beginning, and there was a repetition of the same pleading, the same feeding. Most of the chicken went to the dog. So with a second. When the third was ordered, the landlord ventured remonstrance, with feeling even though with respect—and the people murmured. At last the third had gone the unevenly divided way of the other two, and then the priest appeared again, to point at the protruding pod of the dog, and to cavities in the corresponding regions of the village young, with much solicitous comment upon the sin that difference implied. There was nothing for it but to donate once again, and clear out of that: and so it was done, with such good grace as might be.

The dog had evident opinions on the weakness of any such departure, but when I wheeled away he came along, head up and tail extended. An hour or two upon the road, and I missed him. Whistling availed no more than calling. The dog was not in sight or hearing. I turned, and there about a half mile back he sat, in the middle of the highway, contentedly waiting and raising dust puffs with his brush. Nor would he stir for my call or entreaty, not even for a feint of desertion. When I threatened him he simply moved out of range and stood blinking pleasantly, with his tongue out.

"I believe you want my lunch," said I, in English. The language was new to him, but he understood. He hopped delightedly with his forefeet only, and looked fond expectation.

I unbuckled the lunch tin and opened it and tossed a morsel. It vanished like a flash. Another was not enough. Nor another. Then I turned the box over and dumped its contents, to see them go as though they had not been. I showed him the empty box. This was accepted as a satisfactory reason why at the moment I could do no more, and he signified his willingness to proceed.

That day's run gave evidence of a fixed belief that he could catch birds. He chased a possible hundred of them with not the slightest regard to altitude, but he realized only one. That one happened to be an aged and incautious hen, whose owner had to be indemnified to the value of a whole brood, though it was not badly hurt, and he kept it.

The few days next following brought such a variety of experiences in which coin was invariably required to avert trouble that I found myself facing a choice between dissolving partnership or going broke. I could not hope to win back to Naples alive if I had to settle for archaic poultry on a bird of paradise basis many times more, nor could I by castigation or the spoken word convince the Trovatore that in subjecting me to this strain he was performing any other than his plain and simple duty. It would not have been so bad if he had fought it out with the country folk himself, but that was outside his idea altogether. He must lay his trophies at his master's feet, and that was all the honest farmers needed. My ownership was no more to be denied than his marauding, and I was obliged to pay.

The first chance I had to try out the new move came at high noon the day before Christmas, when he had scuttered up a side lane and come tearing back with a hen in his mouth and a farmer in furious pursuit, accompanied by a boy. The matter was arranged, but the boy was openly interested in the dog by reason of that leonine haircut. He had never before seen such a dog. I pulled out the mendacity stop full length, and explained with shameless particularity that dogs of this strain were employed on the coast of the West Indies to catch fish, especially flying fish, and that was the reason he had caught the hen, being innocently mistaken in its genus. The upshot was that the farmer bought the dog at what he believed to be a bargain, having visions of spoliation in forbidden waters thereabout, as well I knew.

A WHIRL OF SOMETHING LEFT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND STRUCK HIM LIKE A TEN-INCH SHELL

I sold him my Trovatore for about double what he had charged me for the hen, and wheeled away with a heavier pocket and a lighter heart. The last I saw of Trovatore, he was pulling back with all his might against a rope, and the boy was dragging him into the lane.

That identical evening, with my thoughts on other Christmas eves in times long passed and places far away. I was brought back to bondage with a jerk that spilled a mouthful of unusual words all unaware. Il Trovatore was jumping all over me, whimpering delight, and asking to be fed at once, for he was empty, and his feet were sore. I said what came to me, and said it hard.

"M-m-wye-m," answered Trovatore, unabashed. "But I love you, human man," it meant. "Don't you see you're all the world to me?" And he larruped my face with that limber tongue of his.

"O, all right," said the human man. "All right. I might as well give up." And I did.

"Merry Christmas, you thief," said I. He grinned and scratched himself.

On a bench along the front of the inn where this happy reunion came off, lay a native, most particularly drunk, and to him, after feeding, went my dog, in sympathetic curiosity. This suggested something.

I called the landlord and ordered two bottles of wine, one for the native, whom I learned was the village vagabond, and of reputation somewhat corrupt, for he had occasional money though he never worked. For all of that the landlord waked him up and handed him the bottle, with compliments of the generous traveller.

The sot sat up and drank. The dog was deeply interested. The sot let him have some of the wine and kicked him. The dog instantly showed a desire for closer acquaintance. The sot gave him more wine, and then finished the bottle. I instructed that he be furnished with a fresh one. The sot and the dog finished this, and then gamboled confusedly a bit, before the sot returned to his slumbers, with his hand on the dog's head. Presently the dog gave way to fatigue, hearty eating and too much drink. He climbed up across the sot and also went asleep.

"Here's my chance," said I.

It was a soft moonlit evening, and

the day had been very warm. The road was an old Roman work and beautiful, but cruelly straight over hill and through hollow. A little way on I took a side road of comparatively modern make, that the maps said would go roundabout and avoid the steep gradients of the Roman one. It would be several miles longer, but that was no great matter to a man who had just escaped a hunting, haunting, all-devouring dog.

Eventually I rolled out again to the Roman road, where it led to a viaduct as old as itself, with low and crumbled parapets. This viaduct crossed a rough ravine almost two hundred feet deep, and at the moment finely veiled in a fairy fabric of mist and moonbeams. I had little more than reached it when my forward wheel struck a stone and threw me in such a manner that I twisted an ankle; and this was no more than realized before a shot blaffed out from the hillside, a splinter of stone flipped from the wall, and in a little avalanche of rubble a man came slithering down, with a comic opera knife in his hand that looked to me at least a mile long. The doubtful character, the sot, had speeded by the Roman road to catch me here, and had me—almost.

For as he came with his absurd knife upraised and the momentum of his slide behind him, a whirl of something left the ground at the side of the road and struck him like a ten-inch shell. There was a horrible snarl of animal sounds and rapid blasphemy as the two bodies smashed against the parapet and disappeared over the edge like smitten vapor. Then came such a scream as I hope never to hear again, ending in a gurgle and a shock of silence—utter silence.

I hobbled across to the farther end of the viaduct, where the house was that I had intended lodging in that night. I got there and roused them out, and they went down with lights and brought back my dog, dead in his comedy haircut, and bloody.

But he had decent burial, and the place is marked, as it should be, for he had taken from me only rescue and food, but on that Christmas eve had given me all he had—his love, and his life.

THE DAFFODILS

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

GRAY is the city as a gray-beard Jew.
Steel, paper, shoes, a thousand sordid things,
Crowd the dull windows, fill the humming hives,
Busy the piteous-eager hearts of men.
Yet on a day when light the wafting wind
Teased the grim giant with a hint of spring,
There between buildings broke the sunlight through,
And lo! an arched dark window was ablaze
With the gold splendor of the daffodils!
Who said the day of miracles was done?
I saw with my two eyes, and felt my heart
Go fluting "April!" all the wintry day.
And I shall never pass that way again
Without remembrance of the swift surprise—
Here in the sun the jonquils' spendthrift gold;
At the street's end the blue, resounding sea!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, the Chevalier d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

In the hallway I met Charles. I feared that he would see my agitated face, but his own was so distressed that I feared that the greatest of sorrows must have come to him.

"The Comte!" I gasped; and then I noticed that in one hand he held a can of kerosene.

"My monoplane," he answered wildly. "I am going to burn her, Anne. She shall never fall into his clutches, she who bore us aloft that splendid day—"

I took the can from him. "Wait until to-morrow, Charles," I whispered. "Much may happen by then."

I left him standing irresolute and went up to my room and sat down in a chair. I did not weep. My brain was in a whirl, and a thousand thoughts and doubts oppressed me. Magniff's threats, his infamous suggestions as to the honor of my fiance, the imminent loss of Clichy—all this presented a thousand aspects and I strove dimly to pierce to the heart of the problem which confronted me.

If I married Magniff Clichy would at least be saved. That seemed the chief consideration. My happiness—that of Charles, even, was nothing compared to the preservation of the old home that had withstood so many vicissitudes. Other women, braver than I, had sacrificed themselves in the past for Chateau Clichy. Then why not I, even though I should kill myself afterwards?

Then, in the midst of these cogitations there flashed into my mind, in the most incongruous way, the memory of Mr. Spratt.

Angrily I sought to free myself from

this recollection. What had this little Winnipeg teacher to do with my present troubles? He was the last, the very last and least thought that should come to me. But my mind wandered, and again I seemed to see him bidding me a timid farewell upon the Winnipeg platform. "My great work, Miss Ives," he panted, offering me the code. "The work of many years. Take it; you will need it in France." His odious little rabbit-like face rose up so plainly in my mind's eye that I seemed to visualize him in the room, and I pressed my fingers hard upon my eyelids in a fruitless effort to dismiss him.

I rose at last, still miserably uncertain. My suitcase lay packed upon the bureau and, opening it idly, I caught sight of that wretched gift of Mr. Spratt to me. I raised it; an envelope fell from beneath the paper cover. I opened it—and recoiled with a suppressed scream.

Five bank-notes, of the value of one hundred pounds apiece, fluttered upon the floor. Five hundred pounds! Twenty five hundred dollars; twelve thousand five hundred francs! The interest upon the mortgage!

It was the prize money that Charles had won that day in England when he made his aeroplane flight with me, which the secretary of the aviation meet, obstinately assuming me to be his wife, had thrust into my hands that evening of our chance encounter at Charing Cross station. I had put the money away in Mr. Spratt's book and wholly forgotten it.

I think I must have gone mad with joy, for I ran down the stairs, waving the money wildly, shouting incoherently. On the way down I encountered Charles. I shook the bank-notes into his face and rushed on past him. The Comte and his daughter were in the drawing room and came out as I descended; I waved the money at them and ran on, into the library. Magniff was there, seated in an arm-chair, reading a newspaper. As I entered he rose and came toward me, a light of triumph in his eyes.

"You have come to accept, Anne!" he cried.

"I have come to pay you your blood fee," I cried wildly, and flung the notes down on the table. "Take these and go. Go! Never let me see you again. You understand?" I babbled on. "Go! Go!"

Then everything swam round me. The old Comte caught me from behind and supported me as I fell fainting into his arms.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STOLEN TREATY

Magniff lays down his hand, and I find his cards are stacked.

At last the day arrived on which the safe containing my bonds was to be opened. My bonds, I say—well,hardly mine, since I had blindly sold them to the banker for a paltry $10,000, not knowing their value to him, when I might have utilized his use of them to force Magniff to release my grandfather from his mortgage. I reflected with some bitterness upon my folly. Still, even $10,000 was not to be despised. That would enable my grandfather to meet his interest and thus retain Clichy for at least two years, during which period much might occur.

As to the future of myself and Charles I dared not think of it. Marriage was out of the question under the present circumstances. Every penny that could be scraped together had gone to pay the interest on that miserable mortgage, and in three months more the interest must again be met.

"We shall be driven to giving exhibitions in our monoplane for a bare living, sun-goddess," said Charles to me, gaily. I could not re-echo my fiance's mirth. Since the loss or theft of the treaty draft Charles had been suspended from his office in the diplomatic service of France. I feared, too, that suspicion had fallen on him. He had no other source of income than his meagre pay as captain in an infantry regiment, from which he had been detached for special service of State.

Despite the fact that in accordance with my agreement with the financier I was to receive $10,000 upon the safe being opened, I arose on the appointed morning after a restless night, overwhelmed with misgivings. Empty

and vain as they appeared to be, I could not but recall Leopold Magniff's threats, his self-confident assurances that the Chevalier and I stood on the brink of ruin. What schemes had he prepared for us? what might he not have done, being in possession of my key, as I felt sure he was? I voiced my fears at the breakfast table, but Charles laughed them away. Much as he hated us, he argued, Leopold Magniff would hardly dare utilize his possession of my key to remove the bonds from the safe, since they could not be negotiated and he would merely be placing himself within the grasp of the law.

"You will find your bonds in the safe, Anne," said Charles optimistically. "Or rather, we shall."

"You will come with me?" I cried, and all my fears and doubts immediately resolved themselves.

We asked advice of my grandfather, who cordially approved of the Chevalier's suggestion. "For you see," he said, "our little Anne came to us in such an unexpected fashion that she is liable to disappear, perhaps in the guise of some beneficent fairy, after having saved Clichy to us, if we permit her to go to Paris alone."

"Never fear that you will lose me, until you are tired of me, grandfather," I answered.

The old Comte had changed considerably during the brief period that I had known him. His great age—eighty-four—appeared to have begun at length to manifest itself. Not that his vigor of mind or body was in any manner impaired, but I could discern that he had begun to detach himself, with that natural change which comes upon the very old, from the more active and external interests of life.

I believe that in my coming he beheld a pardon for his crime in driving my father from his roof—a crime which he had repented bitterly through all those years that had elapsed since that unhappy time.

Charles and I set off for Paris by an early train. We travelled through the pleasant, fertile fields of Normandy, among little old villages where life seemed at once so simple and so kindly that it required some effort of will to realize that we were, perhaps, rushing into an unknown danger, that the activities of many enemies might even now have laid a trap for our undoing. I had revealed to my fiance the story of Magniff's threats, omitting, of course, his vile suggestions that Charles had been a traitor and sold the treaty. Charles did not receive the news so lightly as I had expected.

"Let us go straight ahead, confident in our own integrity, Anne," he answered. "Then let them do their worst. They cannot harm us; treachery always recoils upon itself, be it never so cunningly contrived."

We were so fortunate as to have a compartment to ourselves. It was so charming to be seated together, side by side. Charles placed his arm round me and drew me to him.

"Will you let me announce our engagement, Anne?" he pleaded. "It is surely realized at home. My grandfather and mother know that we love one another. Besides, if any danger does threaten us, I can protect you better as my wife."

"You travel very rapidly, Monsieur,' I answered. "A moment ago it was merely an announcement of the engagement that you required. And now you end the sentence by proposing another relationship."

"When we reach Paris I shall show you the office of a registrar," he answered. "There we shall be formally betrothed. And then—"

"Yes, Monsieur?" I said, with feigned coolness.

"I shall serve formal notice upon my mother and grandfather of our betrothal, in accordance with the provisions of the Code Napoleon," he answered.

I had listened with beating heart to the unfolding of these proposals, but the mention of the Code brought instantly to my memory the image of little Mr. Spratt, presenting me with his famous Code. "Take this volume ....my life-work...a compilation of love....you will need it abroad," the little man had gasped as he handed it to me. And now in every crisis of my life, it seemed, the vision of Mr. Spratt

was destined to arise like some spectre confronting me. I became suddenly silent.

Charles carried out his program. Upon our arrival at the terminus he hurried me along a maze of small side streets, up a narrow staircase and into the presence of the registrar. There we complied with the formalities which the famous Code prescribed. We were betrothed—an incident, merely, in Anglo-Saxon countries, but here a matter of severe formality, and necessary preliminary to a marriage.

But I leaned happily upon his arm as we descended the narrow staircase. The happiness, the perfect joy in the irrevocability of the step, thrilled me. Winnipeg seemed like a distant memory of some former, dimly remembered existence at that moment.

"And now, should anything befall me I shall be content," he said as we descended to the street.

Often those words recurred to me afterwards.

We arrived at the bank and sent in our cards. I could not avoid a thrill of expectation as to the outcome; would Magniff refuse to see me? But he did not. He would see both of us, he said, and we were ushered almost immediately into his private office. There he sat, half buried among his ledgers, as on the occasion of my former visit to him; but this time he was attended by a couple of severe-looking functionaries in semi-uniform. He bowed distantly to Charles and bade us be seated.

"The Chevalier d'Yves attends, I take it, as an interested party," said Magniff, looking at me through his gold glasses. There was a peculiar expression upon his features; a sort of cunning triumph, as though he held the situation perfectly in hand.

We bowed our acknowledgments to this suggestion. Then, at a summons by bell, a messenger brought in the agreement which I had signed three weeks before.

"Your name is Anne Ives," Magniff said rapidly, glancing over the document. "You claim to be the granddaughter of the Comte d'Yves, of Clichy, Normandy, and the possessor of certain bonds now in one of our safes. You have sold these to me for 50,000 francs, payable upon delivery."

As I admitted each of these several propositions the banker handed the document to the functionaries, who glanced at it swiftly, and then at me and Charles.

"The duplicate key has been fashioned," Magniff continued, "and these gentlemen are the government officials whose presence at the unlocking of the safe is required under the Code Napoleon."

The pale and studious face of little Mr. Spratt stood out before my eyes with startling clearness.

"Then let us proceed to the vaults," said Magniff finally, and we all rose and followed him. The functionaries closed in around us in a significant manner, almost as though we were prisoners, I thought, and as though the vaults were destined to be our dungeon.

We proceeded by a subterranean stone stairway into the depths of the earth, emerging through an iron doorway into a huge room, lighted by electric light, around which innumerable safety compartments were arranged. Nobody else was there, except a janitor who stood at a door at the far end, which communicated by a flight of steps, with the street outside. Magniff led us to the safe and handed the key to me.

"It has not been opened for thirty years," he said. "You may find the hinges stiffened. Nevertheless the Code Napoleon prescribes that you yourself shall open it. If it is beyond your power, doubtless the Chevalier will hold your fingers. But he must not unlock the safe."

I made no answer, but stepped forward and fitted the key into the lock, turning it until I obtained the combination. The functionaries, apparently inspired by intense interest, drew close, one on each side of me. The heavy door swung open easily. Inside the safe I saw a bundle of papers. My hand shook so, from excitement, that I could barely lay hold of them.

"Observe! Her hand trembles, Gaston!" I heard one of the officials say to the other in a stage whisper.

I drew the papers from their resting place and handed them to Magniff.

"Pray examine these, and, if you find that they are made out correctly, complete the contract," I said.

"You again claim, before these gentlemen," said the banker, "that these are your own Panama bonds?"

"Indubitably," I answered.

Magniff signalled to the officials, and they came up to me. He glanced at the papers and began to shuffle them rapidly. One sheet became detached and fluttered to the ground. It was a doubled piece of notepaper, such as used anywhere for correspondence, and it was covered with minute writing. Suddenly Charles darted forward.

"The treaty!" he exclaimed, and grasped for it.

One of the officials stooped; his hands met those of my fiance. As they rose I heard something click. The Chevalier was handcuffed!

The second man stepped up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Charles Victor Sebastian, Chevalier d'Yves," he said, "I arrest you for espionage and theft of a secret government document."

Charles was too stupefied to attempt resistance, even if the thought had entered his head. I stared from one to the other of the group, still mystified. I had not yet fully comprehended. Magniff whispered to the second man and he came to my side.

"Mademoiselle Anne Ives," he said, "I arrest you for complicity in the theft of a government document, and also for attempting to obtain money by the sale of worthless forged bonds."

Magniff nodded his head. "A very clumsy forgery," he said. He turned to me. "It grieves me, Mademoiselle, to have to place you under arrest," he continued. "I hoped that at the last moment you would not have the audacity to carry out this scheme. Remember, pray, that I warned you upon the occasion of our former interview,what would be the inevitable consequences should you persist in this attempt of yours to extort money from me. Had I alone been concerned," he concluded, "I should have permitted you to go unscathed. But I have my duty as a Frenchman. When I discovered that this trick of yours was part of a wider scheme to defraud and betray France, that you had actually concealed the stolen document in this safe of yours, thinking to hide it when you removed the forged bonds, then my patriotism arose and forced me into action."

"O spare your patriotism," I returned, cold with humiliation and anger. "No, let him do his worst," I continued, seeing that Charles was upon the point of springing to my side. "It is the last baffled scheme of a desperate trickster."

"Bravo, Anne," said Charles, clapping his manacled hands. At the hollow chink of the steel, the words of anger died on my lips. For the first time I realized that Leopold Magniff's nets had closed round us. He had fulfilled his threats.

A cab was drawn up at the door—for they had arranged their plan down to the last detail—and Charles and I entered, together with the officers, while Magniff betook himself elsewhere. A long ride through the Paris streets terminated at the door of a large prison-like structure which I subsequently discovered to be one of the principal fortresses of the capital. There we were separated; Charles was taken in one direction and I in another, along a branching stone corridor and into a small but fairly well-furnished room, clearly no prison cell, where I was left to my meditations.

An hour later I received a visit from a major in uniform, who courteously requested my presence before the examining magistrate. He seemed to regard me as some rare and valuable wild animal, and my youthful appearance evidently astonished him.

"Monsieur Picton has the reputation of a brute, Mademoiselle," he said. But have no fear. You need confess nothing, and he is merely an adjunct to the military law under which you will be tried. You will have ample time in which to prepare your defence."

"For myself I need none," I replied. "But where is the Chevalier? Shall i see him?"

The major shook his head.

"He has already been examined," he answered, smiling faintly. "I fear it will go hard with him. France has had too many betrayals of late. But have

no fear for yourself," he continued, scrutinizing my face. "The utmost penalty for treachery in time of peace is exile upon the Isle du Diable."

The Devil's Island! Remembrances of all that I had read about that fearful place rushed through my mind. For the moment I thought that I would faint. The walls reeled round me and I saw the face of the officer through a wavering mist. Then I collected my wits resolutely and, indicating that I was ready, followed him out of the room and down a long corridor, until we entered a small office containing a high desk and a number of chairs. Behind the desk, on a bench, sat a stern-looking, black-bearded magistrate, wearing the gown and cap of his professional office. Seated in the room were Magniff and the officials who had arrested us, with two or three officers in uniform.

The magistrate beckoned insolently to me to approach his desk, and, when I stood before him, fixed his penetrating black eyes full on my face for some half minute. Then, seeing that my own gaze did not falter, he cried in savage tones;

"You will confess everything immediately, to the last iota. Your fellow conspirator has done so already. You will tell me the entire story of your infamous treachery and what Power induced your lover to steal the document."

I am not hot-tempered. For a moment I was dazed at his brutality. But at this insolent assumption of my guilt, combined, as it was, with the utmost insolence of bearing, I lost all self-control. I took a single step forward and did a thing that I have never done before or since. I boxed his ears—twice!

Before he had recovered speech the officials of the court rushed forward; they would have manacled me, but suddenly and swiftly the officer who had conducted me to the office interposed.

"Well done, Mademoiselle," he cried. "Back, all of you." He turned to the magistrate. "This is a military case," he cried, "and let me remind you that you are an accessory only. This lady shall not be insulted, or I withdraw the case from your hands."

There was a full half minute's silence. Then, swallowing in his throat and muttering angrily the magistrate called upon the banker and began to interrogate him, one side of his face still scarlet with my finger marks.

"Mr. Magniff, you will please place me in possession of sufficient facts to permit of my signing the paper of detention," he stammered.

The banker stepped forward briskly.

"This woman came to me three weeks ago to demand possession of certain bonds which she alleged were in a certain safe in my vaults," he said. "I laughed at her and showed her to the door, but she persisted in her claim, and, after having warned her what the consequences of a fraudulent claim would be I permitted her to proceed."

"Prisoner, you may deny any or all of these statements," shouted the magistrate.

I remained silent, fixing my eyes on Magniff. My direct gaze seemed to disconcert him; he turned his back on me and contiuned:

"By some means she had obtained knowledge of the combination code. Again I warned her. She persisted in her claim, alleging that she was Anne Ives, a granddaughter of the Comte d'Yves, and owner of the bonds. My books show that a certain woman of this name actually does own some worthless bonds in the old Panama company, but they have been lost these thirty years and are certainly not in my safe.

"She alleged that she had lost the key. Resolved to bring her to justice, I told her to return to-day, when a duplicate key would be made and the safe opened. Then, I said, playing upon her greed, I would purchase the bonds from her at an enormous price. Immediately upon her departure I had the safe opened. It was empty."

"Proceed, Monsieur," said the magistrate, smiling.

"I immediately investigated this woman's record," Magniff continued. "I found that she had actually come from Canada recently, as one of my woman witnesses will shortly show. In London she became acquainted with the prisoner d'Yves. They flew together in an aeroplane at an aviation

meeting. Subsequently the traitor took her into Westminster Abbey at the time of the coronation, ostensibly as his wife.

"The most damaging feature, however, in my opinion, is,—"

"Pardon, Monsieur, you may not draw inferences," interposed the magistrate suavely. "That is my province, though doubtless"——he smiled knowingly——" your inferences and mine will coincide in so clear a case of guilt."

"I furthermore submit," Magniff continued, "that this woman has stayed at Clichy, the home of the male prisoner, during the last two weeks, and is doubtless thoroughly conversant with his plans. On board the ship, and subsequently, while visiting the Louvre, ostensibly for the study of art, she was seen in the company of a certain Greek named Zeuxis, who, as you are aware, is being sought by the Government as being directly implicated in this crime. Undoubtedly the two men and the woman hatched the scheme together and are unitedly responsible for it."

"I thank you, Monsieur," said the magistrate. "You have rendered France a service of incalculable value. Please conclude your evidence."

"This morning, or rather soon after noon," concluded Magniff, smiling broadly, "the two prisoners came to my office with the utmost effrontery, for the purpose of recovering the bonds. I knew that at some recent date some forged bonds had been placed in the safe. With them, but so cunningly hidden among the mass of papers that no casual observer would have perceived it, was the stolen document. I knew it was there; I suffered this woman to remove it, and she was immediately arrested. She trembled and betrayed every evidence of guilt."

"You may go, Monsieur," said the magistrate, bowing to Magniff. Immediately the two officials were called and gave formal evidence concerning the events of that afternoon.

"Have you any rejoinder to make?" demanded the magistrate, scowling at me.

"I think, Monsieur, that I have made you a rejoinder already," I answered mockingly.

"I have no more to say to you. But to this gentleman," I continued, turning to the major, "I beg to announce that I am completely innocent. I do not know," I continued, with increasing agitation which, in spite of all my efforts, I was not able wholly to conceal, "I do not quite know what depths of villainy have been sounded in this infamous conspiracy against the Chevalier d'Yves and myself. But he is innocent, and pursued by that rogue and his scheming son to further their hateful designs against Clichy, which they hope to snatch out of my grandfather's possession.——"

"The prisoner, in response, alleges conspiracy to obtain a title to land," murmured the magistrate, jotting down a few words upon his pad.

"My principal female witness will arrive tomorrow morning," interposed Magniff, "when I hope to be able to place you in possession of the remaining facts."

"Remanded in bail of the amount of one hundred thousand francs," said that functionary. "Remove the prisoner." He leaned over his bench, and shook his finger at me. "Once more I counsel you," he roared. "Make a clean breast of the whole affair and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court."

The officer of the fortress interposed, turning his back upon M. Pichon contemptuously, and touched me on the arm. I placed my hand in his, and he conducted me from the court room. When we had reached my room he stopped and said, admiringly;

"Mademoiselle, you are so brave I quite believe you guilty."

"You did not before?" I asked, smiling.

"Before," he answered, "the charge seemed incredible. Why, you should have been across the frontier instantly instead of waiting to trick Magniff in such a clumsy fashion as that. Did the Germans pay your lover well?"

"Believe what you like, I am innocent. "As innocent as—as the Chevalier," I added.

"I can well believe that," said the officer, bowing himself out of the room.

One problem perplexed me greatly:

who was the "principal female witness" of the prosecution?

CHAPTER VIII.

A TURN OF THE WHEEL.

In which my adversary discovers that he has trumped his ace.

In spite of my assumed indifference, I spent a miserable night within the prison fortress. I could not help realizing that the case against Charles looked black; I had no strong faith in French justice particularly in a case of alleged espionage, which would send up the nation's anger to the boiling point. When the first streaks of daylight entered my room I arose and dressed with feverish anticipation of the day's developments. The "principal female witness" of whom the banker Magniff had spoken was due to arrive that morning. Whoever she might be, I hoped that her evidence would prove a boomerang for the prosecution. Certainly the climax of the affair must be at hand; this racking, torturing suspense could not endure much longer.

My only joy—but how great a one, how strong a comfort I cannot put into words—was the recollection that Charles and I had publicly pledged our troth; nothing could take away the memory of that or tear from either the possession of the other's heart, no matter what the outcome.

The development was even speedier than I had imagined. After I had breakfasted upon a light meal brought in by the same kindly officer of the preceding day, visitors were announced. The major, who had introduced them, withdrew, muttering something about privacy, and there entered—Magniff himself, followed by a woman whom, though her face seemed familiar, I did not immediately recall. Indeed, I hardly looked at her, so astonished was I at seeing the change which the night had wrought upon the banker. For all his self-confidence was gone; his hair was ruffled, his garments untidy, his face woebegone and haggard; he looked as though he was upon the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"Do you know this woman?" he asked me, indicating his companion, without even the formality of a greeting.

I looked hard at the shabby, middle-aged figure in the threadbare gown, and suddenly my memory rushed back to me.

"Madame Zeuxis!" I cried.

The recognition was mutual. The woman rushed forward, laboring under an emotion more intense than the banker's. She seized my hands in hers and covered them with kisses. This outburst astonished me no less than her companion.

"It is Miss Ives!" she cried. "The lady of the ship! I learned your name from the ship steward, lady, for I meant to go to you and kill you. Ah! forgive me. I was mad with jealousy, for my man had made me think he loved you, and all the while he used you as a decoy to divert my suspicions, while he made love to another."

She sprang back and, with arms upraised, poured forth an incomprehensible outflow of maledictions.

"Now I will tell you all," she cried to Magniff; and there was pathos mingled with tragedy in this revival of ancient fires in the middle-aged Greek; I could imagine how many sorrows, how much jealousy she had suffered since she gave herself into the scoundrel's keeping. Her utterance was intensely dramatic

"Now I shall tell all the truth," she declaimed. "When the letter-writer wrote these for me, saying that I would prove the guilt of the Chevalier, I did not know that Miss Ives here was his betrothed. For you are betrothed to him, are you not?" she pleaded. "Yes, so all are saying this morning. Well, my man was to induce me to give false evidence against him, and it was all arranged. But that was a week ago.

"Now everything is changed, for he himself has been deceived, and he wants his revenge. When I left him five days ago, I was to tell the half truth. But I shall tell everything. The Chevalier is innocent—as innocent as this lady of his imprisoned here."

She was becoming incoherent in her statements. I made her sit down and gave her water, Presently she resumed, more calmly.

"Constantinopoulo Zeuxis, my man,

he stole the key to the safe from the purse of Miss Ives in London," she continued. "It was arranged long before. He took the key to Paris, removed the bonds, and substituted the forged ones. He also stole the treaty from the Chevalier and handed it to the chief conspirator. He was to have received a thousand pounds for his share in the work."

"Who was his accomplice?" I asked calmly; and I saw a shade of gray pass over the banker's face.

"Leopold Magniff—your son," said Madame Zeuxis contemptuously, spinning round and facing the father.

Magniff, *pere*, threw up his arms as though to ward off a sudden blow. He sank down into a chair, his face ashen gray, breathing heavily.

"It is impossible!" he muttered, more to himself than us. "Leopold was a good boy—a little wild, but always a good boy. He had all the money he needed. No, he could not have been the traitor."

I took up the part of the cross-examiner.

"Why was the treaty put back in the safe if it was of so much value?" I asked the woman.

"Because Leopold's hatred for the Chevalier was stronger than his desire for revenge," she answered quickly. "He wanted the bonds, because he knew that he could force his father to buy them back from him at any price, by threatening to dispose of them elsewhere. Monsieur Magniff here had to have the bonds; he had agreed to sell them to the American government years before; he had sold them, trusting that they would never be found. The holder could have made him pay millions for the possession of them. And there was money in the treaty, too. Germany or Italy would have paid well for it—not so much as M. Magniff would have given for the bonds but still a large sum. Of this my man Constantinopoulo was to have received a thousand pounds."

"Go on," I said.

"Afterwards, when Leopold Magniff discovered that the Chevalier was his bitterest enemy, his desire for revenge proved stronger than his greed. He induced my man to replace the stolen treaty in the safe, knowing that it would be discovered there, and that Miss Ives and the Chevalier would be involved in a common ruin. So the treaty was not sold, and my man gets nothing.

"When he found that he had been cheated he would have murdered his confederate. But Monsieur Leopold set the government upon his track, and he was forced to fly, his vengeance unaccomplished. It was then that my man sent to Monsieur Magniff here to betray his confederate.

"But I shall tell more than that—I shall tell you where Constantinopoulo is hiding, for I have since learned that he has again betrayed me. He has made love to another woman, the woman on the boat, to conceal whom he pretended that he loved Miss Ives. Fool that I was! I should have known that he was not worthy to blacken her shoes. He is hiding with her in the Islands—at Scouto, off Corsica—and all those whom he has betrayed shall soon be on his track."

She ceased, exhausted by the vehemence of her anger. And I looked toward the banker. He had collapsed into his chair and was staring wildly around him. I caught the words he uttered.

"No, no," he was whispering. "Leopold is a good boy. He could not be a thief and a traitor."

I went over and shook him by the arm.

"Monsieur Magniff," I said, "you see now that you have been mistaken. It is your duty to save an innocent man."

"But there is nothing that can be done," he cried, awakening from his lethargy.

"Yes," I replied. "We must get Zeuxis and bring him here to testify. He will tell all, out of his hatred for"—I was going to add "your son," but ended with "his fellow conspirator."

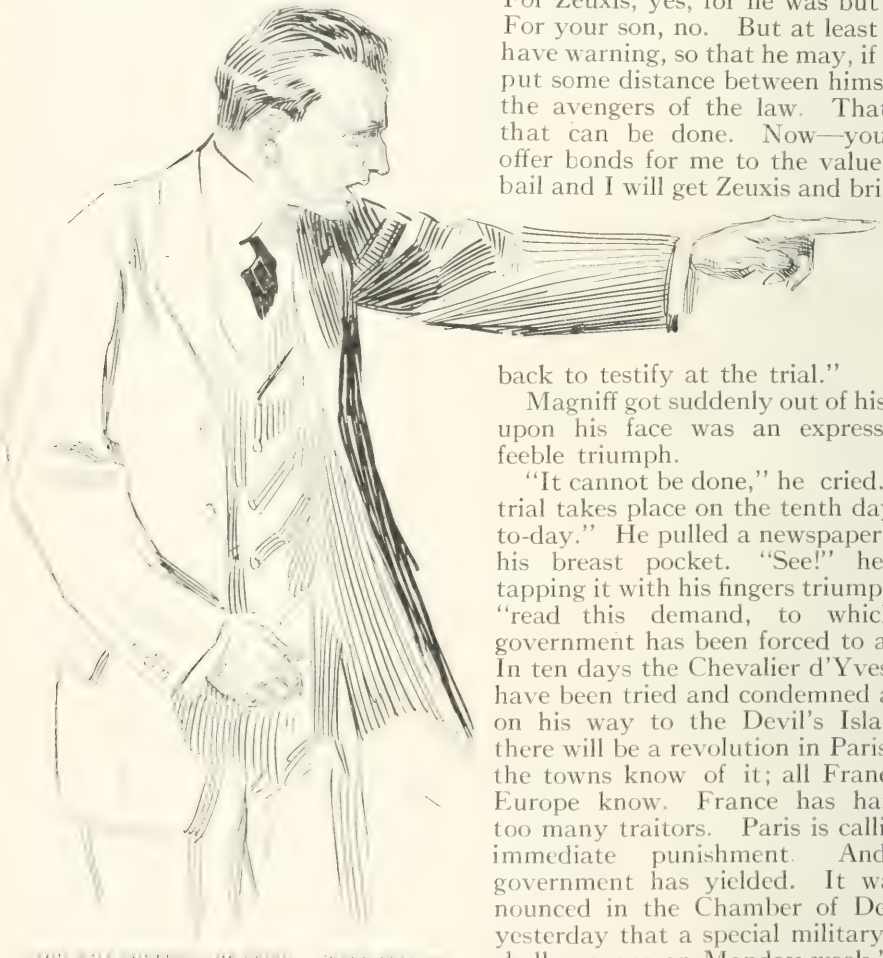
"But my son will suffer imprisonment—he will go to the Devil's Island!" Magniff cried. "He is a good boy—it cannot be true."

"It is true," I answered sternly. "He must be brought back."

"And the bonds, too," cried the woman suddenly.

"He took them with him. He must get the bonds also—your bonds. They are worth millions. He took them to spite your son, Leopold."

"My bonds," muttered Magniff, remembering even then that I had sold



"YOUR LETTER CONSPIRATOR HAS DONE SO ALREADY"

them to him. "My bonds. I must have them."

"Will you permit your son to be denounced for the sake of the bonds?" I asked.

"No, no," he cried. "No, he must have promise of immunity. Then he will tell all. But he must not go to the Devil's Island. Leopold is so delicate; the climate would kill him there."

The sight of this querulous old man, reduced to such depths of abjection, touched a slight chord of pity in my heart. But at all cost Charles must be set free. That was my first and overwhelming duty.

"Listen, Monsieur Magniff," I said, more gently. "It will be impossible to obtain immunity for both conspirators. For Zeuxis, yes, for he was but a tool. For your son, no. But at least he can have warning, so that he may, if he can, put some distance between himself and the avengers of the law. That is all that can be done. Now—you must offer bonds for me to the value of my bail and I will get Zeuxis and bring him back to testify at the trial."

Magniff got suddenly out of his chair; upon his face was an expression of feeble triumph.

"It cannot be done," he cried. "The trial takes place on the tenth day from to-day." He pulled a newspaper out of his breast pocket. "See!" he said, tapping it with his fingers triumphantly "read this demand, to which the government has been forced to accede. In ten days the Chevalier d'Yves must have been tried and condemned and be on his way to the Devil's Island, or there will be a revolution in Paris. All the towns know of it; all France and Europe know. France has harbored too many traitors. Paris is calling for immediate punishment. And the government has yielded. It was announced in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday that a special military court shall convene on Monday week."

I glanced over the article hastily. It was a terrific philippic, one of those furious cries for vengeance such as stirred the hearts of Parisians. That Charles was of the old aristocracy of France had added fuel to the popular flame. He must be tried at once, the writer demanded; otherwise the government would fall. There must be no delay in measuring out condign punishment to the traitor.

"You see," cried Magniff, "you can-

not get the man Zeuxis here from the island of Corsica in less than three weeks. There is but one steamer a week from Marseilles. And in ten days!—Mon Dieu! Nothing except a swift aeroplane could cross those waters and bring him back in time."

I caught at his words with mad eagerness.

"It shall be done," I cried. "I shall go to Corsica in the Chevalier's air-ship. And in ten days I shall return with Zeuxis."

"You are insane, girl," cried the banker angrily. "The science of flight is in its infancy. Even if you reached Marseilles you would be swamped in the gales of the Mediterranean. No," he continued craftily, "we can devise some scheme by which the Chevalier shall get off lightly. We will hint at temptation. I will give evidence as to his monetary needs. I will say he needed the money from the sale of the treaty to save Clichy for his father. That will touch the judges' hearts, that filial piety. And you shall be freed. I will withdraw my charge," he went on, watching my face eagerly. "And I will pay you fifty thousand francs I promised you, even if you do not obtain the bonds. You will be rich, you will—"

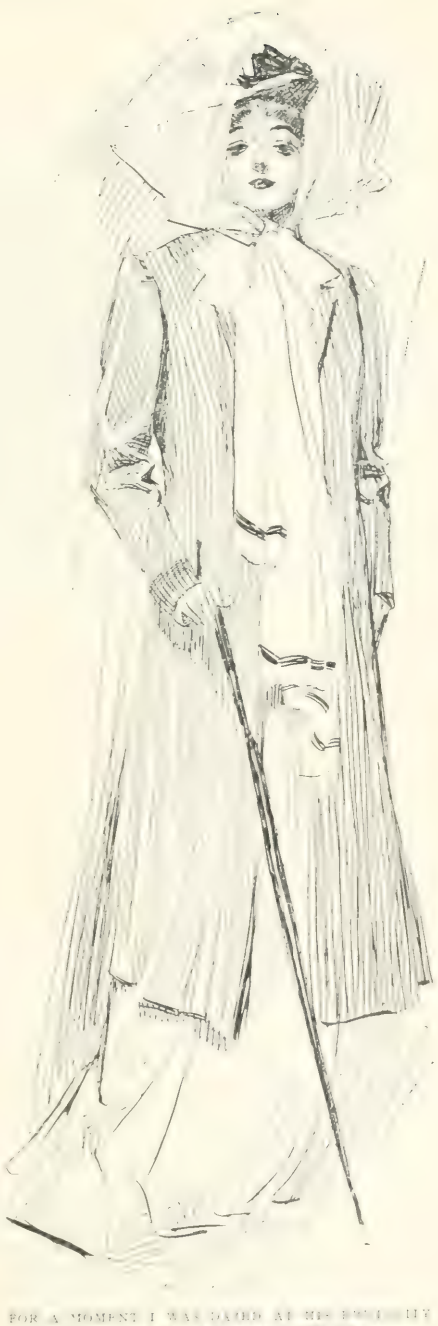
I could not feel any sentiment but pity at the aspect of this miserable old man, desperately striving to free himself from the meshes of his own net.

"Monsieur Magniff," I said quietly, "you will go on my bail at once and I shall depart for the Liparis. Otherwise your son shall be arrested within an hour. Which shall it be?"

He fell to pleading then; he offered me double the reward, fabulous gifts. His love for his son seemed stronger than his cupidity. At last he was compelled to face the issue.

"You swear to give the government no warning about Leopold before your departure?" he asked, cringing before me. "You will allow him the six days in which to flee?"

"He can go to the ends of the earth for all I care," I responded. "I do not want vengeance upon him, miserable scoundrel that he is. Leave him to the future. Some day his evil deeds will recoil on him. Come, you agree?"



FOR A MOMENT I WAS DAZED AT HIS EVIL CUNNING AND HIS INSOLENT ASSUMPTION OF MY GUILT

Magniff drew in a deep sigh and submitted.

"I accept," he answered. "But, Mademoiselle, you will remember that the bonds are mine?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

He stumbled weakly from my presence and out of the room. The woman seized my hands again and kissed them passionately.

"At Scouto, off the coast of Corsica," she whispered. "He will go with you eagerly, if he is promised immunity."

"And what is your reward?" I asked curiously.

The woman looked at me strangely.

"Is it not enough that I shall see my man again and win him from that woman who stole his heart from me?" she asked, with pathetic dignity. "You do not understand, lady? Ah, but when you are married—then you will know."

She followed Magniff out of the room.

Within an hour my bail had been formally accepted and I was at liberty. Magniff obtained a hasty interview with the Minister of War, at which immunity for Zeuxis was promised, in case he should offer satisfactory evidence against the principal conspirator, whose name the banker did not divulge. Magniff was a power in France, and his word was ample.

The sun was not yet high when I walked out of my prison doors. I had seen nobody; the magic of Magniff's word had sufficed to set me free. After all, though so much had been done, the government had no special interest in me. They were sure that they had in Charles the real traitor; I was but an accessory, and they shrewdly surmised, I think, that I was to turn state evidence and bring the rest of the confederates to justice.

The trial had been set for Monday week, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. This was Friday. Each hour now was of incalculable value. The scheme appeared preposterous. But I had flown in Canada, until I was fairly sure of myself, and with Charles I had soared triumphantly in his aeroplane in England, seeking the regions of the sun, high above our competitors, we two together. I knew how staunch and true the winged vessel was; I knew which levers controlled each of her movements; and at Clichy we had made several excursions. I had a confidence now that was almost superstition in the success of my desperate undertaking.

Would that I could have told him! But he was too closely guarded; even Magniff, with all his power, had been denied admission to him.

I caught a train back to Clichy, arriving toward the middle of the afternoon. It was a sad home-coming. A curious crowd watched me descend at the little railroad station, and a newspaper correspondent (I learned afterward that my movements had been watched by a whole corps of newspaper men and government spies since I left the fortress) snapped his camera in my face. But one learns to be tolerant of these things when one's whole mind is set upon a single desire.

The crowd followed me to the gates of the chateau. Only there did they leave me.

And then, for the second time, I received an object lesson in the bearing of a French nobleman and noblewoman. The old butler who admitted me stared at me as if I had been a newly risen ghost, and his knees trembled as he ushered me into the room in which my grandfather and Charles's mother sat. She was sewing busily; the old man, at his writing desk, was drafting some form of document, a pitiful, dignified petition, I believe, to the government on behalf of Charles, setting forth the stainless honor of their race throughout five centuries. But when I entered they rose and came forward to greet me as calmly as though Charles was absent upon a personal errand in Paris and were soon to return.

And their first words were of congratulation upon my engagement! The papers had been full of it, it appeared. The notary before whom we had appeared, swelling with self-importance, had run with his evidence to the government.

To be continued

THE ABSORPTION OF FAMILIES LIKE THIS, IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, HAS KEPT THE CENSUS TAKERS AT OTTAWA BUSY SPECULATING ON THEIR PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CENSUS WHICH HAS JUST BEEN MADE PUBLIC

Canada and the Census

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated with Photographs

A CENTURY ago when John Jacob Astor and his sons were beginning to get on their feet in the United States and commencing to acquire the New York real estate which has since increased so enormously in value, their friends and neighbors doubtless questioned the wisdom of their course Indeed, to question anything short of an absolute surety is only human nature. To-day, however, any one of the millions of Americans would jump at the chance of following their example—could the same lands but be bought at the same prices.

Yet, could some powerful Magician wave a magic wand and transfer a few hundred of us back a century to the days when Manhattan was young and New York had but 9,356 people, how many of the few hundred do you think would agree with the Astors provided they knew nothing of what the future was to bring forth? And how many, do you think would agree with the Astors' critics? You can answer those questions yourself; I cannot.

The situation is by no means confined to real estate, however; it is the same in many other lines of business. The wonderful growth of the United States has been so productive of results for those who, in early days, invested even small capital and stood by their investments, that in cases too numerous to mention, the annual dividends to-day many times exceed the original investment.

There are hundreds of commercial houses in the United States that were founded from fifty to one hundred years ago. Some of them are immense institutions and do enormous business; yet, how much bigger even the greatest of these houses might be to-day, had their founders only realized the future of their country. Had this wonderful thought been realized and kept in mind, each of these concerns might, to-day, control the business in its particular line.

The same Opportunity—with a capital O—does exist to-day.

According to the recently completed Dominion Census, Canada has now a population of 7,100,000 in round numbers. According to the Third Federal Census of the United States taken in 1810—say just a century ago—the population was 7,239,881—within a hundred thousand people of what Canada has to-day.

Yet the relative situations are vastly different. In 1810, the greatest city in the United States was Albany, N.Y., with 96,375 people; Philadelphia, Pa., came next with 91,874 inhabitants and from these two, there was a long drop down to Baltimore, Md., with its 35,583. Even New York, to-day the second greatest city on the whole globe, had only a little over nine thousand inhabitants a hundred years ago.

In 1810, the whole population of the United States was a mere fringe along the Atlantic seaboard—unless, indeed, one is disposed to quibble about New Orleans with its 17,242 people on the Gulf of Mexico, cut off from the rest of civilization by a vast, unbroken wilderness. The most western city claiming any pretence of population was Cincinnati, O., with its 2,540 wilderness breakers. What pioneers they must have been! Chicago was undreamed of; St. Louis, Denver, Seattle and San Francisco were virgin forest and swamp lands unknown to the foot of civilized man.

While Canada, insofar as population is concerned,—is to-day in the same position as the United States was a hundred years ago, the possibilities of the Dominion are very much greater. Let us forget the fact that the area of Canada is much greater than that of the States; much of the Dominion is unexplored and we really do not know what it amounts to. Let's concede a point, if you will, and call the two countries, roughly, equal in size. But let us remember that the development of the Dominion has already reached a point that was not even in sight in the United States at a similar period in its history. In 1810, the United States had not a Montreal, a Toronto, a Winnipeg or even a Vancouver in size· it had no trans-Atlantic steamship lines bringing in whole floods of immigrants; it had no trans-continental railroads to distribute these immigrants where they were most needed—even if they had come; it had no telephone nor telegraph systems to help open up the country by bringing it into close touch with the world—it had few, indeed, of the civilizing influences that make the position of a pioneer desirable or even livable. There was no string of towns of anywhere from five to fifty thousand dotting the country from coast to coast. There was no great development of natural resources as there now is in Canada—no steady stream of commerce flowing across the continent.

Lord Strathcona, Canada's High Commissioner in London, predicts a population of eighty millions of people for the Dominion by 2,000 A. D. James J. Hill of the Great Northern, allows Canada fifty years in which to gain a total of fifty million. Just let us see about these prophecies. Since we have had the problem worked out for us just across the border, let us take a look at the figures offered; we will run over the population growth of the United States. Here is how the figures read:

Year.	Population.	Increase.	Percentage of Increase.
1810	7,239,881		
1820	9,634,453	2,398,572	33.1
1830	12,866,020	3,227,567	33.5
1840	17 069,453	4,203,433	32.7
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	35.9
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35.6
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22.6
1880	50,155,783	11,597,412	30.1
1890	62,947,714	12,791,931	25.5
1900	75,994,575	13,046,861	20.7
1910	91,972,266	15,977,691	21.0

Stop and go over those figures again advancing the year one century each time. There you have an idea of the very least Canada should do. Consider with this, how much greater are her developments to-day than were those of the United States a hundred years ago and you will be able to estimate the possibilities for yourself. Do you think Lord Strathcona or Mr. Hill have overestimated?

The difficulty with the average Canadian to-day is, that he does not fully see the possibilities of his country—or, if he does see them, he does not fully realize them. To the American of the present generation, accustomed to thinking of population in figures of ninety millions, Canada's small handful of people seems very insignificant. Her potentialities are overlooked; the fact that one dollar will to-day accomplish the same work that it will take ten dollars to do a couple of decades hence, is forgotten. The Canadian, unable to look back with his own eyes on what the United States has done, and reading the past history of that country only in mere words and figures, does not fully grasp that which lies before him.

EVERY TRANSATLANTIC LINER BRINGS ITS QUOTA OF PROSPECTIVE CANADIANS, 172,250 HAVING ARRIVED AT OCEAN PORTS BETWEEN APRIL FIRST AND NOVEMBER FIRST ACCORDING TO GOVERNMENT FIGURES THIS YEAR

Canada has the area and the natural resources; all she needs is people. Canada's area, a full third of the whole British Empire, is larger by 111,992 square miles than the whole United States with Alaska thrown in. Her three northern districts of Mackenzie, Ungava and Keewatin are larger than the great Chinese empire, swarming with its brown-skinned millions. Indeed, Canada hardly knows what she has in her north country; yet, surely, a million square miles of practically unexplored country must contain great opportunities for someone.

Throughout the whole world, Canada is becoming known as a wonderful wheat producing country. How wonderful she really is, people do not realize; the surface has merely been skimmed. The Province of Alberta alone—a single province as large as the whole country of France—produces an average of twenty three bushels of wheat per acre. Yet, out of a total of

120,000,000 acres of exceptionally fertile agricultural land, but a mere pittance is under cultivation—only some 1,212,644 acres.

Saskatchewan, her next door neighbor, approximately the same size, has only 6,888,100 acres or a little over 7.9 per cent. of her total arable acreage under cultivation. Even the famous Manitoba, the first province to give the world any idea of how good No. 1 Hard really is, has out of her total of 41,169,089 fertile acres, over 25,000,000 acres of land still unoccupied !

Canada's production of wheat, wonderful as it is, has barely begun. On the average, for the five years ending with 1908, the Dominion produced 106,000,000 bushels of wheat per year. (It is only fair to state, however, that had the productions of 1909 and 1910 been taken into consideration, Canada's average would have been 122,000,000 bushels, or an increase of 16,000,000 on the average—which merely shows how rapidly the production is increasing.) During the same period, the United States produced 656,000,000 bushels per year; Russia, 513,000,000 bushels; France, 329,000,000 bushels; British India, 362,000,000; the Argentine Republic, 153,000,000 bushels and other countries lesser quantities. Most of these other countries are nearing the limit of their productiveness which Canada has just begun.

Now, consider another factor in the development of Canada—a factor that was not present in the United States a century ago, nor indeed, for many years later. Just think of the astounding fact that Canada has three transcontinental railroads and consider what that means in the development of a country. Canada stands first among the nations in transportation facilities in proportion to population; she has one mile of railway to every three hundred people! In the last twenty years, the railway mileage of the Dominion has just doubled—and in the next ten, it is expected to double again.

Some idea of the extent of railroad building in Canada within recent years may be gathered from the fact that in 1901, the Province of Saskatchewan had 1,019 miles of railroad and in 1909 it had 3,440 miles—an increase of 250 per cent. in eight years. Again, at the beginning of 1910, Alberta had 1,800 miles of railroad and the provincial government guaranteed that this would be doubled within two years

It is unnecessary to comment on the bearing railroads have had on the development of the country. As one statesman put it in speaking of our trans-continental lines: "The map of Canada has been rolled back a thousand miles!" Where a quarter of a century ago Canada's first trans-continental was denounced as a scheme to rob the people of their savings, the cry goes up to-day from both east and west, "Give us more railroads!" The people have awakened to the possibilities of the twin lines of steel as the great forerunner of civilization. To-day, the home-seeker in almost any part of Canada can roll luxuriously to his destination in a palace car; and when he starts to raise grain or other products and is ready to ship them to market, he can have a freight car come almost to his own door to carry his produce to where it is most needed and where it will command the highest prices.

If the United States had had such transportation facilities a hundred years ago, do you think they would be a nation of only some ninety odd million people to-day?

The facts of Canada's marvellous fertility have become known to the world. The man who, a decade ago, knew Canada only as "Our Lady of the Snows", to-day knows of the roses that bloom at Christmas in Vancouver. And with its new knowledge, the world has also learned of our excellent transportation facilities. You ask me how I know that? The facts are patent in Canada's immigration records. Where in '96-7, a total of 21,716 foreigners sought our friendly shores, the year '09-10 saw an influx of 208,794 new citizens—just ten times as many. More, the number is steadily increasing year by year.

Canada's immigration for 1910 is said to be the most extraordinary ever known in the whole history of the world. This applied to both quantity and quality. Sixty-four nationalities were

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT CANADA PRODUCES MILLIONS OF TONS OF HARD WHEAT IN QUALITY UNEQUALLED. BUT THE RICH BLACK LOAM OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES WILL GROW CROPS LIKE THESE—PUMPKINS, SQUASH, CITRON, MELONS, CUCUMBERS, RIPE TOMATOES, CAULIFLOWER, CORN, ONIONS, BEETS, TURNIPS AND CELERY

represented and of the whole number, almost half—100,337,—were of the farming class. Of the balance, 31,120 were mechanics, over 12,000 were clerks and traders, 6,000 were miners and the balance were unclassified. Of the total number, for the year ending March 31st, 1910, 103,798 immigrants came from the United States to help till Canada's fertile acres; of these, the Dominion homesteaded forty-two out of every hundred. She also homesteaded 32 per cent. of her continental immigrants and 22 per cent. each of both English and Scotch.

In the last thirteen years, Canada's total immigration has equalled one fifth of her entire present population. Of these, 40 per cent. have been British subjects before they came in; 32 1-2 per cent. have been from the United States and 27 1-2 per cent. have been non-Anglo-Saxon.

Nor is it only in point of population that these new immigrants are a source of strength to the Dominion. They bring a great deal of money with them. The wealth taken into Canada in 1910 by United States immigrants alone, would build a fleet of twenty Dreadnoughts or a trans-continental railway. Yet even such an immense sum as this is a mere nothing compared to the vast wealth they create in their new homes.

Tell me, is there any reason why Canada should not grow far faster than the United States has grown? She has all the odds in her favor. She has the great fertile areas of farm land which constitute the real backbone of any country and already thousands of farmers have jumped at the opportunity to share in the greatest consecutive wheat field in the whole world—a wheat field three hundred miles wide by nine hundred miles long. In 1909, her 575,000 farmers produced field crops with a value of $532,992,100—and the world has heard about it.

Apart from the mere sordid aspect of greater profits, Canada offers a home life and educational opportunities un-

equalled anywhere on the globe. Think of living in a country that consumes more paper per head of population than any other country in the world! Someone has said that a nation's civilization is best judged by its consumption of paper; the truth of this statement is borne out in the educational statistics of the Dominion. Just as one single example, it might be mentioned that out of a total of one hundred and eighty Rhodes scholars at Oxford, one hundred and twenty-four are from Canada.

But to go further is rather futile. It is possible here only to skim over the surface of things; to tell everything would require volumes. My idea has been to show rather what the possibilities of the Dominion are for the future than to illustrate what a big country Canada already is. If I have touched on what Canada already has, it has only been to demonstrate the solid foundations that lie ready for the builder. On Canada's mines, timber lands, fisheries and other great natural resources, it is unnecessary to comment. Their solidity is best vouched for in the one simple fact that out of the unprecedented figure of one hundred and eighty-eight million pounds sterling loaned through London in 1910, more than forty million pounds or roughly, two hundred million dollars came to Canada. Such figures indicate pretty clearly the estimation in which the assets of the Dominion are held by financiers.

Canada has grown slowly up to the present—so slowly, in fact, that there have been times in her history when it actually looked as though she were standing still. Possibly, indeed, she has stood still at times; but in those dull periods, she has had a chance to study the achievements and the failures of other nations. And while she was marking time, she did study them; to-day, with the command, "Forward!" ringing in her ears, she is profiting by what she has learned.

To-day, the Dominion stands on the threshold of a wonderful development such as has not yet been seen in the history of nations. She affords opportunities fully as great, if indeed, not very much greater than were afforded by the United States a century ago and by many other countries far longer ago than that. The twentieth century unquestionably belongs to Canada.

THE KISS

BY FLORENCE KINGSLEY

I HATE you!
When you kiss me
My lips are hot and dry,
And my bosom throbs and hurts me.
And I don't know why.
I want my lips all moist and cool—
I want to think you are the fool.
Instead I cry,
I hate you.
When you kiss me
I loathe the thrill of fear
That seems to overwhelm me
When I know you're near.
I want to think I am above you,
You seem to think that I must love you.
Please—kiss me dear.

Comrades

By Arthur James Smith

With Drawings by F. M. Grant

SHE turned her head ever so slightly and flickered over her bare shoulder a glance provocative, alluring, practised. The man at the next table caught it, and lifted his glass with a laugh.

It was New Year's Eve. The old year was almost gone. Here in the big restaurant a delicious confusion of the senses was cunningly devised. Lights shrewdly placed redoubled themselves in mirrors, confetti were scattered underfoot of the scurrying waiters, champagne bubbled in amber fire, ivory shoulders leaned forward, and above the scarlet coats of the orchestra a girl was singing something with a swing to it, something to make you forget, if your glass and the look in the long eyes across from you hadn't turned the trick. And scarlet and green of salad, gay gowns, flashing silver, and glowing ruby of burgundy were doubled and redoubled in the panelled mirrors until no man could tell whether what he beheld was real, or a sparkling lie.

Occasionally the swinging doors were opened and a laughing, fur-muffled crowd came gaily in to join the revellers; occasionally a group at one of the tables gathered up their party-colored trifles and carried their frolic elsewhere, with an impudent toot of a tin horn. Outside, the whole city was abroad in the feathery snow, laughing, rollicking, throwing streamers of colored paper, wearing extravagant costumes, blowing horns, singing, tearing the last fragment of the old year to tatters. To-morrow good resolutions might be written, fresh white leaves turned, heads might ache and virtue follow, but to-night was theirs, and they were making the most of it. The taxis skidded through the slush, and wary pedestrians hovered on isles of safety before they made a dash for the opposite sidewalk.

The girl who had looked over her shoulder in the restaurant was now with the man who had laughed, and the delicate white flakes falling through the still air starred her ink-black furs with fairy crystals. As their taxi passed under the glare of an electric sign she laughed, showing a mouthful of white teeth and a dainty pink tongue. Then the sign winked out, and blackness swallowed her.

The feathery crystals fell also upon the darkness of the ragged firs that night, and powdered softly down upon the roof of a rough cabin on a British Columbia mountain-side.

John Vincent, seated by the fire, rapped his pipe sharply upon the rough mortar of the chimney-place and, rising impatiently to his feet, flung open the cabin door. Under its white blanket the whole landscape looked like the ghost of a dead mountain-side, grey, vague, lighted by neither moon nor star, but only by the faint reflec-

tions of the snow. Down the slope from the cabin a little stream pushed its way through the soft slush, and the faint gurgle and drop of it were plainly audible in the stillness. Vincent stared across the valley with disfavor.

"Hell!" he exploded suddenly. "Two thousand miles from a decent drink!" Sharply he shut the door again and resumed his brooding before the fire.

The legion that never was listed owned John Vincent, trapper by present profession, jack of all trades, and man of the world. As he sat by the rude fireplace the light picked out his well-cut features, touching broad brow, strongly-modelled nose, and firm-shut mouth; touching, too, the bold, deliberate eyes with their narrow pupils, and the wide jaw that projected at the angles, and looked like a steel trap. He seemed a man who would have been perfectly at ease under any circumstances or in any situation, and bore upon him the ineffaceable stamp of birth and breeding which consorted strangely enough with his rough trapper's clothes, and the fact that he sat here, apparently at home, waiting for somebody.

He had risen for the third time to pace the cabin impatiently when across the darkness came a shout, evidently not far off. Vincent sprang to the door and went out into the snow to meet a figure, bent under a pack, that hurried along towards the light and warmth of the cabin.

"What luck, Tom?" he called cheerily. But the bent figure did not reply until it was within the circle of firelight, and Vincent saw that the other man was laboring under some suppressed excitement. It was not the value of his haul from the traps he had been visiting, for he had only a couple of small skins at his belt. Vincent shook him by the shoulder, catching something of the contagion.

"What's happened, Tom? What is it?" he demanded eagerly.

The other man threw down his pack upon the rickety table, which shook under the weight, unrolled the outer covering of it, and flung it back.

"Look at that!" he cried exultantly. "Beats trappin' skunks—what?"

Vincent drew in his breath with a sharp hiss. There in the firelight lay a huge nugget of virgin gold, the largest he had ever seen, while fully a score of smaller lumps rolled about it. They gleamed dully in the light of the fire, and the men, as though held transfixed, gazed and gazed in silence at the treasure before them.

Vincent was the first to recover himself, with a stealthy, sidelong glance at the other man.

"You'll want some supper," he suggested with an effort. "Gold in the raw state doesn't fill a man's stomach. Have a long march home?"

"Why, from——" began the other, and then, suddenly warned by some subtle influence in the air, he cut himself short. "No, not far," he amended. "But that load was some heavy to pack."

COVERED THE TREASURE

Without further speech he busied himself preparing tea and frying bacon, pushing one corner of the pack-cloth away to make room for his tin plate. Vincent watched him narrowly. Over the faces of both had come a queer change. Vincent had lost some of his air of refinement, Tom the frank exultation with which he had at first flung down his treasure. Steadily and inexorably, although neither fully realized it, the madness that possesses men when the gold fever gets them was burning in their veins. With it, sub-consciously, came the unreasoning hatred of men who have long been alone with each other in the solitudes, and which, when it flares into flame, brings red tragedy in its train. And Tom, as he ate, likewise watched Vincent, who sat across the table, fondling the gold with a curiously caressing movement. Presently he glanced up with a casual air, although he avoided meeting Tom's eyes directly.

"By the way," he remarked, "where did you say you found this stuff?"

"Near the creek, about a mile up the trail," the other man answered, his eyes betraying suspicion. "It was where that there marten trap was set," he went on, with the air of a man who talks to gain time. "After I'd taken the critter out I climbed on that rock that stands near the trap and began to skin the catch. I'd 'most got the pelt off when my knife slipped and went down in the sand near the bank underneath. Well, I went down after it, and I found I had to move some smaller rocks to get at the thing. I found this"—placing his hand on the big nugget—"right beside the knife, and the others all round it." He stopped, looked away from Vincent, and at the heap of gold as if he were calculating how much less his own share would amount to after he had divided with his partner.

Vincent nodded, and presently asked another question.

"Was there more gold there, or did it look like only a pocket?" he inquired.

"It was a pocket," the other answered sullenly, "an' I cleaned her right out."

"Then this is all there is for both of us?" said Vincent almost inaudibly, and Tom, hearing, watched his partner as a lynx watches a rabbit. When Vincent should sleep—when he should be too soundly asleep to hear—but he refused to think beyond that. At least, he would watch him until they turned in.

HIS PARTNER WAS SITTING UP WIDE AWAKE, WATCHING HIM

"What'll we do with the stuff to-night?" he asked presently, a little sneer in his voice.

"Why—you're tired. I'll look after it," answered Vincent readily. His partner laughed. The smouldering hatred between them burst for an instant into flame.

"Think I'm as big a fool as that?" he inquired harshly. "The gold is mine. Either I take it in my bunk, or we put it somewhere so I can watch it."

Vincent's lips curled in an ugly

smile. "It goes in the cache, then," he said. "That's the only other place."

"That's all right," Tom conceded shortly, and both began to pick up the nuggets eagerly and place them in the wrapping. Their heads almost came together as they bent in their haste over the little table, and once Tom swore savagely as Vincent laid his hand on one of the larger lumps. Then, each grasping jealously the side of the bundle, they carried it to the hiding place, a hollow space beneath the stones of the rude hearth.

It lay at their feet, glowing faintly, even in the dimness of the hole, and Vincent crouched over it, fondling the precious lumps, while Tom stood by, hardly able to keep from leaping forward and wrenching his partner from the gold.

"Come, quit that," he said at last, dropping the heavy covering stone into the socket so roughly that he narrowly missed Vincent's fingers as the latter withdrew them. For a moment he did not rise, but squatted on his haunches, staring into the fire. Then he shook himself and rose, apparently himself again.

"Were you ever on Broadway, Tom?" he inquired, pleasantly enough.

"Nah," growled Tom.

"It's New Year's Eve to-night," Vincent went on, not noticing the interruption. "I was thinking about it before you came. They're raising hell all up and down Broadway to-night. Last year I was in the middle of it—I and little Ernestine Page. Holy George! She was pretty. Only woman I ever saw who could open her mouth and stick her tongue out at you and look pretty while she was doing it. Teeth like a string of pearls and a little pink tongue like a kitten's. I remember her laughing over her champagne-glass and saying that everything you wanted in the world was the color of gold, champagne included. Gold will buy a lot on Broadway—and that's why I quit."

The other man listened as Vincent talked, more to himself than to his partner, and at the end, spat into the fire.

"Aw, hell!" he growled. "Let's turn in."

Without further speech he saw to the fastenings of the door, banked the fire for the night, and removing coat and boots, stretched himself on his bunk. Vincent followed his example, and silence settled down on the cabin, save for an occasional wolf-howl uplifted on the still air, lonely, distant, and strangely menacing.

As the whistles shrieked in faraway New York, and the babel of horns and conches joined with the sirens of steamers, the warning notes of automobiles, and the excited, laughter-threaded voices of women, to welcome the New Year, a new sound was added to those in the mountain cabin. Tom still breathed heavily, and tossed a little from time to time; a stick fell in the fire with a sound of crumbling ash; the timbers of the cabin crackled in the frost—and softly, cautiously, a foot reached over the edge of Vincent's bunk and set itself carefully on the floor.

The firestick that had fallen suddenly flashed into a small flame, and revealed him poised, listening to his partner's breathing, lust in his face, and caution, his cruel eyes fixed on the hearthstone that covered the gold. The tiny flame died down, and still keeping every sense alert for the slightest movement of the sleeper, Vincent, scarcely recognizable with the distortion of greed and hatred upon his face, reached quietly for the stone which concealed the treasure. Slowly he removed it, pausing to listen every second, and at last the yellow lumps lay under his hands. He lifted the metal from the hole lovingly and stealthily, and played with it much as a child would play with a favorite new toy, but without any of the expression of the child in the face that bent over the gold. From time to time, at first, the hands and face were poised into an attitude of intense eagerness for the sounds of the shack, and resumed their play when satisfied that the steady breathing still came from the other bunk. But the eyes failed to notice a tongue of flame that crept gradually along the fallen log, and was fast nearing a pitchy seam in its burning side.

"LOOK AT THAT!" HE CRIED EXULTANTLY. "BEATS TRAPPIN' SKUNKS—WHAT?"

Of a sudden it licked the gum—a glare of flame shot up, lighting the interior of the shack as though by a powerful incandescent, and Vincent, startled as an animal in the forest is startled, sprang up and instinctively faced towards the other man's bunk. As he did so, something like a snarl burst from his lips, for his partner was sitting upright, wide awake, and seemed to have been watching him all the time.

It was only for a second that they could see each other—to their crazed minds an eternity of hatred—and then the cabin was in darkness once more. But Vincent could hear the other leave his bed, and knew that he was advancing to the firelight. He waited, and, while one hand still lay on the gold, the other felt for and grasped the revolver which he had brought with him from his bunk. By the feeble rays of the dying fire it was not for a moment possible to see this other man who came from the dark—who was led by treasure lust to the heap of gold, and

by enmity to the comrade that kept such guard over it. Then Tom, outlined in the glow, and with his face a ghastly white patch, came close and crouched suddenly on his haunches, as any wild beast might, and over the gold the two men, with the fury of baser animals in their breasts, faced each other. The fire glowed equally for both; the air in the shack filled their lungs equally; but the gold lay between them—unfathomable as a canyon a mile deep—as the eternity which divides life and death—or the gulf of a thousand years. Without it they were themselves, but as they faced each other a venomousness seized them and swept them back over a vast gulf of time and they became as men of a primeval age.

In the darkness behind him the new savage was feeling quietly for the hatchet which was always kept by the hearth, and which he remembered having seen there when they had not the gold—when everything was very different—so very long ago. He found the heavy axe and, raising it high above his head, he sprang at the face and hands before him. As he leaped a shot rang out, and he staggered and crumpled up oddly. But the dead man's force lived for one brief moment in the descending axe, and it crashed down on the other's face; it buried itself deeply in the broad, well-modelled forehead, and the two forms reeled and fell across the lighted space, where each soul slipped off into eternity.

The whistles on Broadway had hardly ceased shrieking, and occasionally still some stray siren uttered a challengingly jovial scream, as who should say, "I'm all right, boys!" when Ernestine Page laughed up into the eyes of the man who had toasted her earlier in the evening, and stuck out her pretty pink tongue.

"If you've got the price, Larry," she said, looking at him sideways out of her long, fringed eyes. "I'm no cheap goods. But anything goes on Broadway, if you have the price."

The man pulled out his diamond tiepin with a boisterous laugh, and tossing it in her satin lap, kissed her on the mouth.

"That goes," he said. "I've got it—for you, little girl."

And in the mountain cabin the two men lay together, their blood trickling into the hot ashes and coals, and making little dark streams on the split log floor—streams that hissed in the heat and ran by the lumps of reddish metal that lay in the light. And it formed a pool that caked about the gold, while outside the light snow still fell, and across the valley the lonely wolf howled.

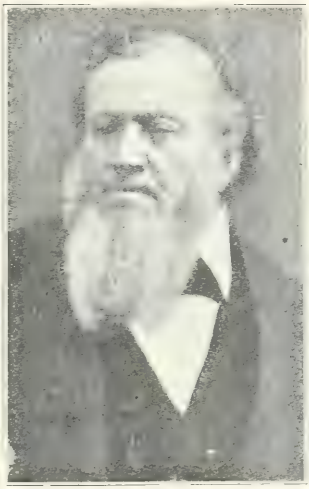
SUNDOWN

BY ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

THE Pilgrim of the Sky has pitched his tent
Beneath the hills that slant to yonder West;
He could no farther fare, his light was spent,
And darkness hard upon his pathway pressed.

But far beyond his track the flakes that fell—
As sparks that blow from off a passing train—
His course upon the skyey fields will tell,
Till with re-lighted torch he comes again!

Does the Alberta Mormon Control Politics?



By Emily F. Murphy
Author of "Janey Canuck Abroad" &c

Illustrated with Photographs

FROM time to time, but more especially in the silly season, there is featured in Canada a reprobate bogey-man labeled "the Albertan Mormon". He is, the writers tell us, a slack-twisted fellow with a monstrous naughty heart and the morals of a decadent Pasha, or of a barnyard cockerel—that is to say, none at all—in faith, a most audacious man. Cry shame on him, and shame! "Robin was a rovin' boy, rantin', rovin' Robin."

His "carryings-on", they further explain, are a scandal to all Canada. Alberta not included, and he should be straightway extinguished, but whether by means of axe or rope the writers do not say.

The trouble with this Mormon bogey is that the writers (in spite of all the ink they have spent) have dealt with possibilities and probabilities, but never with facts. As yet, they have failed to produce one jot or tittle of evidence that he is so dangerous and renegade a fellow. Should you, because of a disordered understanding, claim to the contrary part, then do I withstand you to the very face and say your evidence is of so vague and intangible a nature that you must perforce be reminded of Dr. Johnson's comment concerning the ground of belief for the immortality of the soul—"One would like more". Hitherto, the persons who wrote most about the Mormons were men who knew little of them, but now, after all the years, comes a new figure to the front, to wit, Miss Nan Moulton, journalist, of Winnipeg. She has visited the Mormons and has eaten and talked with them for weeks and weeks—for goodness knows how long. Presumably, she went thither to frame a case against them, but in this undertaking Miss Moulton has made an equivocal failure.

Indeed, one questions if her series of five articles are not more to the credit of the Mormons than to their shame and confusion of face.

While it befell Miss Moulton to act in the capacity of public prosecutor, yet he who runs may read in each of her articles that she could have acted

for the defence with far more ease and readiness.

And this is what anyone who has the honorable satisfaction of her acquaintance must naturally expect, for Miss Moulton is one of the sanest and most wholesome-minded journalists in all Canada, a morning-hearted woman with a fine sympathy for the world of commonplace folk. Also, she has a pretty sense of humor, a perception which, as a general thing, prevents a writer from taking an extreme position in matters either religious or political. This is why it is not a little surprising to find her assuming the drastic but withal ineffective attitude of the nursery jingle,

> Old Daddy Longlegs won't say his prayers,
> Take him by the left leg and throw him down the stairs.

It were an attitude more befitting to the child or the zealot than to a live-and-let-live journalist of the wide and tolerant West.

In her articles, Miss Moulton has made considerable ado over the obedience of the Mormons to their duly sanctioned authority; "Talk about the German army!" she says, "the Mormon Church is a theocratic government wherein the members enjoy a quite abridged liberty in novel contentment; it is an absolute monarchy resting ostensibly on the consent of the governed".

There are some of us in these days of strikes and disorders who incline to think this a highly commendable trait in the economy of the Mormons rather than something deserving of reprobation. Indeed, it is in strict accordance with the twelfth article of their creed—"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law".

ARE MORMONS BOND-SERVANTS OF A CULT?

The inference, however, to be deducted from Miss Moulton's remark is that these men do not exercise their liberty of opinion in things that matter, that they are bondservants of a cult. This remark is one that has been iterated and reiterated by many people who are unacquainted with the Western Mormon folk. We are informed these Mormons are a national menace in that they vote exactly as they are told and that their leaders aim at securing the balance of political power. I do not know concerning this alleged aim of theirs, but as the Mormons have only one member in the Legislature after fifteen years of residency, there would seem to be small cause for anxious care on the part of our nation in this matter. Neither does Mr. John Woolf, M.P.P. for Cardston, appear to be unduly aggressive in claiming special privileges for his supporters, although he might with some degree of fairness be entitled so to do, in that his is the most prosperous rural constituency in the whole province.

As a matter of fact, from what I have observed of Mr. Woolf in the different sessions of the legislature, he seems to be rather a quiet man among other quiet men who tier up in the house for the world like so many letters in a dictionary. The only idiosyncrasy about him is that you are aware that he is entitled to be called "a saint" back home in Cardston. This seems a pity, for "Johnny" Woolf is too much like other men to deserve so unfortunate a title. Besides, who ever saw a saint with gold teeth, a well-tailored coat, and an expansive smile?

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that these Mormon leaders do aim at political power, what about it? Is not this an ambition that overleaps itself in other and wider circles than theirs? Since when, pray, has ambition for political power become a graceless standard? If the question be too hard to answer, there is no doubt you may gain considerable data and assistance from a study of the French vote, the Methodist vote, the temperance vote, to say nothing of the Irish one. Indeed, these witless phrases we read concerning "grave national menace", or "a pernicious political power,"

are only so many striking illustrations of the effect of writing without thinking.

But do the Mormons vote as they are told? Are they men without civic conscience—mere impersonal pawns to be moved hither and thither according to the irresponsible whim of their leaders?

This is not a peculiarity of men who live in the West—you may have noticed it. There would appear to be something in our highly ozonated atmosphere that precludes such a possibility.

But let us examine the ground-rock facts themselves for our better satisfaction.

ALL-PUISSANT ELDERS AND BLIND PIGS

In the elections of 1902, Mr. Woolf, representing the reformers, ran against Mr. H. A. Allan, the conservative candidate. This was one of the hottest and most keenly contested elections that took place in the whole province, bishops, elders and saints fighting the issue to its ultimate ditch. The reformer was elected in spite of the fact that the late Dr. Card, of Cardston, an ardent conservative and the big man of the burgh, threw his whole influence against him. Moreover (and hearken well to this), Mr. Woolf's opponent was on the eve of becoming the highest church dignitary of the Mormon community. If the so-called "hierarchy" were wont to exercise an arbitrary power over the votes of the people, this was most surely an occasion upon which they would have exercised it to the full.

But even the defeated party acknowledged that the Mormons had played the game with a fair and understanding spirit, which fact was vouched for on the floor of the legislature by Mr. Robertson, of High River, the leader of the conservative opposition.

To sum up the whole matter, this trumpery theory that the Mormons misuse the franchise by voting solely as instructed, is one that falls to the ground by the weight of its own silliness. We would not so much regret the expense of energy and waste of paper it takes to put this bogey out of active business were it not a fairly certain thing that one of these days another frightened, excited person will bob up somewhere about two thousand miles from Alberta and again drag this pestilent bogey out of its native dust. "Oho!" he will say, "Look you here, good Christians all! This is a bad Mormon man. He does many evil things and is a terrible menace to our national life in that he votes exactly as the hierarchy orders him." (They are sure to say "hierarchy" and "our national life"). "Let us convert him this very instant, or failing this, off with his head".

Yes! this is what tends to make the task of education a wearisome one to body and brain.

Miss Moulton relates to us that when Cardston was made a "dry" town certain young Mormons took upon themselves to conduct "blind pigs," thereby causing grave scandal to the elders who, in despair, called upon the Mounted Police of Edmonton to punish the evil-doers.

One marvels that Miss Moulton should tell this incident in that, awhile before, she endeavored to show us the Mormon elders as all-puissant autocrats who had to be implicitly obeyed. It would seem, after all, that their power is not so very absolute and that young Mormons are apt to exercise their free-will in "blind-pigs" in much the same manner as young Doukhobors will secretly smoke and eat meat, or as the youths of any Canadian community will "kick over the traces" where the lines are overly taut.

But there is a sequel to this incident. Miss Moulton says it is one of her best stories. When the policeman from Edmonton had quietly observed and listened for a few weeks he turned in his report but, besides the blind-pig statistics, it contained an appended list of names, being those of the prominent members of the community who were addicted to polygamous practises.

"The blind pigs" says Miss Moulton, "had squealed."

Now, this is a good story in that it does not lack in motive, in style, or in the very necessary element of surprise. Indeed, it may be said to have every merit except the rather commonplace one of truth.

It disquiets me as a Western woman to have to spoil one of those many "rippin' yarns" which Western villagers love to spring on unsuspecting travellers or uppish folk from the city, but the exigencies of this case demand it.

The pigs, if they had anything to squeal about, never squealed. Inspector Worsley of the Mounted Police tells me there is nothing in it. No such list was ever handed to him.

"If there had," I ask, "would it have been your duty to investigate it?"

"Most certainly!" he replies. "Most certainly, it had been my duty to have it investigated".

WHAT THE MORMONS TEACH THEIR CHILDREN

In one of her articles, Miss Moulton describes her meeting with President Allan of the Taylor Stake. "A dark, fine looking man is the President" she says, "but a man of sterner mould than most of his fellows. He was disgruntled when I met him, at Bishop Vaughan's declaration that every Mormon in England should be drowned in the sea. 'That man,' said President Allan with conviction, 'is a murderer in his heart.' I was quite frightened, but I didn't know what I could do about it, besides, I wanted to laugh."

In reading over these sentences, one's sympathies must inevitably swing to the dark stern man rather than the woman who wanted to laugh.

I have no evidence that Bishop Vaughan ever made this statement, but if he did he was most assuredly harboring murderous feelings in his heart, so that President Allan's declaration was well-founded.

It is not so long ago that a certain Anglican Bishop at a Canadian Club luncheon in Toronto, made a similar remark about the women who desired the rights of franchise. In his opinion, they deserved to have rats let loose upon them. Although the dignitary in question was the honored guest of the Club, he was sharply taken to task by a gentleman present for so unchristian and so unchivalrous an expression. As the case is a parallel one, I adduce it in support of President Allan's contention.

In criticizing the tendency of the Mormons to direct their own education, Miss Moulton says of them "In Cardston the majority of the teachers are still Gentile. In Magrath about half are Gentile. In Raymond, the most Mormon of all the Alberta towns, only two teachers are Gentile, and these are not coming back for the next term. They point to these Gentile teachers as proof of their tolerance, but I think 'twas sheer necessity. They are training teachers of their own faith now and employing them in the towns and in the many school districts round about."

It does seem difficult to work up any thing like a case against this community. But even supposing the sole teachers employed were young men and maidens of the community, there would be nothing of a particularly flagrant nature in this matter. If the people of Sarnia, or Halifax, or Medicine Hat decide to engage the citizens of their own communities as teachers, it is purely a matter that concerns themselves. They are the people who pay the piper.

A Western girl, or a girl in Cardston, might prefer to teach in her own village and live at home, and it would be highly unreasonable to expect her parents to send her away to an outside district merely out of deference to the prejudices of certain interested folk in other parts of the province. Besides, if these Cardston teachers are of so pernicious a stock (as the journalists claim) it would not be possible for them to secure positions in other schools in Alberta.

On the contrary part, it is our opinion that the communities at Magrath,

Cardston and Raymond are doing well to train up all the teachers they can. Every day in the year, a new school is opened in Western Canada. Long life to any community that is producing a supply of teachers for them !

At present, we are wringing our hands and beseeching the English, Irish, and Scotch teachers to come over and help us. In Alberta, we require from three to four hundred new teachers yearly to maintain the necessary force, and at least half of these must come from Eastern Canada and the British Isles. The lowest salary paid is $600.00. In the face of these facts, it would look like foresight and good judgment on the part of the Mormons to train up and engage their own teachers rather than something deserving of adverse criticism.

It is a pity that the naked truth so often and so nearly approximates bad form but, nevertheless, we declare that most of this hysteric clamor and nearly all these absurd allegations against the Albertans of the Mormon persuasion have their origin in no more substantial grounds than that childish and knock-kneed couplet,

"I do not like you Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell".

The Lay of the Ex-Mariner

A. Harold Brown

I'D SAILED the blooming Seven Seas,
With William Blow, me mate;
And when we'd saved a bit o' cash,
We thought we'd emigrate.

"M' lad," says William Blow to me,
"We'll shape our course doo West;
I've heard a lot 'bout Canaday."
"Aye, aye!" says I, with zest.

So at Quebec we brought t' port,
And then we cruised t' West,
Until we come to Winnipeg,—
"By Gum!" says I. "I'm blest!"

We thought to find a fortress place,
With Indians and snow;
But this here town flumbusted me,
And likewise William Blow!

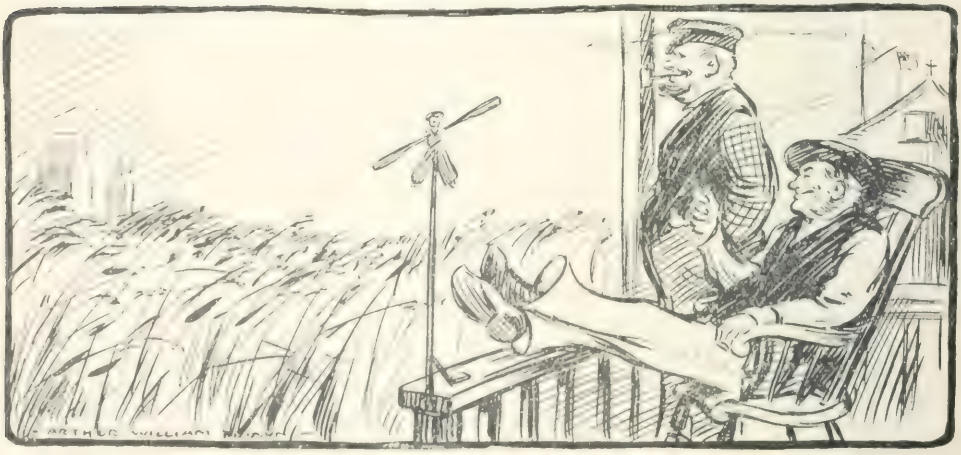
"The place for us," says Bill to me,
(Our coin was getting low),
"Is more t' West where land be cheap."
"Aye, aye!" says I. "Right O!"

We settled, me and Bill, me mate,
On wheat-land further West;
And arter making things ship-shape,
We'd get a bully rest!

We'd sit and smoke, and take our ease,
And yarn and argufy,
Upon our own piazzer-deck,
'Twas nuts for us, me eye!

Then up I'd heave, and likewise Bill,
And stroll abaft the lee,
To watch our rolling waves o' wheat,—
It beats the bally sea!

As William Blow remarks to me,
"I used ter love the brine,
(I guess we'll lift ten ton this fall),
This here's the life for mine!"



Spinal Maginnis, Husky Hercules

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"WHERE'S my Baird?" Spinal Maginnis demanded of the boys in the back-room as they collected their books for the study hour.

"Coming, I trust," Bryan Boru reassured him as he fondled his own downy chin coquettishly.

"Not 'beard,' you perennial Hyperion," disclaimed Spinal scornfully. "Your barberous mind is preossified with tutorial things."

"Wake up, Spinal!" gasped Chummy the precisian. "Perennial Hibernian', was what I called Bryan. And you mean tonsorial. Tutorial! What's that, Dixonary?"

"Pertaining to, or exercised by a tutor or instructor," remarked Dixonary in a conversational tone. "Anybody got a pencil with a point?"

"Exactly—a text-book. Text-books always did have a benumbing effect on our Irish friend. But Spinal meant his Baird's Classical Manual, Bryan. Have you stolen it?"

"I tould him it was coming," Bryan muttered, and with the word the text-book whizzed across the intervening space and descended with fluttering leaves on Spinal's head, as the bell rang.

It was Dr. Tassie's custom during study hour to pace up and down between the long tables, overlooking the students at their work, stopping behind an idler to warn him of the wrath to come, or lending a condescending interest to the labors of some industrious youngster. To-day he tarried beside Yankee Dickinson who was scornfully poring over his "Magnall's Questions" and recited, in a deep melodious voice "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power" as that staunch republican, Yankee sniffed at the armorial bearings of "an effete aristocracy" displayed in the text. Dr. Tassie passed on, pausing beside another lad, hopelessly floundering in Homer, to remark, "Poluphloisbois thalassae—the deep-sounding sea. A perfect example of onomatopoeia, the assimilation of sound to sense". "Moon-face the Delaware" glanced up respectfully, although uncertain of the Doctor's intentions, and beheld only the back of the Doctor's majestic frock coat as he passed on towards the seat of Spinal Maginnis.

Spinal had been busy decorating his "Baird" all evening, as a precaution against further loss.

> Steal not this Baird for fear of strife ;
> The owner has a big jack-knife.

he had traced laboriously on the fly-leaf, following it with a drawing of a savage rampant and flourishing a blade from which drops, presumably of blood, were falling in a copious shower. This had taken much time and effort, but was disappointing in that it did not seem to arrive at any definite result. So he continued on the opposite page with the legend,

> Steal not this book, my honest [illegible]id,
> For fear the gallows will be your end.

Below this was a realistic picture of a gibbet from which a figure, mostly extended arms and legs, depended, and turning over the title page Spinal continued,

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name.
On judgment day the Lord will say,
"Where is that book you stole away?"
And if you say, "I do not know,"
Then He will say, "Go down below!"
If my name you wish to see,
Turn to page one-forty-three.

As it happened, this page was devoted to a treatise on the designations of Roman families, and was headed, "Names.

"That's something I didn't think of," Spinal said to himself. "If a fellow has several names like those Romans, which one ought he to put in a book? Spinal Maginnis? Or his own proper cognomen of MacPherson?" Yet here was a suggestion. Said Baird, "A fourth name, or agnomen, was sometimes added for some illustrious action". Spinal seized upon it. He had felt latent heroism coursing through his veins with the approach of spring, and at once he decided to distinguish himself in some heroic way and acquire an agnomen which he would put in his book. Meantime he would refer the searcher in his Baird from page to page, and he was engaged in the task of constructing an intricate labyrinth of cross-references when he heard Dr. Tassie's familiar, "Ah! h'm! h'm! h'm!" behind him. Spinal sought to appear too engrossed to be interrupted, but the tyrant paused beside him, inquiring,

"What interests you so greatly, Macpherson?"

"Baird, sir!" faltered Spinal, anxiously searching page 183, on which he had just been inscribing, "Turn back to page seventy-nine" for an inspiration and an excuse. The Doctor looked over his shoulder.

"Ah! Roman Chronology. And you are arranging cross-references? You must be an enthusiast indeed. What is it that is so especially engrossing at the moment?"

Spinal, with unerring instinct, seized upon a proper name which would lend itself most readily to his mispronouncing genius, and read "Hasdrubble marches into Italy, is defeated on the Metaurus and slain."

"Has drouble indeed," Dr. Tassie commented, and lest he should betray himself into an undignified levity, passed on. Spinal promptly set to work again, carried the prospective searcher for truth to page seventy-nine, and was still hesitating whether to end the chase with his still unchosen agnomen, or with the conventional formula, "What a sell!" when Dr. Tassie touched the bell for prayers.

On returning to the dormitory Spinal exhibited his work with pardonable pride, and received ribald suggestions for its completion. But Chummy Jones, the precisian, scorned it openly.

"Such ingenuity as yours, dear boy," he said, "should not be wasted on childish puzzles. Now if you would undertake something really worth while, such as the discovery of the Baikie wigwam——"

This was a quest as hopeless in its way as the search for the philosopher's stone or the fountain of youth, a search, the futility of which was a standing reproach to the whole school.

The Baikie Apes were known to have a wigwam, although the Tassie boys had hitherto regarded the building of these structures as their exclusive prerogative. All through the long and shameful winter the enemy had openly and defiantly boasted of this act of effrontery, and regularly every Saturday they had waited at the school gate to

hurl insults at their traditional foes as school was dismissed. Since they had a whole holiday on Saturday instead of the Wednesday and Saturday half-holiday that was the arrangement of the Tassie calendar, they were accustomed to spend the morning at their unknown rendezvous safe from spies, and return in time to revile their foes much after the manner in which Goliath of Gath stood and cried unto the armies of Israel.

The worst of it was that early in the winter Dr. Tassie had interdicted Baikie fights under pain of expulsion, and there were not wanting those who accused the Baikie Apes of having entered into a shameful compact with the Doctor and persuaded him to issue the edict.

When Chummy, therefore, pointed out to Spinal the way to glory, it roused a mighty rush of heroic impulse, and he nodded portentously.

"Those Baikie Apes," he said, "are becoming altogether too initiative."

Chummy looked impressed. "That's a fine word," he said. "What does it mean?"

"It's a cinnamon for copying—just what you'd expect of apes. But, seriously, they must be conjugated."

"Subjugated, he means," explained Dixonary.

"No, he doesn't. He means to slaughter the Baikies same as he does his Latin verbs."

But Spinal was serious. "It's no laughing matter, fellows. "What right have they to opprobriate our cutoms? Of course it must be a mere tapestry of a wigwam, but even so it must not be permitted to dessicate our fair land."

"Delenda est Carthago," quoted Dixonary.

Grasping his pencil, an air of desperate resolve Spinal wrote at the head of page seventy-nine in his "Baird", "Ask the Baikie Apes who annisolated their wigwam."

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Anybody will know by to-morrow night whose book it is."

Spinal felt so sure of this that he proceeded to select "Hercules" as his agnomen. But next morning, he seemed to have forgotten all about the perilous undertaking he had set himself, and to be concerned only with the observance of Lent in accordance with the customs of the English Church. Spinal's conversion from the Presbyterian faith to that of the Episcopal had been a nine-days' wonder to those who did not know that the previous year Dr Tassie had given a whole holiday on Ash Wednesday to the English Church boys.

Now he had made ostentatious preparations for the rigid observances of the fasts and festivals of his new faith, abstaining from meat on hash day and on meat-pie day, the two days of the week on which Mrs. Tassie's wholesome menu was most energetically reviled. In private he proceeded to keep up his strength by means of a "regiment" of red herrings, a box of which he had laid in to the amusement of the scoffers.

" 'Regiment' is good, " commented Chummy Jones. "They have red coats, are put up in rank and vile and are full strength. They will make a very Hercules of you, Spinal." Which remark threw the prospective wigwam-discoverer into deep meditation and caused him to begin a letter to his mother telling her about his new agnomen, and his intention to earn it by discovering the Baikie wigwam.

Dr. Tassie gave the English Church

boys no holiday in the morning of Ash Wednesday, but instead sent them to church, which providentially held no services at the time when they arrived. Spinal, reading in this a direct interposition of the powers on his behalf slipped away from the others, and set out alone on his quest.

It was plain enough that up the river was the direction to take, for the Baikies had never attempted any concealment of their route, but this only went to show that he had no ordinary problem to solve when they displayed such evident confidence in the impossibility of discovery.

Snow was still on the ground and Spinal followed the first trail which left the road, leading into the woods. The footprints of some small animal caught his eye and he followed the tracks to a hole at the foot of a tree. Getting down warily on hands and knees, he sniffed and quickly backed away. "Just the thing, the chief can catch it", he said and, marking a cross with his knife on each of the two trees at an equal distance on each side, he ran back to the trail. This brought him to the river bank, where the path led down to a well beaten road in the middle of the frozen stream, but no sign of any wigwam had he yet seen.

Looking backward before starting on the up river trail, he saw something which appeared to be worthy of investigation—a dead tree which must be on fire as light smoke was rising from the top. Spinal climbed a taller tree near by to get a good look—and the next thing he knew he was falling with a piece of broken limb in his grasp. Then amid a blinding vision of fireworks, everything suddenly turned dark.

When Spinal regained consciousness, he realized that he was aching in many spots, but this was forgotten in the joy of discovering when he opened his eyes, that he had accomplished the object of his search. There could be no mistake about it. The cedar bark with which the walls and ceiling were neatly covered had that familiar wigwam effect and fragrance; but the perfectly flat roof, such as no Tassie boy had ever been known to build, proved that the place where he lay was none other than the Baikie fastness. A lighted lantern hung from the ceiling and, facing him, he saw squatting against the wall a merry-faced, curly-haired boy who was grinning as though it were a great joke to see a fellow battered into insensibility.

Spinal scowled and said, "What's funny about it? For all you know I may be incompassionated for life."

"No, you're all right," said the other. "I felt you all over. You know I'm going to be a doctor and I can tell. But, say, I know who you are when you talk. I've heard about you. You're the fellow they call Spinal Maginnis."

"And you're the fellow they call Firecrackers," said Spinal who had seen him in the forefront of battle and knew him for a doughty champion.

"I'm glad I came out here to-day. I played hookey to get a book that I left here last Saturday."

"What sort of a book? You must have wanted it badly to come out here alone with our fellows all around on your way back."

"I'm not afraid of the whole lot, but I want the book all right. It's a medical work that I'm studying. I haven't found it yet. What's that in your pocket?"

Spinal felt and found that he had pocketed the book on which he was so busy the night before.

"Oh, that's my Baird."

"Let's see it."

Firecrackers was greatly amused with the drawings, and the contents of the book also appealed to him. They did not give much time to the classics at Baikie's school and the book opened a new world to the boy. Forgetting the ancient feud, he sat down beside Spinal and asked him the pronunciation of the names.—If Chummy Jones could only have been there to hear that!

"What's your real name?" he asked abruptly. "Mine's Tommy Burns."

"If my name you wish to see, Turn to page one forty three," Spinal replied, with a mischievous gleam in his eye, hoping that this might lead to a search through the maze which he had constructed and a final bringing up at his boast that he would demolish the wigwam.

Firecrackers did as directed, only to

"THOSE BAIKIE APES ARE BECOMING ALTOGETHBR TOO INITIATIVE," DECLARED SPINAL
"THEY MUST BE CONJUGATED"

find a reference to page one eighty three, but he did not continue the search, for he become at once interested in the heroes of the Punic wars whose roll was there recounted.

"I had rather be Hannibal for he won the most battles," he said.

"Yes, but he was beaten in the end," Spinal replied.

"That doesn't matter. Every fellow has to have his finish. Who would you rather be?"

"Regulus. He was taken prisoner just as I am and they let him go back to Rome on his promise to return after he found out if the Romans wanted to make peace. He advised them not to and then kept his promise and came back and the Carthaginians rolled him down a hill in a barrel studded with sharp spikes."

"That would be a good game to play. If you will promise to come back next Saturday afternoon I'll have a barrel ready."

Spinal reflected on this proposition and as he thought, the gleam which Tassie boys knew as "dangerous" flashed in his eye. "I'll take that up, and what's more I'll guarantee that your whole crowd will run from me. Not one of you will dare to touch me. I'm not much good now after that tumble but you'll see how strong I am. Here's my name," and he turned to page seventy-nine and pointed to 'Hercules'.

Firecrackers spied at the head of the page the words "Ask the Baikie Apes who annisolated their wigwam." He knew that it was only by the merest accident that Spinal had partially made good his boast. He knew nothing of the proverbial Maginnis luck and concluded that ever successful blunderer to be a vain boaster.

"One thing you must promise on the honor of a Regulus," he said—"that you won't show or tell anybody where this wigwam is and will never come near it yourself until you meet us at the

place I will show you. Then you can go ahead with your slaughter."

"I'll promise that all right if you will let me bring one other fellow along and will guarantee him safe conduct under a flag of truce. For myself I don't ask any terms."

Firecrackers readily assented, as he intended to have fifteen sturdy warriors of his own on hand. Spinal for his part knew that any party he brought would be sure to be outnumbered or the Baikies would never admit them but he felt that it was essential to have a witness to what he began to realize would be the greatest exploit of his career.

"Now," said Firecrackers, "we'd better be thinking of getting home if you are able to walk."

"Oh yes. I'm all right," and to prove it Spinal bravely limped around.

"You wouldn't be able to do that much if we hadn't piled a lot of young spruce trees over the roof to hide it. They deadened your fall."

Then he produced a loaf of bread and a pat of butter and, opening the stove door, proceeded to toast a slice of bread on a forked stick. Spinal had had the forethought to pocket several of his red herrings, so they fared quite sumptuously.

"Well," said Firecrackers, "I'll get busy and patch up the roof where you came in and then I'll show you the proper entrance.

He hauled out a step ladder and an armful of bark from an adjoining room which appeared to be a woodshed and store house, and lifting the pack of bark through a gap in the roof, he pulled himself up in good gymnasium style and, saying "Good-bye, I'll be back soon," disappeared.

Spinal lay on his back watching the gap narrow and close up, and then heard sounds as of something light being strewed over the covering, which he guessed to be pine needles.

As he lay there, the stovepipe caught his eye and he wondered how the smoke was concealed, until he recalled the smoking dead tree and concluded that it must be hollow and ingeniously utilized as a chimney. He had to admit that the Baikie Apes had shown some originality in that.

On lowering his eyes, he saw Firecrackers standing before him, though there was no indication of how he had come back.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I am going to blindfold you so you won't know how we get in here. I had to watch you for quite a while until you weren't looking."

So Spinal with his eyes tightly bandaged was led, limping and stumbling, while he counted three hundred paces. Then Firecrackers uncovered his eyes and showed him a large boulder which he told him was where he would be met and was not to be passed except under guard.

The Baikie said he would explain Spinal's absence from dinner and walked boldly up to the front door of Dr. Tassie's house and rang the bell. It was a new experience for Spinal to be entering there but he followed. His companion's frank, happy manner put everything in a favorable light, especially as Dr. Tassie knew his father well.

Firecrackers explained that they had met at his wigwam and, with a wink at Spinal, were going to meet there again on Saturday to consider terms for a treaty of peace.

Dr. Tassie expressed himself as greatly pleased that the boys should visit one another at their respective wigwams and trusted that an era of good feeling would be inaugurated.

"Delenda est Carthago just the same," Spinal muttered as he showed Firecrackers to the door, and the Baikie to whom Spinal had explained the quotations, shook his fist as he laughed back his challenge.

"I tell you what I'd like to do," Spinal exclaimed in his sudden, ingratiating way which never failed to disarm suspicion, "I'd like to bring a stifling desecration for your wigwam."

It was a great advantage to Spinal that he usually managed to be misunderstood. In this instance, he meant just what he said, but Firecrackers, who thought he had mastered Spinal's peculiar dialect, believed that he intended to say "a trifling decoration," and readily agreed to accept a peace offering.

"I don't believe you want to play Regulus after all," he said. "It

wouldn't be a bit comfortable to be rolled down the bank in a barrel. You had better get your fellows to make peace."

"I thought you liked fighting."

"I do, that's the trouble. If there is any going on I am sure to be in it and Old Baikie is so set against it that he says any fellow caught in a fight with Tassie Apes will lose his chance to get the scholarship and that would take me to medical college. See?"

"There won't be any fight as far as I'm concerned," Spinal called after him. "You fellows won't want to fight. I'll be too strong."

"I guess I can get the fellows to run from you every time and fight every other Baikie your size and that will cinch the scholarship for you sure, old boy", Spinal reflected as he watched his respected enemy depart.

The boys in the backroom were mourning Spinal's absence. They had read his unfinished note, thinking it might be a message for them and were really concerned to know that he had gone alone on such a dangerous venture.

"They have captured him sure," Yankee was saying.

"Yes, like the Trojans captured the wooden horse," was Dixonary's opinion.

Spinal limped into the room with dignity as he was speaking.

"Deadwood Dick the Detective," Chummy exclaimed. "How did you find it? Where is it?"

"It was deadwood all right, and defective at that," Spinal said. "As for the location, I am under oath not to tell it, and all I can say is that it is a very infradig affair."

This was almost a disclosure, for Chummy jumped at the interpretation "infra beneath and dig to excavate", and decided it must be an underground cave."

But Spinal absolutely refused to answer any more questions but volunteered the information that he had only been given his liberty in order to submit a proposal of peace a la Regulus and was going to return to captivity on Saturday with an unconditional refusal and the Baikies then intended rolling him down the river bank in a barrel. No, he couldn't invite more than one to witness the tragedy and had already chosen the chief to be present.

On Saturday afternoon Spinal took his stand at the rock and was soon surrounded by a crowd of Baikies who led him off.

"The other fellow will be here later," he told them. "I showed him where to come, so look out for him."

Chummy and Harry Freeman had made up their minds that something worth seeing was coming off and while they felt sure that Spinal needed no guardian had stalked him all the way, so that they might be there to see. They saw his captors lead him down the river bank and, running to peer over, the footing gave way and they both came sliding down with an avalanche of earth. The Baikies seized them and had them blindfolded before they could look around, and the next thing they knew they were all three seated in a row with their backs against the walls of the Baikie wigwam and confronted with a crowd of boys, mostly with forbidding scowls on their faces, who filled the other end of the room. Firecrackers, who was evidently the leader, shook hands heartily and asked what report Spinal had to make with regard to the proposed treaty of peace.

Spinal arose, folded his arms and spoke in the high flown language of an Indian oration. In substance he said that Firecrackers had a good heart and if he wanted peace and could make the hearts of his warriors like his own, he ought to have peace. And when the time came, there was a young man among the Tassie warriors who was a real Indian and could conduct a "seminary" of peace with council fire and calumet quite in accordance with the best Iroquois "transitions".

At this point, a section of the bark wall swung inward and John Smoke was brought in and the bandages removed from his eyes. The Indian was an object of great interest to the Baikies as he stood like a statue and impassively returned their keen scrutiny without blinking.

The Baikie whose attitude had been the most unfriendly then started to argue that no terms should be made

with the Tassie Apes. That they and the Baikies had never been friends and never would be. That Firecrackers had not had authority to bind his side to any agreement, and as for Spinal anyway, he was a spy who had returned to take the consequences of his act and should be licked, whatever they decided to do with the others, who had not yet explained their presence nor made it clear how they came unless the spy had told them the way. And if he had, all the more severe should be his punishment. He would ask, had the spy any guarantee that all the Tassie Apes would agree to stop fighting? Had he advised them to or would he advise them to?

And would he swear by the tawse, which he understood Tassie Apes regarded as sacred, never to fight a Baikie again himself?

Spinal then stood up and in his bearing was all that dignity of which he was possessed in no small measure.

"First", he said, "I have a duty to fulfil and then you may do your worst.

"I only spoke of the peace council in a temptative way. I have not advised and never will advise my contemptuaries to make a treatise with Baikie Apes. It is our most cherished transition to fight them.

"But, having been tendered the possibility of your wigwam, which I may say I have sworn to annisolate, I have determined, as I promised to my respected foe, Firecrackers, to present you with a stifling desecration. It is a genuine Mephisto Mephiticat".

"What kind of a cat?" ejaculated Chummy, splitting in spite of the evident danger of the situation.

Harry Freeman thought it must be some wretched chromo that Spinal had picked up and was wondering what painter it could be with whose name he was wrestling, when John Smoke, whose surname was a bald translation into English of an Iroquois word signifying 'the haze which rises from the ground on an autumn morning and vanishes as day advances" handed to Spinal a box which he had carried concealed under his overcoat.

Spinal unhooked the lid and turned the box over, whereupon a small, beautifully striped animal dropped to the floor.

There was a wild stampede for the door. Firecrackers alone maintained semblance of dignity and when the tumbling, wrestling jumble of Baikie Apes and Tassie Apes, for once united in a common cause, had rolled in an avalanche down the bank, he backed stubbornly out saying "you win—you are the strongest" and essaying the difficult feat of holding his nose and laughing at the same time, retreated also. For Spinal had begun a wild dance with the animal and the air within the wigwam was absolutely insufferable unless, as seemed the case with Spinal, one were determined to wallow it in.

Spinal finally emerged from the tunnel which constituted the entrance to the wigwam, the crowd falling back as he appeared.

"Look out fellows!" Chummy Jones cried. "Here they come. There are two of them!"

But Spinal stood up with his best conception of the air of a Regulus returning to torture.

"Now!" he said, "roll me down the bank all you like." But the Baikies showed no disposition to approach him nor did Chummy nor Harry for that matter. They were standing apart, watching for signs of hostility which had so far been forgotten in the confusion. John Smoke had already melted away, feeling that he would be made to bear a share of the responsibility for the catastrophe.

Spinal, seeing that none dared to touch him, began to taunt the enemy.

"You now have an absolutely inexpressible stronghold. You need have no fear of invasion with so strong a garrison. Now that you need no longer live in constant dread, you will have time to imitate other customs of our school. Expert instructors will be gladly furnished to imitate you into the mysteries of big ring, little ring, duck on the rock, riding duck, jimmy long tail, puss in the corner—"

How long Spinal's catalogue of first and second form amusements might have been spun out is hard to say, for he cherished vivid and tender memories

SPINAL REFLECTED ON THE PROPOSITION, AND AS HE THOUGHT THE GLEAM WHICH TASSIE BOYS KNEW AS DANGEROUS FLASHED IN HIS EYE

of that far away period and was going on as though he were wound up. But the allusion to puss in the corner was too much for the Baikies. Fired with a burning sense of the desecration of their hearth and exasperated beyond endurance, they rushed as one man down to the edge of the river for stones.

"Speed the parting guest," Harry quoted as he started at the best hundred yard gait he had ever struck. Chummy followed him closely and Spinal did his best to catch up with them but that only kept them going the faster, and they were all out of range before the enemy was up the bank and began firing.

"I wonder where the chief went," Harry panted as they slowed up on the Presson road.

"He went to look after his other traps and I am to meet him there," Spinal shouted from as near as they would let him come. "He has several of them set and now that he has got started, says he is going to catch a lot of skunks and bring them home to get even with Old Bill for the last licking he got."

"For heaven's sake call him off, Spinal," Chummy implored. "Haven't you had enough?"

"I have and will," Spinal answered. "I'm going to bury these clothes where he is. I have some others there. Yes, I'll bury them deep, Chummy. Infra dig they are as you say and infra dig, they shall be, and I'll see that John suppresses his hunting instinks and returns to civilized habits."

When the backroom in committee of the whole talked it all over that night after tubs, at which function Spinal was most energetically soaped and scrubbed by the united efforts of his friends, it

was unanimously decided that he had fairly earned his chosen *agnomen* of Hercules.

"His strength was as the strength of ten limburgers in a sewer", Yankee suggested as a fitting motto.

Spinal then sat down to finish the letter to his mother which had lain on the table since Wednesday. He added this, "Since writing the above lines, I dropped in at the Baikie wigwam. It was hash Wednesday and you can't eat that in Lent or any other time so I took lunch there. I had red herrings with a Baikie ape. It was the first one I ever liked. His name is Tommy Burns, and I wish you would ask Pa to give him a chance to go to medical college. He will work his way if he gets a start and he can't get the Baikie scholarship if he fights Tassie Apes and he likes to and so do I. I guess I can have the whole Baikie school to fight now because I was too strong for over a dozen of them. They all ran away from me. The boys call me Hercules.

Your loving son
Roderick Duncan Hercules MacPherson.

So Firecrackers the Baikie fightingman went to college and is now the celebrated Dr. Thomas Burns F.R.C.P. & S. and a lot of other honorable titles which the space alloted to a magazine story does not admit of recounting.

RED CLOVER

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

A FIELD of red clover where bumblebees tumble
And slip and turn over and mumble and grumble—
The blossoms drip sweetness, the dew is distilling,
When to all completeness their petals are filling.

The morning light dances from clover to clover,
In shimmering glances the field it runs over,
And sweeter and cleaner it seems to grow daily,
Its leaves flashing greener and nodding all gayly.

The breeze runs above it and zephyrs float after
To toss it and love it with mystical laughter.
A field of red clover—the reddest and rarest,
And all the world over of pictures the fairest.

And isn't it bent in a marvelous pity
That children are pent in the streets of the city!
Whose blame is the blunder that no child runs over
The scent-tangled wonder, a field of red clover?

The blossoms are sighing for children all sunny,
To come to them flying and suck out their honey.
The city is yonder, and here the red clover:
And thus do we blunder things, over and over.

Her Miniature in Sepia

By G. F. Clarke

Author of "Anastasia," "The Cigarette Parson," etc.

With a drawing by Rose Cecil O'Neill

JACK MALCOM sat in his room, a perplexed frown on his pleasant face, while he gazed at the photograph of a girl standing on his dresser. The sweet eyes held a daring expression, the nose was slightly uptilted, the mouth—it was an adorable mouth—drooped ever so little at the corners. Malcom thought it pathetic, not in keeping with the nose and the firm, half-defiant chin. The hair was parted in the middle and arranged in a heavy braid on the crown of her head. She was sweet, undeniably so. Malcom rose and, taking the photograph in his hands, looked at it carefully, hunting for the trace of a word—a name that would give some clue to the original's identity. There was neither, save on the back, printed very artistically, the following: "Miniature in sepia. From the studio of Louis Fabian Bachrach." This was vexingly unenlightening. He placed the miniature in its original position and sought solace in his pipe.

For a week she had looked down upon him from the top of the dresser. He had asked her many questions, but she remained passive, and he felt not a little amused at himself and sometimes blushed for becoming so interested in one of whom he knew not even the name. Several times he narrowly escaped detection as, hearing his friend Craig's footsteps coming along the passage, he hastened to hide the picture.

She had come through the mail wrapped in common brown paper, the address written in a round, school-girl hand — "John Malcom, Woodstock, New Brunswick, Canada." That was all, save for a two-cent stamp on one corner. He noticed that His Gracious Majesty the King was not standing on his head. Whoever she was she was loyal. But she remained a mystery, alluringly sweet — "A miniature in sepia. From the studio of Louis Fabian Bachrach."

A step sounded on the passage outside. Malcom knew it for Craig's, and he had barely time to throw the

photograph into a drawer and bang it to when the door swung open and his friend's cheery voice grated jarringly on his ears.

"Hello old man; aren't you going?"

"Going?" echoed Malcom. "Oh!" as he recollected the invitation to the Frenches'; "no."

"Oh, say, come along, Jack. What's the use mousing here alone every night? What's the trouble, anyhow?" Craig asked in some irritation.

"Nothing. I don't just want to go. Have a chair, Billy?"

Craig was disappointed and showed it. "Come, old man. Mrs. French wants you. Cicely wants you. I want you. So can't you come and be agreeable for once?"

Malcom smiled at his earnestness, and Billy continued: "I want you to meet some one, Jack. She's awfully sweet, just your style. Come: just the sight of her will do you good."

"Now, Billy," protested Malcom, "one of your everlasting females. I thought you had done springing them on me."

"But this one's different," begged Billy. "Besides, Cicely—well, she especially wants you—said that Miss—the young lady knows you."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't go," was Malcom's oracular remark, and glancing from his friend's white shirt-front to his face added: "You look good to-night, Billy."

Billy flushed with pleasure. A compliment from Malcom was rare indeed, and to be appreciated. But after glancing at himself in the mirror he said sorrowfully: "You don't even want to know her name."

"Oh, yes," conceded Malcom. "I don't mind."

Craig looked his despair. "Are you really booked for an old bach?" he asked.

"Yes, if you'll allow me to drop in to tea on Sundays, after the tenth. Isn't it the tenth, Billy, that you are to sacrifice yourself on Hymen's altar?"

Craig laughed. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if you'd forget all about the date and go off fishing and leave me without a best man!"

"Oh, no, I won't, Billy," said Malcom with a twinkle. "You see, I'm considering the many Sunday dinners I hope to enjoy. Grace is a good cook. You're a lucky fellow, Billy," and as an afterthought, "So am I."

Craig brightened at once. "That's fine, Malcom. Grace will be as pleased as myself. So will Cicely—you know, of course, she is to be bridesmaid? Grace dotes on her, and has a nice young man picked out for her to marry, and all that."

"Eh!" ejaculated Malcom. "Cicely! Oh, she's only a little girl yet. One of the sweetest in the world, though, I admit."

"And you won't come to-night, even to please her?" remonstrated Craig. "Oh, well," as Malcom shook his head in final negation. "Good night."

When his friend's footsteps had entirely died away, Malcom took the miniature in sepia from the bureau drawer and placed it once more before him.

Malcom was twenty-eight, an orphan, a lawyer, and happy, or imagined he was, in single blessedness. The truth of the matter was he had never met the right woman; or, having met her, had not known it. Perhaps he was hard to please. Billy maintained that he was. Billy had found his heart's desire, and in a little less than a month was to be married, and Malcom, who generally fought shy of such things, had actually consented to act as best man, much to Craig's delight. Malcom half envied Craig his destined happiness, but as he hitched his chair nearer the bureau on which reposed the miniature in sepia, comforted himself with the hope that he would one day meet with the original. Who was she, why she had sent him the miniature he could not for a moment imagine. And so he sat there, his grey eyes fixed in dreamy contemplation.

Through his mind went pictures of other days—boys he had known—girls he had been proud to call sweethearts. He remembered one in particular. She had sat in front of him at school. He had pangs of regret that he had used her badly—that is, if teasing and then making up could be called using one not just right.

She was a sweet little thing, was

Florence Hill. Eighteen years had fled since the memorable snow-fight when she had so valiantly took his part, to the chagrin of the Godsoe boys. Yes, she was a great girl ! Once again he built a snow-fort in the back yard, with numerous loopholes to spy the enemy from, and those Godsoe boys, red-headed and freckled, swooped down upon him like a pack of Indians. They whooped in derision at his small figure cresting the top of the fort, and wagged their tongues at the flag he had planted. Then on they came, yelling like wild things, determined to tear it from its proud position and hurl the fort about the owner's ears. His teeth set and uttering no words of joy or defiance, he manfully resisted, shoving them back and throwing down snow until his small arms ached and his round face pained from the impact of the enemy's artillery. Fearful odds! Some of the Godsoes made a flank movement, and the small defender was cast over the wall to be pummelled by those in front. The flag was torn down and Snappy Godsoe stood on the ramparts shouting his victorious war cry. They did not see the little girl come from the house opposite, broom in hand. No one was aware of the approach until she caught Snappy Godsoe in the chest with her weapon and toppled him over. Then like a wild thing she sprang on the other little Godsoes, plying her broom with steady arms while her hair, braided in two long "pig-tails," kept time rhythmically.

In a moment the enemy was routed by this Joan of Arc, and Malcom was on his feet digging the snow from his ears.

She stood looking at him for perhaps a full minute in compassionate silence, then she laughed. The boy's face grew red. He started towards the house, but ashamed at his momentary pique, he turned and went back. "I'll marry you some day," he said, looking into her wide, laughing eyes.

She turned at that and ran through the snow to her own door and never once looked behind. She went away a year later to live in Montreal.

* * * * *

Malcom was seated in his office the next morning trying to apply his mind to some knotty problems of the law, but succeeding indifferently well because of the sweet face that persisted in spelling out the words—"Miniature in sepia—miniature in sepia"—until the words fitted themselves to a tune and he began whistling.

"Confound it," he growled at last, and pushed the book from him. Just then his office door was opened gently and a figure gowned in white tip-toed softly in, clasped two hands over his eyes and demanded: "Guess?"

He remained quiet a moment and she gave his head a little shake.

"Oh, it's you, Bother!" he growled playfully.

"Correct," she said sweetly, and releasing him seated herself in the chair at the end of the desk. "You're a bad boy," pointing a small forefinger at him.

"Admitted," he smiled into her blue eyes.

"You didn't come to the party last night!" she challenged.

"Er—well—you see, Ciss——"

"Stop, Mr. Malcom! I'm past eighteen now. I'm Cicely."

"So old!" he exclaimed in playful mockery, and laughed at her bright eyes and sweet face, sobered from wonted good-fellowship to judicial sternness.

"I'm afraid, Cicely——"

The frown deepened. "Afraid!" she said. "You should be ashamed!"

"I plead the court's mercy!" he mimicked.

"You didn't come last night," she threatened.

"I know," humbly. "I beg your pardon."

"Mama said she didn't think you would," said the girl in hurt tones. "But I thought, Mr. Jack—why, I told Billy to be sure and bring you—I had a girl for you—I've kept her for you a long time."

"Eh!" ejaculated Malcom, then said drolly, "Billy had one for me, too. Is this a conspiracy, Cicely? But, really, Billy did his best. It wasn't his fault I didn't go."

"She's the sweetest girl in the whole world, Jack. She'd make you a lovely

wife." Her voice was all seriousness, almost pathetic, now.

"Indeed," said Malcom dryly. "And who is she, Cicely?"

He was used to this girl and her playful dominance. Never before had he realized how much a woman she was. Always had she been a little girl to him. It seemed only yesterday she had donned long skirts and put her hair up. Billy had actually startled him when he intimated that Grace had picked out a nice young man for her.

"Who is she, Cicely?" he asked again, but she shook her head, and rising, started to the door.

"Cicely, Cicely French!" he begged.

"Don't call me that!" she flashed out, her cheeks pink.

"Ciss," he said gently, and she returned, smiling.

"Aren't you ever going to fall in love, Jack?" she asked. "Didn't you ever see anyone you liked awfully well, and wanted very, very much?"

He ignored the latter question. "If you'll introduce me," he said, laughing.

"You're actually curious to know who she is, aren't you?" said she.

"Yes," he admitted.

Her face fell. "Guess," she urged.

He racked his brains. "Tell me," he insisted after several fruitless efforts.

She shook her head. "You'll fight shy if I tell you. I know you too well, Jack Malcom."

"Do you forget that I have spanked you in the past?" he asked.

The blue in her eye was baffling.

"Or that I have kissed you many times?"

"She flushed, then said slowly: "Oh, I was only little then and you took the privilege of a big brother—and you're laughing at me, Jack!"

"No, not laughing," he answered soberly. "I was only thinking of some very pleasant times."

"When you spanked me?" Her eyes were humid with a something the man could not understand.

"The other times, Miss Cicely," said honest Jack.

"Come up to the links this afternoon, Jack, and I'll introduce you," said she, and turned and went through the door with a sad little pain at her heart.

* * * * *

It was two weeks later. The links at Woodstock are the finest in Canada —so the visitor reiterates—as, having tipped the caddy, he strolls to the club house casting regretful eyes back over the course—that he is to leave it all. Perhaps he didn't know as he drove the small ball south-west that he was facing Meduxnekeag, whose sun-kissed waters wind over deeps and shallows, past fields and intervals of ripening grain and hay until it makes its final turn a half mile above the bridge, a hundred yards below which it joins the mighty St. John. As he faced full where the north star shines and perhaps sliced the ball into the woods to his left, he forgot the aggravation as his senses were thrilled with the aroma of fir and spruce that at this particular place is ever dominant. Having done long-acre and driving south-west again, perhaps he is not aware that he is playing Sunset, so called because of the glorious pageantry of sunset effects, often arresting the player's arms and dazzling his eyes so that he almost forgets golf in the next most wonderful thing in the world.

Cicely French putted for the last hole successfully, picked out the ball and, clubs over her shoulder, walked toward the young man seated a few feet away.

"What's the trouble, Jack? Isn't she nice to you?"

"He smiled quickly. Oh, yes."

"Floss is a great girl," she said with fervor.

He nodded his head and she searched his face with quick eyes.

"Are you very much in love, Jack?"

Again he nodded, and again she turned to gaze after her cousin, Florence Hill. "Poor Jack," she said soothingly.

He stirred himself and asked for the hundredth time in the last week: "Why did you send me her photograph, Cicely?"

"Just for because, Jack—I—I—wanted you to fall in love with her."

"You did?"

"Yes," she admitted in a very small voice.

For several moments she looked towards Sunset, then turned to find him gazing at her with abstracted air.

"You see," said she, "when I visited Florence a few weeks ago I mentioned your name, and she remembered you and that you had sat before her at school. She told me of a snow-fight in your back yard—you promised to marry her long ago?"

The man nodded, and she went on: "And I thought what a romantic thing it would be should you fall in love all over again when she came to visit me. So I stole her photograph and sent it to you. Wasn't it nice of me, Jack?"

"Very," he answered doubtfully.

"And afterwards I was——" She stopped abruptly.

"What?" asked the man in a listless voice.

She dropped her head, and to cover her confusion asked: "Does she love you, Jack?"

"I haven't asked her yet."

"Oh!"

"She doesn't, anyhow, I know."

"You can never tell by a woman, Jack," she said softly.

He brightened. "Is that so, Ciss? If I thought——"

"What, Jack?"

The figure in white was playing bunker now, but his eyes were staring straight into Sunset. "There's a girl," he said, "I've known her a long time. When she was little—not so very long ago—she sat on my knee and called me her big brother——"

Cicely was gazing at him speechless. What did he mean? Who?

"——She was always sweet and good as a child, and one day, it seemed, she grew big. But even then I didn't realize that she was a woman and that I loved her until she wanted to give me to another girl. Then I knew. But, you see, I'm so much older—ten years older than she. Perhaps that's why she doesn't care—wants to give me to another girl—Florence Hill."

She was trembling with pure happiness. Her face flushed with a great joy. "Oh, Jack, she doesn't now—she doesn't now!" Then the glad tears rushed to her eyes.

"——And I'll make you a smart little housekeeper, Jack. Everything so sweet and clean. And I'll meet you every day at the door with always a smile, Jack—always a smile."

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Not a year but has its purpose,
God-dictated and sublime;
Every moment like a sculptor
Shapes the marble mass of Time.
We shall see in the great reckoning
When the final Good is wrought,
That each act was something gained
From the aching realm of Nought;
Even the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

LIKE a shadow the old year has slipped away and we are facing the New. The moment is always a full stop in every life save that of the little child. It is a page finished—a step nearer the inevitable end. Every New Year morning is a Birthday to the World; a new sweet life is stirring. Another chance to make good is offered us.

What did you do with last year? Did you keep a single one of the good resolutions you made on the first of that other January which has faded away like the last rose of summer in the garden. Nothing left but, perhaps, a memory of its fragrance or of its rose-leaves. Or was your year a grim one in which death walked or grief or pain? Was it all struggle and no play, poor mortal—and is there nothing—not even a sprig of rue you would pluck from it for remembrance? If such your case, or mine, be assured that the past year brought joy to many—that life is not all sorrow, that—fortunately—the page is blank and clean to write on what we will, that on the whole it is a good old world with as much sunshine as shadow and that we will be very sorry and very reluctant to leave it when our hour sounds.

Daylight dies when night approaches,
And night when sunbeams range;
The dull days have made a turning;
Nothing changeless is but Change.
Let us sing, then, and be merry
Since earth's dark side is but half,
Yet with wisdom in our mirth
And a graveness in our laugh;
For with swinging and with ringing
All the New Year's bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking,
And old Death and young breath
A stranger under-song are making.

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ABOUT DIARIES

IS a diary the safest form of scribbling? Did Mr. Pepys for a moment imagine that posterity would be reading and enjoying vastly such indiscreet scribblings as that "My Lady Sandwich came to town and showed me most extraordinary love and kindness;" after which he regaled himself by seeing a man hanged, drawn and quartered at

Charing Cross, and the same he entered joyfully in his Diary. The wonder is that such a busy little man as the immortal Samuel ever found time to keep such a journal. The age in which he lived was a licentious one, when love of pleasure was the order of the day and one would think the Clerk of the Navy would have little time for gaiety after the discharge of his official duties which was always his first object, but he also found time for the theatre, the rout, the tea-drum or the Gardens—and time to write up these festivities and many little naughtinesses in which he indulged besides. He put everything in his Diary down to his wife's new stockings and it is the Diary, not his other work or accomplishment, which has made him immortal. We hear a good deal these days of pressure and hurry and lack of time to do this or that, but the days are just as long now as they were in Pepys' time, and there was as much work to do then as now and far fewer facilities to do it with.

Perhaps there is even now some Pepys at work silently chronicling all his trumpery experiences for the benefit of the twenty-second century. But it is hardly probable. The art of diary-keeping seems to be obsolete. Who could keep a diary in one of those neat little volumes which give together with much information about postage rates and weights and measures and so forth, a few blank pages whereon to chronicle one's doings? Imagine Mr. Pepys compelled to limit his interview with Mistress Nelly Gwynne to half a page, or condense his sensations upon putting on his new black silk stockings to a mere line or two. Dip into the Liliputian booklet you bought a year ago and what do you find in it? Merely room in which to set down what a cold frosty day that twenty-seventh of January was or how it thawed on the eleventh. Is there anything there to remind you of the darling satin pumps you wore at the best dance of the season, or the hour and moment of that first thrilling kiss, or the exact second in which he popped the fatal question?

Alack! We ourselves have opened a little year book in which there was a little pocket, in which, folded in tissue paper was a little lock of hair—only to ask the question "Whose?" And whose the faded rose whose leaves, grey and odorless fall into ashes as you touch their dry crisp edges, and whose the—throw them all into the leaping fire and have done with it.

AND WHOSE THE FADED ROSE, OR THE LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR IN THE [illegible] BOOK?

"AND HE CAME BEARING GIFTS"

WHAT did you get for Christmas? What you wanted—mere utilities of one sort or another, or some dreamed of delight? And what did you give? Did you remember the poor and the lonely and the "down and outs"? Were you kind to the Postman and the newspaper boy and your own especial tribe of little retainers, or did you hide when one of these rang your bell and pretend you were out just to save giving a "bit o' kindness" as one or two I know of did? And what did you save? A mean mark added to the awful score totted up against you by the great Recorder?—a trifle you would never miss and which could bring you—nothing worth while. I am sorry for you if you have missed a great joy. And thrice sorry if you were so lost and lonely a being that you had none to share Christmas with.

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GENIUS

BE glad that you are not a genius. Genius, we are told on scientific authority, is a disease. The genius is actually inferior to the average person. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum. She abhors equally any thing or person who is abnormal. Nature tries to eliminate the genius. She makes him susceptible to drink and drugs and fond of both. The genius she regards as unfit—therefore no somersault of eugenics can bring about the transmitting or breeding of genius. This, oddly enough, is actually a truth. Your genius is sterile in the sense of transmitting his peculiar characteristic to his offsprings. Perhaps this accounts in a measure for the dull sons of brilliant men or women. The "genius of the family" (every family thinks that it possesses one) is then one to be regarded with feelings of pity rather than envy.

Of those gifted with this dangerous faculty, Shakespeare stands alone as a man of perfect sanity. Perhaps—but would it do to say that bacon had anything to do with it?—what is termed by a scientist the wisest food to begin the day with? The rasher perhaps accounts in some degree for William's sane outlook upon life—he ate it daily, for he was fond of bacon. Whatever the cause, the great creator of fools is said to be the only poet who was absolutely sane. Cowper was mad for a season; Shelley saw visions, and, too, remember his ancestry! Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, Charles and Mary Lamb were neurotic, poetic, ill-balanced. Coleridge was also neurotic, his son a drunkard and demented; Sheridan, whose grandmother and mother were both mad, was himself a victim of drink; Southey died mad, Pope was deformed and ricketty; Keats neuropathic; Sir Walter Scott of insane and nervous stock. Burns, son of an irascible father, was himself blasted with deep melancholy; Keats of ungovernable temper and dwarfed stature; Byron—alas! and these but the poets. Of genius-ridden musicians and writers and artists—not one of whom was quite sane—the list is long indeed.

One in my lifetime have I known—and loved. A woman this of such quality as maddest dreams are made of. She had beauty, wit, and was of scintillating brilliance, and the highest intellectual ability. She could have been anything, and was nothing. Of lonely and solitary habits, shy, sad, cynical, yet with a never-dry fount of childish joy and mirth bubbling in some deep recess of her nature. She paid the penalty of genius, suffering from the ravages of neurosis, dying early, and leaving behind her but a few unfinished fragments of song and story—each perfect in its way, each indicative of the brilliant mind and vivid imagination of this most poetic of beings. I never knew a more beautiful or tender soul; never read more exquisite verses than those she wrote, never heard such music of Fairyland as she wove from note and string—yet she left nothing save some chips from the diamond of her intellect that those who loved her might cherish, and save what her memory brings.

No, fortunately genius cannot breed genius. Nature will have none of it. You may breed the tail off and back again on a strain of mice, or produce a breed of Arab horses by careful attention to eugenics, but genius cannot be bred into human stock. Nature want

"THERE IS REALLY AN INDISCREET STORY RUNNING IN THE X — — I ONLY READ THE FIRST INSTALMENT"

adaptable beings to suit her changing moods, her own caperings. Your true natural "genius" is he who is humble as a doormat and as pliable as porridge. You must walk this earth with your eye on the road, not with your head in the clouds. Toe the mark. Keep off the grass and in out of the wet, and plod along your way thankful for your common place capacity to do the day's work. We do not set the value we should on plain common sense or on the worth to the world of the Average Person.

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CLIFF-EDGE FICTION

THERE appears to be a craze for fiction of the cliff-edge order. By "cliff-edge" I mean writing on matters that border on indecency. A little more and the authors would tumble into the sea of salaciousness. This sort of thing must sell else we would not see certain magazines which fill their pages with it, boasting of reaching to the million mark. There was a great outcry not so long ago when one Toronto shop innocently featured a whole window with "Three Weeks," and not a little amusement when the works of de Maupassant, Boccaccio and other ancient and quasi-modern masters of free writing were solemnly sent to the stake by a shocked Court—this after these works had perambulated the country in editions de luxe and had

been sold to those modest non-reading people who buy books merely to stock a library and appear "well-read." It would be cheaper and just as satisfying to such persons to buy painted wooden covers inscribed with the names of the best authors unless of course, some busybody like the shy man who pulled a block of Xenophon down on his head, wished to investigate the top shelves.

"Three Weeks", a bundle of inane matter too absurd to affect the morals of a fly, got itself well advertised as "one of those spicy books, y'know" which go with a wink of the eye and is still mentioned in whispers. A good little girl asked me in awed underbreath the other day if I had ever read it. She had heard it was "an awful book" and naturally was dying to read it. When I told her it was merely tawdry and eminently stupid, she lost a good deal of interest in it. This of course is human nature; the stirring of the sin which was our first undoing—curiosity. I have often wondered why there is no such commandment as "Be not curious about your neighbour" or "Seek not to know that which is hidden from thee", and why curiosity was not included as the eighth in the list of deadly sins. It is certainly the most vital and teasing torment we have; a sort of mental mosquito which tickles us to a madness of searching for it. It affects every class from the servant's hall to the courtier on the palace back stairs. If we discover the hidden thing and find it of good quality, we praise it hurriedly and resume our search for what we really are looking for—some secret naughtiness, or select scandal. Thus, if you happen to say "There is a really indiscreet story running in the X—I only read the first instalment and intend to pass the rest up—" (of course you may mean this, but—) your acquaintance will go on the run to the nearest book shop, and, if he finds the edition bought up, will hunt up every news stand in town till he gets the magazine. This is human nature. It is also good advertising though you may not mean it. Usually the hunter after stuff of this kidney finds it too flavourless for his appetite. His imagination had figured up a juicy, if tainted morsel. Instead of venison—high, he gets a tough bit of steak, which serves him right. After all, mental pabulum of that sort soon sickens. If the stuff is really wicked the reader is repelled; if only vulgar, he is nauseated; if it is only timidly suggestive, he is disgusted and throws the book aside. Be assured that after a reading or two he wants no more of it. The magazine which prints sane and wholesome writing is the interesting one which holds its own the whole year round. One tires of French fricassee, no matter how highly spiced. But who ever tired of a cut of prime roast beef with Yorkshire pudding and other accompaniments? Man, it's a dinner every day in the year. Pass the pickles, Mary.

. . . . . .

THE RED SUITE

TALKING of "Three Weeks", the author, Mrs. Glyn—who lives in a top flat at the Ritz, by the way—is a pretty Burne-Jones sort of woman with brilliant, red hair which colours her temperament, and, perhaps inspires her novels. (Don't sue me for libel, Crimsonia, I'm on the edge of that autumn wood myself). She is a being of moods,—of course, the only woman so gifted—and must have about her persons of her own colouring. Her maid is likewise ruddy-locked; so, no doubt, is her butler when she is at home in her country house,—fancy Jeames with crimson tresses—and her cook—that's easy, since Bedelia usually hails from the land of red hairs, and of course Bedelia's policeman matches the "suite;" likewise the gardener.

When Mrs. Glyn is in a creative mood she sallies to the pavilion in her Essex garden and shuts herself from all intruders. The pavilion was built out of "Ambrosine's" "Reflections", and appropriately furnished in three weeks. "Autumn" reigns in the hall, "Summer" in the boudoir, and "Spring" in bed and bathroom. I don't know where she has Winter secreted. I think she keeps him out in the cold. Of Mr. Glyn we hear little save that he owns two houses which his wife lets, and that he is Mrs. Glyn's husband.

The authoress is a Canadian. Her sister is the great "Lucille" who creates gowns and maintains that they should be made to express moods.

. . . . . .

DANCING MARRIED MEN

OCCASIONALLY the Pedlar finds a letter in his Pack. "Pray jog the men, good Pedlar," writes some fair maid of Ontario, "on the matter of dancing. They go to a ball and crowd about the door mere lookers-on, while we—who cannot ask them—wait for an invitation a la valse—"and much more, for the fair maid wails through twelve pages. What can a poor Packman say whose lone work it is to plod solemnly along the King's highway gathering fragments here and stopping for a gossip when he finds one to chatter with?

A pestilent spirit of unworthy laziness must surely have caught the men by the heels that they can stand about while a bevy of lovely and danceable girls are dangling their half-filled programmes and pretending to be vastly amused at something Madame Chaperon is whispering. More and more we think that "The backbone of the ball-room is the dancing married man." There is no type more admirable for all round utility, and for adding to the gaiety of a gathering than the married man who has kept up his dancing, refuses to be an old fogy, and is seen at every ball dancing with the prettiest girls there. Like the greenest of bay trees he flourishes, a valuable object-lesson in perennial boyishness. Fifty, if he is a day, he foots it as untiringly as a boy of one and twenty. Dapper and debonair, he dances the programme through and never misses the extras. But he is by no means to be met every day. Apparently our Ontario maiden has never met him. Since, when a pretty girl fails, no cajoling of a mere pen can move one of those old-young fellows from the doorway, one can but hope for our artless correspondent either the speedy arrival of the vote for woman, or, better, the presence of the dancing married man who is blessed with feet as light as his heart and a wife who is as free from jealousy as the wife of Caesar was above suspicion.

SOMETIMES MARY HAS HAD TO TURN IN THE LOAD OF COAL

. . . . . .

MARY AND THE MISSUS

A SERVANT of the English middle classes has been airing her views on her "Missusses," and life as a domestic of the present day. There does not seem to be much improvement since the days when "the Marchioness" worked for Miss Sally Brass and was fed from the fork's point on scraps by that fair spinster herself, who immediately locked up what was left of the scrag of mutton and the cold potatoes. This London slavey comments with acidity on the doings of Missus and her friends. Mary objects to being

routed out of bed in the morning by the clamour of a sort of fire-bell which hangs over her head and which is rung "in a vicious manner" by Missus from the warm recesses of her own sleeping place. She complains, and quite correctly, of what she terms the "despicable actions" of the present day mistress in turning over a girl's belongings and telling her it is out of place for a maid to wear jewelry or clothes of a modish cut. "We have to provide our own caps and aprons," says Mary, "and if the Missus doesn't like them, we have to get others." This often when the girl needs underwear or boots.

"I have served," she goes on, "as scullery-maid, cook, house-maid and parlor maid; washerwoman and boot-black all rolled into one for about four shillings (one dollar!) a week." Sometimes Mary has had to turn in the load of coal when it came; sometimes she had half a dozen rugs and carpets to beat every day. One lady asked Mary if she had a sweetheart, and told her if he came to see her, the dogs would be turned on him—whereupon the worm turned and Mary left. To sum up, Mary and her fellows are treated to a dog's life. They must be smart and good-looking but woe betide them if the master's son is seen speaking to one. If the master—! Help! Murder! Police!

And, why, Mary, don't you come over to Canada? And why, Mary, after you've been here for some time, and are being well paid and decently treated do you forget all about that life in London and so often turn out worthless and impudent and overbearing ? Of course you are sometimes a jewel of great price and you know it and get your price, but you write to the papers just the same about the Canadian "Missusses" and she writes back about you. And what on earth would the newspapers do if they had not you and massage and the suffrage to fall back on in the dry news seasons?

Anyway, Mary, you are welcome. We won't set the dog on your sweetheart, nor dismiss you if you speak to the master's son—but we draw the line at the master.

THE GRANDMOTHER

I HAVE in mind an old lady who is a grandmother, not of the porcelain sort; a sturdy woman to the day of her death at the noble age of one hundred and seven years. It is astonishing with what fidelity things and people are impressed upon a childish mind and how they remain there through the years as fresh as the day they were recorded. I never saw the old lady without a cap; what mysteries of hair, whether a knob or a wisp, were hidden under it I never knew. By day it was a cap of heavy black silk with big ear rosettes, like young cabbages, made of narrow velvet ribbon; by night it was a close white cap with gofered borders and a black ribbon. Her bonnet was a round basket into which her head, cap and all, fell with an effort, and which she had to be pried out of by such idle and nimble fingers—mine usually—as could be found for the job. Her cheeks were rosy, round, her gray eyes clear. She had never heard of face powder, and if she had, would have counted it a sin to use it. Her figure, under her full black satin mantle, was large and loosely stayed—stays were not corsets in her days—and its appearance never troubled her. She had never seen a problem play or imagined the dance of a Salome—which she would have termed "polluting the Scriptures," and would have wailed devoutly for the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah to overtake the world. Yet she divided her time between the Prayer Book and Clarissa Harlowe, which she declared to be a vastly clever novel with a moral. Her playtime was employed in throwing the coppers she had won at cards the night before out of the window to the beggars who congregated under it at a certain hour. She was extremely human, as you can see, and was once known to renege the Jack of Clubs and win, in deadly silence, a trick with him in the next round. She lived long enough to see her bedroom candle displaced by gas, then by electricity, and to throw up her hands when the first "horseless carriage" raced through the little backward town. She played "Twenty-five," and won the pool of fourteen pence the night before she

died, and she passed away, with a little sigh, as one tired, sitting up in her chair by the window, with the beggars below battling over the fourteen pence and blessing her "cead mille falthe" in Irish—and yet, even in those days, people were lamenting that there were no old ladies left in the world any longer!

SOLDIERS

BY KATHERINE HALE

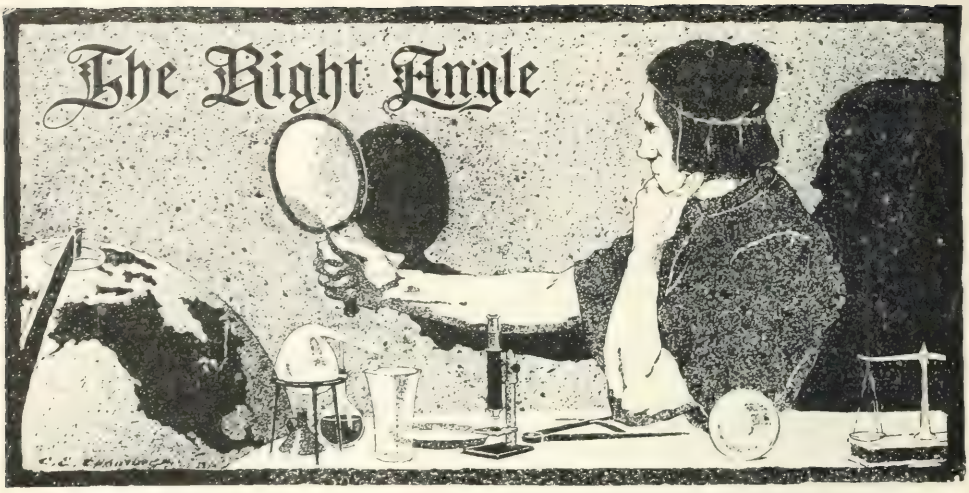
HIST! There's a stir in the air;
A murmur of marching feet,
And a gay fanfare——
Trumpets, here in the street!
The soldiers are passing by!

Steady the tramp of feet,
Steadier, hand and eye,
Glancing a girl to greet,
Set to the wall, to die.
The soldiers are passing by!

Flash of an officer's sword,
Clink of a thousand canteens,
Bark of an ordering word——
Who knows all that it means?
The soldiers are passing by!

Stragglers last in the road,
Youngsters and dogs trooping after,
Galloping last wagon-load,
Ripple of comment and laughter.
The soldiers are passing by!

Hats off, fellows, I say——
Hats off! Khaki and dust;
Sunburned and laughing today,
Maybe tomorrow—rust!
The soldiers are passing by!



THAT LOST HALF BILLION

WHAT Rex Croasdell has to say in his article about Money-mad Farming this month ought not to need saying. It ought to be self-evident, axiomatic, and automatic in its working.

When a government does as much to help the settler and farmer as ours is doing in the way of experimental farms, agricultural colleges, and agricultural specials, pure seed, free trees, government dairies, grading up of livestock, and the thousand and one helps that any farmer may take advantage of if he will, there is not a soil-tiller in Western Canada that should not be in active touch with at least one of these free-for-all agricultural schools and working in harmony with it. It's the sensible, logical, common-sense thing.

Any farmer may go to college, if he will. The grizzled and weatherwise superintendent of his nearest experimental farm will take him to class in his shirt-sleeves, with a hoe in his hand instead of a pointer, and will give him a lesson that will put dollars in his pocket. He will teach the meaning of rotation of crops, which too many farmers believe to be merely a haphazard alternation of anything. He will show him how and why certain of his cattle are eating their heads off and tell him how to keep a check on the profit and loss of each animal. He will show him how to build his barns in sanitary fashion, and solve any farming problem the newcomer or novice may find confronting him.

Yet how many do? According to Mr. Croasdell, not half enough. That lost half-billion of his is no joke. It is a hard, cold, uncompromising fact. It is as much actual money out of the pocket of you and me as if we had lost it in the Red River. It would have bought shoes for the baby and paid our grocery bill, if a lot of John Joneses hadn't been foolish farmers and lost our money for us.

The question is, what are we going to do about it? Mr. Croasdell says, "Educate!" Preach, teach, write letters, talk to your neighbors and your country cousins. It is good advice. We all lost part of that half billion last year, and it is up to us, whether we are city-bred or country-born to get some of it back for ourselves and for Canada.

WHERE CANADA WINS

IT is history now that at the New York Land Show Western Canada won first, second and third prizes in the contest for the world's best wheat—at an American land show, in an American city, in which American farmers competed and of which American experts were the judges. Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, won first place and the Shaughnessy $1,000 gold prize; Mr. W. J. Glass, of Macleod, Alberta, won second place; and Mr. Thomas Maynard of Deloraine, Manitoba, captured third place. The Canadian wheat walked away from all its competitors beyond a shadow of a

doubt, and that in such a competition wheat from the three provinces secured such honors is no mere coincidence, but an irrefutable argument that Western Canada can grow the best wheat in the world.

It was last August that Seager Wheeler first came to our attention. The party of American agricultural editors and experts had come up to Canada under the auspices of CANADA MONTHLY to see the 1911 harvest in the gold. Somebody remarked, "Why don't you go out to Seager Wheeler's place? He farms with his brains."

We went, for it sounded worth following up.

Seager Wheeler is a thin, wiry little man with shrewd bright eyes and a ring of conviction in his voice. There is no bluster or brag about him. He is a plain business farmer. When we visited his farm the prize-taking wheat was just approaching threshingtime. It was not "prize wheat" then; it was merely "standard wheat", for the Shaughnessy prize competition had not been inaugurated at that time; and Seager Wheeler, instead of being the acclaimed and banqueted winner of a history-making honor for Canada, was only a humble but persistent farmer tilling a sand and clay loam soil to the best of his ability.

But the men who visited his prosperous place that August afternoon were impressed with the fact that Mr. Wheeler regarded his farm as a life-work. He applies the principles of conservation to his land, and it will be as good twenty years from now as it is to-day. He is not mining it, but cultivating it according to the latest proven methods. He is a "brain-farmer", and the wheat that brought that thousand dollars in gold back to Rosthern was the ordinary and yet extraordinary product of Saskatchewan soil properly treated and sown with the best seed available.

The agricultural editors turned the hard, firm, well-colored grains over in their palms, studied the character of the sand and clay loam that had grown them, and asked a multitude of questions that Mr. Wheeler answered tersely and promptly. Seventy-five bushel wheat yielding berries that weighed sixty-five and a half pounds to the bushel was, to quote Dick Swiveller, "a staggerer", and the men of the party familiar with general crop conditions, making the knowledge of contemporary agriculture their business, united in calling Seager Wheeler's wheat the best they had ever seen.

REX CROASDELL GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS MONEY-MAD FARMING ARTICLES

Now the quiet obscure Rosthern farmer who grew "standard wheat" is a world's prize winner. But it hasn't changed Seager Wheeler the breadth of a grain of his own wheat. Though he has been feted and interviewed and banqueted and acclaimed and greeted all over Canada, he is still the plain business farmer of Rosthern. There are no frills on him.

AT PARTING

THEY stood at the door. She bade him farewell, and told him not to forget.

"All right," he said. "But give me a lock of your hair, then."

Lifting her hand to her shining tresses she detached a small curl and gave it to him, saying:

"Now, don't lose that one. I want to wear it when I go to the reception tomorrow. Tell that hair dealer to match it exactly."

DARING "JIMMY"

IT is well known that Whistler found a congenial subject in the late Lady Meux. He painted her twice and a half. The first and second pictures are now acknowledged masterpieces: but the third is lost, although Pennell says it is probably in a certain New York collection. Anyway, Lady Meux in her will has left that unfinished portrait to the National Gallery—"if it can be found." Many of our paragraphists are now recalling the circumstances in which it was left unfinished. One day Whistler, for some reason, got irritable while painting it, then ill tempered, and at last impertinent. "Look here, Jimmy Whistler," said my lady, turning her beautiful head, "you keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll have some one else to finish those portraits you have made of me." For once Whistler could find no retort. All he could do was come up raging and spluttering, and gasp: "How dare you! How dare you!" But she had dared. And she sat no more. And now the portrait is missing. Did Whistler paint it out? Or destroy it?

WHAT A CHANGE

DON'T play anything but ragtime when the after-theater crowd comes in to-night," says the manager of the restaurant to the director of his orchestra.

"Nothing but ragtime!"

"Yes. Everybody will have just come from grand opera."

THE FISH OF ONTARIO

JUDGE STEVENS was angling in the Manitowish waters, and just after dinner became involved in an argument with his boat companion. The debate lasted some minutes, and during that time the judge had his baited hook dangling in the air over his shoulder.

Everybody that passed those parts gave the judge a wide berth, as he gesticulated on the bank.

The guide took a hand.

"Judge," said he peremptorily, "drop your line in the water. There are no flying fish around here."

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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POOR OLD PHARAOH

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

FROM the deepest pit in the pyramid,
Where the dead Egyptian Kings lie hid,
Old Pharaoh blinked at me and said,
"Oho! but it's long that I've been dead.

"For many a year and rather more,
I've lodged in here on the parlor floor,
And they've wined outside and they've made good cheer,
But it's been almighty dead in here.
The grape in the burial vase has dried,
And the glow of my last good glass has died—
The last good glass that my throat shall see—
So down a brimming one just for me.

"Long, long, ago in the world above,
I kissed farewell to my last true love,
And she kissed my cheek and she kissed my chin,
And she kissed the coffin they put me in.
But now I am scarred with seam and crack,
And the red lips flee from the lips burned black,
And the true loves stay where the blood runs free—
So kiss a pretty one just for me.

"Have you heard the songs in the gray moonlight
Of the good companions of the night?—
Such songs we sang, my friends and I,
Till the day shot red in the eastern sky.
But now with the dust in my throat stacked deep,
And my voice outsung by a cricket's cheep,
All my songs lie dead for eternity—
So sing a jolly one just for me."

So I bought me a drink with a two-ply straw,
And I kissed the prettiest girl I saw,
And I sang a rollicking stave of song,
For the sake of a chap who'd been dead so long

"AT FIRST MURRAY USED TO READ A VOLUME OF POEMS OR ESSAYS, AND READ ALOUD. BUT WE ALWAYS FOUND OUR OWN CONVERSATION MORE INTERESTING THAN THE BOOK, AND THE VOLUMES WOULD LIE NEGLECTED, AFTER AWHILE, ON THEIR BACKS"

To accompany "Hearts and the Man"
See page 251

CANADA MONTHLY

VOL XI. LONDON, FEBRUARY NO 4

With "Boz" in Old Canada

By H. G. Wade

CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrated with Photographs

CHARLES CALVERLEY, that past master of nonsense and strange mixture of jester and don, once made an examination paper on the immortal Pickwick, one question of which ran, "Who little thinks in which pocket of what garment he has left what and all how much?" and the other twenty-five or so of which were no less puzzling. Who, for instance, could tell off-hand what was the christian name of Mrs. Raddle, or the component parts of "dog's nose"? And who not in the secret could undertake to mention three occasions on which the Fat Boy was not asleep, without a surreptitious peep at the book?

Perhaps there are more Canadians who could win a high percentage on that curious examination-paper than one would think—who could go into intimate revelations about the spot where Mr. Pecksniff lost his eye-glasses, and expound the philosophy of Mr. F's Aunt, and tell—ah, to a drop!—how much "rum srub" it took to rouse Mr. Cymon Tuggs to a state of frenzy about Mrs. Captain Belinda Waters' puce-colored boots. For the Dickens' Fellowship flourishes in Canada, the largest branch in the world being located in Toronto, the Hamilton Fellowship coming third, and the Winnipeg branch, organized only last year, coming far above many of the English and Irish Fellowships in point of numbers and enthusiasm.

"Nothing ever happened in this globe for good at which some people did not have their full laughter at the outset," wrote Dickens, and the Fellowship which bears his name was not an exception. There were scoffers at first, but to-day many of those who laughed at the beginning are members of the organization.

The great novelist paid a visit to Canada in 1842 and of this visit few Canadians seem to know. He was twice in the United States but visited this country only during his first trip to America, his visits being separated by a quarter of a century.

Of Canada the author left on record that Canada has held and always will

retain a foremost place in his remembrance. Besides the link of the humanity in his books, there are personal associations between Canadians and Charles Dickens. Mr. William Cruikshank, R. C. A., of Toronto has a vivid memory of him, having frequently met the great novelist at his London home. He describes him as a kindly man, at that time very much of a dandy in a velvet coat and braided trousers. The link is closer here in that the Canadian artist is a nephew of the George Cruikshank whose drawings and caricatures illustrate much of Dickens' text. It is interesting to note that Canada possesses at Brampton, Ontario, through Mr. Williamson, President of the Toronto Fellowship, one of the largest collections of "Dickensoniana" in the world, and one which only two other men in America can rival.

For many years Mr. Williamson, the "Canadian Dickens man," as he is called, has been collecting all available material in connection with the life and works of the author, and Mr. F. Yeigh, after a visit to Mr. Williamson's library in Brampton, wrote: "Anything approaching a detailed description of Mr. Williamson's Dickensoniana would fill several volumes. A brief reference may be made to a few of the most interesting items, an autograph photo of Elwell's famous statue of Dickens and Little Nell, sent to Mr. Williamson by the sculptor, an original drawing of Dolly Varden by Phiz, with an autograph note from the late Frederick G. Kitton. Two volumes from the library at Gad's Hill containing Dickens bookplates are deserving of more than passing mention. They are the only books from Dickens' library in Canada, also the first editions of several of the novels in the original green paper-covered parts and under the heading 'Pickwickiana' are various editions of the immortal Pickwick Papers, biographical works, speeches, and letters."

MISS CHARLOTTE DICKENS AS KATE
Who played "devilish well" at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal, in the performance of the Coldstream Guards

Mr. Williamson also possesses a Dickens relic of rare and curious value—the first gold watch of the novelist. It may prove interesting to know how this watch came into Mr. Williamson's possession. Francis Jeffrey Dickens, the author's third son, came to Canada after his father's death in 1870. He remained in the Queen City some time and then went to the North West and in 1874 secured an appointment as In-

GAD'S HILL PLACE, THE LAST HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS

spector in the Royal North West Mounted Police. During the Rebellion of 1885 it was reported that Inspector Dickens had been killed by the Indians in an attack on Fort Pitt, of which he had charge. This, however was not correct. He held his position in the Mounted Police until invalided from the service in March, 1886, and died at Moline, Illinois, in June of the same year. The first gold watch of Charles Dickens was in his possession and was brought by him to Canada. Before going West he became acquainted with the late Mr. F. M. Midford, of Toronto, and on his return there some years later, being in want of money, Dickens said he must sell the watch. Mr. Midford promptly declared his readiness to furnish the cash needed. "It was my father's first gold watch," said Mr. Dickens, "and I'd much rather see it yours, Midford, than a stranger's." After the death of Mr. Midford it came into the possession of the Midford family until 1902 when it was secured from them by Mr. Williamson, who told the writer that he has promised if at any time he wishes to dispose of it, the family should first be consulted, and their consent obtained.

There could be no more interesting relic than this old time-piece used so often during the author's life, and it awakened vivid memories of his childhood days for the late Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens when he visited Canada, as he was from childhood to manhood, in the almost uninterrupted company of his father until 1865 when he went to Australia.

Mr. Dickens on his return to England from his trip last year visited Gad's Hill and stayed at the Bull's inn at Rochester and visited many of the spots associated with his late father. He said: "I find much is changed; but one thing I still find unchangeable wherever I go——it is the love, the personal affection in which the name of my father is held; not merely by those who knew him—for these, alas, are grown very few, but by all classes of men, women and children."

In connection with the Dickens Centenary Stamps which have been

the subject of considerable criticism, the following from a speech given by the author in Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., is interesting: "I would rather that my children living after me, trudged in the mud, and knew by the general feeling of society that their father was beloved, and had been of some use, than that I would for them to ride in their carriages, and know by their banker's books that he was rich."

The departure of "Boz" for Canada at a period when going to sea in ships was more or less a dreadful undertaking, was signalized by a remarkable newspaper demonstration. No author that ever lived was receiving the personal attention and interest that centered around this young man of thirty years. "Sketches by Boz" was the first of the series of triumphs that ended with Edwin Drood, and the humorous verse which first made the name of Dickens familiar to the public, was:

"Who the Dickens Boz could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
But time unveiled the mystery
And 'Boz' appeared as Dickens' self."

MR. WINKLE GOES SKATING
"Hold on to me, Sam, don't let go. It's—it's fearfully slippery, isn't it"

When "Boz" left for Canada he was at that time described as a round-smooth-faced, full-eyed, long-haired, boyish-looking person, with a youthful display of flashy dress and jewelry.

On leaving Liverpool for Halifax he wrote: "I shall never forget the fourth serious and three-fourths comical astonishment with which, on the morning of January third, 1842, I opened the door and put my head into my stateroom on board the Britannia steam packet twelve hundred tons burden per register (of the Cunard Line) Captain John Hewett in command, bound for Halifax, Canada, and carrying her Majesty's mails."

He was accompanied by his wife (Kate) and her maid, and their trip across the Atlantic in mid-winter was an exceptionally rough one. Of the

"BOZ" AT BATH

From a drawing by J. A. Brown, with sketches illustrating the adventures of the Pickwickians in the famous old city

much-advertised, noble "paddle wheel" ship Britannia, he wrote . . . . . "Every plank and timber creaked as if the ship was made of wicker-work, and now crackled like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. We have eighty-six passengers; and such a strange collection of beasts never was got together upon the sea since the days of the ark."

On Thursday, January twentieth, 1842, Boz arrived at Halifax, after being sixteen days out. He landed at Cunard's Wharf, where he was met by the then member for Halifax, Joseph Howe, M.L.A., and was escorted to the residence of the Governor, Lord Falkland. Afterwards he attended the opening of parliament where he sat at the right hand of the speaker, the Hon.

L. G. W. Archibald. Of this event he describes: "The ceremonial and forms observed were so closely copied and so gravely presented on a small scale that it was like looking at Westminster through the small end of a telescope. I wish you could have seen judges, law-officers, bishops, and law makers welcoming me. I was shown to a great elbow chair by the speaker's throne and sitting alone in the middle of the floor of the house was the observed of all observers."

Of Halifax, Dickens thought the whole aspect was cheerful, thriving, and industrious, and he carried away with him a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants. "Nor was it without regret that I returned home without having found an opportunity of returning and once more shaking hands with the friends we made."

In writing to Forster shortly after he landed he said: "I have had deputations from the far West who have come from more than two thousand miles distance from the back-woods, the log houses, the villages and towns. In Canada I have promised to play (in Montreal) at the theatre with the officers, for a benefit of charity. Of Mrs. Dickens he speaks enthusiastically in his letters as a most admirable traveller.

It is no part of our purpose to follow Dickens step by step from the day he landed in Canada to the seventh of June when he re-embarked for England. His visit was merely a sight seeing one and incidentally a hunt for character and coloring, his trip included a visit to a little town, now Cairo, Illinois, and as the result of his journey it figures as the Town of Eden in his American Notes.

Marzials wrote that rightly or wrongly Dickens took a strong dislike to Brother Jonathan as he existed in the rough in those days. He was angered by that young gentleman's brag, offended by the rough familiarity of his manners, incensed by his utter want of care for literature and art.

In his notes Dickens wrote that he wished to abstain from instituting any comparison or drawing any parallel whatever between the social features of the United States and Canada. For this reason he confined himself to a very brief account of his visit to Canada. When he arrived at Niagara Falls upon the English side he put ten dashes under the word "English" and meeting two English officers contrasted them in thought with the men he had just left and seemed by the note of exclamation to call upon the world to witness what gentlemen, what noblemen of nature they seemed. Dickens was much impressed with his visit to the Falls and he wrote: "Niagara is stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty to remain there until its pulses cease to beat forever. And I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roar and leap and roll and tumble all day long, always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place since darkness brooded on the deep and that first flood before the deluge. Light comes rushing on creation at the word of God. It would be hard for a man to stand nearer God than he does there. There was a bright rainbow at my feet; and from that I looked up to——Great heaven! to what a fall of bright green water! . . . . . Whenever I think of Niagara, I shall think of its beauty."

Of Toronto Dickens wrote: "The town itself is full of life and motion, bustle, business and improvement. The streets were well lighted with gas and well paved, the houses large and good and the shops excellent, and there were some of which would do no discredit to London itself." He was also much impressed with Upper Canada College, the corner stone of the new college building having been laid only a few days before his arrival. "It is a matter of deep regret," he wrote, "that political differences should have run high in this place. The wild and rabid Toryism of Toronto is seriously appalling."

On leaving Toronto they went to Kingston by boat, calling at Port Hope and Cobourg. The latter he called a "cheerful little town". In Kingston

the "Dickens Party" had no less than five carriages waiting their pleasure at one time. He was much impressed with the Kingston jail, which he thought was well and wisely governed, but a bad fire had visited the seat of Government before his visit there, and Dickens writes: "Indeed it may be said of Kingston that one-half of it appears to be burned down and the other half of it not to be built up."

During the two weeks spent by Dickens and his wife at Peasco's Hotel in Montreal they made many friends and enjoyed a number of rides. He wrote: "Our rides were made doubly interesting by the bursting out of spring which is here so rapid that it is but a few days leap from barren winter to the blooming youth of summer." The streets he described as being "generally narrow and irregular, the city displaying a great variety of good shops and having many excellent dwellings."

A CARICATURE OF DICKENS BY ANDRE GILL

It was in Montreal that Dickens won his first great laurels as an actor at the Queen's Theatre, on May twenty-fifth, in a performance arranged by the officers of the Coldstream guards, who were at that time stationed there. The plays presented were: "A Roland for an Oliver," "Past Two O'clock in the Morning," and a farce entitled "Deaf as a Post." Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Richard Jackson and their staffs were present and the military portion of the audience were all in full uniform. The theatre was lighted with gas, and the scenery was excellent. . . . . "I really do believe that I was very funny," he wrote, "at least I know that I laughed heartily at myself. It went with a roar all through; but only think of Kate playing and playing devilish well. I assure you all the ladies were capital."

During his stay in the Eastern Province Dickens made a short trip to the city of Quebec and was charmed by its interest and beauty. He wrote: "The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended as it were in the air, its picturesque steep streets and its splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. The dangerous precipice, along whose rocky front Wolfe and his companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe received his mortal wound, are the least among the associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest."

Dickens left Montreal for New York on May thirtieth. His last greeting in Canada was from the officers of the barracks and with "Rule Britannia" sounding in his ears he sailed away.

Of Canada after his visit he wrote: "Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is—advancing quietly; old differences settling down and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state; nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigor throbbing in its steady pulse.

It is full of hope and promise. To me, who had been accustomed to think of it as something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep, the demand for labor and the rates of wages, the busy quays, the vessels taking in their cargoes and discharging them, the amount of shipping in the different ports, the commerce, roads and public works—all made to last—the respectability and character of the public journals and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn, were great surprises."

SAPHO

BY CY WARMAN

SOUL of Sapho! if to-night,
When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright;
If I sing, and if you hear,
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sapho, signal me.

Soul of Sapho! they have said
That your hair, tho' not of gold,
Made a halo for your head;
And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. O! from the sea,
Soul of Sapho, speak to me.

Soul of Sapho, wake, O wake,
Wake and tune your harp again;
While the foaming billows break.
Let your song sweep o'er the main;
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sapho, sing to me.

Hearts and the Man

By Margaret Meert

With Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

YES, the question was settled at last. No more plucking of daisy petals; no more fervent wishes breathed over lucky four-leaved clovers; no more of that innocent necromancy to test the future.

My future was assured, that is, so far as it was in my power to assure it. Was it not staring me in the face? Looking at me through three flashing eyes? A very agreeable medium through which to view it, I thought, those three flashing diamonds, set in my betrothal-ring.

Yes, that ring was the pledge of my engagement to Wilton Reynolds. It promised to be a very quiet engagement, not full of any rapturous joy, perhaps; not many blushes; few, if any, tremors and wild heart-beats; but, in exchange for these doubtful joys, the satisfaction of knowing that I had made my choice prudently, sensibly. Every one spoke well of Wilton Reynolds. There was but one voice in regard to his eminently sensible, sterling qualities, which were the things a woman should stay her heart upon, the things to make a woman's home-life happy.

Mr. Reynolds, besides, was not poor. He had money enough to take good care of me, to make thoroughly comfortable my somewhat fastidious self.

My grandmother and aunt Esther had told me over and over again, impressed it upon me line upon line, that nothing so much conduces to domestic harmony, domestic happiness, as a reasonable amount of money.

"If," my grandmother used to say, "if a man has good temper, a kind heart, and the will and the means to do everything he can for her comfort, a woman cannot fail to live happily with him; and you will be a great fool,

Laura, if you throw away such a chance."

"But falling in love, grandmamma? Don't you think one should do that first?" I ventured to add, on one occasion.

My grandmother stopped to fold her spectacles, and then replied, with a slightly satirical smile on her clear-cut face.

"That is an innocent exercise of the imagination that no one surely would be hard-hearted enough to find fault with, but when you come to making it a prelude to marriage, that is quite a different matter."

"What! You would not exclude love from marriage!" I cried.

"By no means," said my grandmother, calmly. "If a woman marries a man whom she has reason to respect, and who is kind and good to her, she cannot fail to love him."

"Surely something more is necessary. Must there not be something about the man's character that is congenial and agreeable? Some unison of tastes, grandmamma?"

A streak of angry red flushed my grandmother's brow.

"They are merely the product of the imagination. Fancy is soon wearied, and the awakening to realities is attended by unavailing regrets."

"But, grandmamma, don't you believe in love-matches?"

"Laura, I have known many of those so-called love-matches, in my life, and every one shows the same picture of bitter disappointment and delusion."

Seeing the practical sense of my grandmother's decisions in other respects, it was not surprising that these dispassionately delivered opinions should have had their weight in influencing my own views of the question of marriage.

Wilton loved me desperately, had loved me so for years. I like homage. Wilton liked to render it. Doubtless, we would be contented in our married life. It was a satisfaction to think that every one approved.

I slipped my ring on and off my finger; admired the effect of the diamonds to my heart's content. They were set just as I liked them, three large, clear stones in a row. They looked well when I played the piano—Wilton had just sent me a roll of music—I would try it that very moment. I could not help smiling a little disdainfully at Wilton's selection of music—waltzes, and arrangements of opera airs. The "Consortien," however, was not to be despised. I was trying it when Wilton was announced. His eyes sparkled, when he saw that I was playing his music.

"Oh, 'The Consorts!' " he said, looking over my shoulder. "It's a pretty waltz—don't you think so?"

"Why don't you say 'Consortien,' Wilton?" said I. "It sounds so much better than turning it into English."

"Oh, I don't pretend to pronounce foreign languages," he said, laughing.

"Why don't you?" said I, seriously. "You ought to study them."

"You can do all that for me."

"But you ought to do it for yourself," I persisted.

"What's the use? Try those selections from Traviata, Laura."

But I preferred to strum at the waltz.

"How beautifully you read music, Laura."

"Oh, no, I do not," said I, carelessly. "It's nothing to read a waltz."

I left the piano, and walked to the window. Roses climbed the casement outside, and thrust in their blooming sprays. I remember one long spray of noisettes that tossed and waved. Near the window was a small sofa. Wilton seated himself on it, and taking my hand, drew me to a seat beside him.

I hardly knew why it was. Perhaps there was something of assured possession in Wilton's air and action; but I did not rest five minutes satisfied in this lover-like arrangement. I jumped up, and drew an arm-chair before him, and threw myself into that.

"I can't stand having my eyes turned from the window," I cried.

"Then I will turn the sofa around," said Wilton.

"Oh, no! please do not! Just let things stay as they are. Now, you don't care about looking at trees, and grass, and all that, and I do; and now, I can look through the window and see the delicious green lawn, and the waving branches of the trees, and that trail-

ing noisettes, that looks as though it sadly needed a support. Oh! you don't know how much nicer I will be now!"

"I don't know anything about that; but I know one thing, Laura!"

"What is that?"

"That you always seem studious to avoid my demonstration of affection. I know you love me, Laura, and I suppose that is only your way; but I must say, I think you carry it too far, sometimes."

I colored deeply. "You are very right," I said. "I do not like demonstration at all in the least degree. You must remember how I have been brought up; you know what grandmamma and aunt Esther are in that respect.'

Wilton leant over and took my hand.

"But you might show a poor fellow some kindness once in a while?"

With a faint impulse of remorseful tenderness, I bent forward. Just then a shadow fell athwart the window-sill. I looked up.

A pair of shoulders, and a head, obstructed my cherished view of waving green boughs and noisette roses. Surely I knew that handsome head, though four years had passed since I had seen it.

"Murray! That can be no one but you!"

"Murray it is, beyond a doubt," said he, laughing at our somewhat startled faces. "But is that the reason I should be forever excluded from the house? Don't you let travelers in, Laura?"

"Certainly! What was the matter at the front door?"

"I can't tell you, except that I rang and knocked. then rang and pounded, ineffectually; then I heard voices, and wandered here."

"Grandmamma and aunt Esther are out, and the servants must have taken themselves off, too. I am so much mortified," I said, apologetically.

"Oh! I am perfectly satisfied out here, since I have found some one to talk to," said Murray, folding his arms on the window-sill. But I suddenly remembered my duties, and ran to open the door myself.

Then I introduced the two gentlemen, "My cousin, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Reynolds," etc. They shook hands with each other, in orthodox fashion. Wilton, I could see, was annoyed at this interruption. As for Murray, it was nothing to him if he found me engaged in a suspicious tete-a-tete with one man or a dozen.

He was a cousin, barely near enough to be called a cousin; but our families had always been intimate. My grandmother was especially fond of him. It was in response to one of her oft-repeated invitations that he had come down to spend at "Brawleigh" the short summer vacation he allowed himself.

Murray was no "match." Though clever and able, he was only one of that determined brotherhood who are toiling, and struggling, and fighting their way, inch by inch, to gain the sweet bread of independence, in a city where the contestants are hungry and clamorous. No, no "match" was poor Murray in my grandmother's eyes; only a poor lawyer, and a perfectly safe companion for her well-brought-up Laura.

I was relieved that Wilton chose to take his departure early that evening. Of course, I cared not at all for Murray's possible suspicions. I was ready to stand by the fact of my engagement before all the world, if it was necessary; but Wilton never would talk in general conversation. He had a way of trying to say loving little asides to me, that was not pleasant.

I could not see why a man, were he ever so much in love, could not drop the subject, for once, and join in a rational, agreeable conversation; especially where the new comer had so much to say that was interesting. Once I felt really angry, when, while Murray was half through a sentence, addressing us all, Wilton rose abruptly, and went to the window, and called to ask me to look at something he saw. I could see how surprised Murray looked, at such a piece of ill-breeding.

After Wilton left, I could talk and listen at ease. The conversation was ostensibly general; but Murray and I had it all to ourselves. There was something strangely pleasant about it. My spirits rose.

I felt the keeness and force of Murray's mind. But I felt, at the same time, a certain confidence in myself. I knew

that I was capable of entertaining, of interesting him.

Murray asked me to sing. I did not feel like selecting one of my wild or pathetic German songs, still less like singing an English ballad. Irresistibly my voice glided into a dreamy melody, that rippled caressingly, ever restrained by the regular throb of the bass accompaniment.

Murray stood by the piano, and watched me intently. I knew that I was singing unusually well; that I was giving the song a power not its own; indeed, there was a certain inflection in my voice, that was new even to me.

"It is because I am excited," I thought to myself. "I always sing better when I am under the influence of excitement."

I thought it over, that night, when I was alone in my own room. I leaned out into the night, and looked at the resplendent stars; and the perfume of the heliotrope and damask-roses, that were growing under my window, rose up in a perpetual incense. I did not feel sleepy—only very bright, very happy.

"How pleasant it is," I thought, "to meet with clever, cultivated, brilliant people. If I had my way, they should be always about me, not for friends especially, not to marry, of course, because they are never good for domestic life; but for society, for exhilarating companionship. Murray needs all his keen wits. How glad I am not to be a lawyer in a great city. One has to be so clever! What power there is in a certain sort of gray eye! I wonder if Murray's eyes ever look soft!

While thus thinking, I had been, according to custom, drawing my ring on and off. Suddenly it slipped from my fingers, as rings will slip, bounded over the window-sill, and fell into the shrubbery below.

What could I do? My first thought was to light a candle, and go down for it. But then it was very late. I had been a long time sitting at the window. Every one was asleep. To reach the hall-door, at the other end of the house, I would have to go by a long, circuitous route.

I really felt no inclination to traverse the lower rooms alone. Besides, some one would surely hear me unbolting and unlocking the hall door; and then there would be such a commotion—so many questions. "No! Rather than all that," I said, "let the ring repose among the flower-beds until morning."

The next morning I was dressed and down at an early hour. But, early as it was, I found Murray sitting on the lowest step of the stone portico, playing with my black-and-tan.

"Why, Murray!" I said. "What brought you out so early?"

"I could not sleep I suppose it was the unusual stillness that waked me so soon. You have no idea how impressive, to a city man, is this delicious hush and fragrance and greenness of the country. It is especially so at this hour."

"Yes, I think so. This early morning is one of my favorite times."

"I have heard many young ladies express themselves enthusiastically before; but I have rarely met one who was sufficiently active to indulge her taste," said Murray.

"Oh, I don't at all deserve to be enrolled among those latter specimens," said I, laughing. "It is an exceptional duty that brings me out this morning. I was careless enough to drop a ring from my window, last night, and I must look for it."

Murray aided me in the search. I thought I knew just where the ring had fallen; but it was not until after some search that Murray discerned it, glittering like its companion dew-drop, under a fallen rhododendron leaf.

Murray examined the ring leisurely, not noticing my repressed impatience, as I held out my hand.

"These are fine stones, Laura. They look like family jewels reset. Were they your mother's?"

"No," said I. "Give it to me, Murray. The breakfast-bell will ring directly, and I must go into the house."

"If it were not that I knew certainly to the contrary," pursued Murray, turning the ring in the sunlight, as if fascinated by its sparkle, "I should say that its expression was certainly that of an engagement-ring. It has a steady watchful look, as if perpetually on the

alert to detect, if possible, faithlessness on the part of its wearer. But observe the pliancy of imagination! Now that I know it to be nothing of the kind, I see, in lieu of the watchful eye, only a haughty, self-satisfied brilliancy, that, having shone on the fair fingers of successive generations of maidens, it was quite sure of the continuance of so exalted a fate."

"Now you have speculated long enough, Murray," said I. "Give me the ring, and let me go."

"Let me put it on," said he.

Without any thought of what Wilton probably would have thought of such a proceeding, I held out my hand. Murray slipped the ring on. Silently we walked into the house.

"Laura," said my grandmother, at the breakfast-table," what were you and Murray looking for, under the rhododendron bush?"

"Something I dropped out of the window, last night, ma'am."

"Was it your ear-ring?"

"No, ma'am."

"Your breast-pin?"

"No, ma'am, it was neither. Aunt Esther, I will set out those rose-slips for you, after breakfast."

"What did you drop, Laura?" persisted my grandmother.

"My ring, ma'am."

"Your ring!" said my grandmother. "Well, I must say, you took it coolly, letting it lie on the lawn all night. Why didn't you go down and get it?"

"For a good many reasons," I answered, carelessly. "It did very well where it was."

"Young people, now, are curious beings," said aunt Esther. "Imagine a girl thinking that her engagement-ring 'did very well where it was,' out under the trees, all night, when two steps would have put it on her finger again! What would Wilton say to such nonchalance, Miss Laura?"

"Engagement-ring," said Murray, surprised. "Wilton?" It was out, now.

I would not raise my eyes to encounter Murray's, which I felt were fixed on me. Why did I feel so provoked and vexed? After all, what difference did it make? Murray might as well know of my engagement as everyone else. But ought I not to have acknowledged it when he spoke about my ring? Why should I? I was certainly under no obligation to announce the state of my private affairs to Murray.

Notwithstanding these reasonings, I felt very foolishly uncomfortable, and inclined to run after Murray, and explain. Explain what? Truly there there was nothing to explain.

Wilton came, as usual, that morning. But it was to announce, reluctantly, that business called him away for a week or two, to a distant city. I never saw Wilton appear so sad, so depressed. When we parted, he took my two hands into his, and looked at me fixedly. His eyes were filled with tears; and must I admit that this annoyed me?

"Laura," he said. "Love me, and be faithful to me. Laura, does it distress you to part from me?"

"You will soon return, Wilton."

"Yes," he said. "Thank heaven, I will. I will hurry through my business, as fast as I can, knowing that my own Laura is watching for me."

He let fall my hands, and the moment after was gone.

I thought to myself how sorry I was that Wilton would not come as usual, and went about the house that day thinking with satisfaction of how much Wilton loved me, and how precious a thing was the possession of a great, warm heart—a thousand, a thousand times worth cold intellect, and heartless charm of manner. Murray I did not see from breakfast time until evening. He stayed in his room, looking over papers, he said, and I busied myself with a thousand things.

When we met again, there was, at first, a slight stiffness in our manner to each other, but that soon evaporated. Grandmamma and aunt Esther had nothing particular to say when Murray's family news was exhausted, so his entertainment was left in my hands.

Murray knew that I was engaged, and was, therefore, perfectly unconstrained in his manner to me; and I knew that however congenial Murray was to my mind, Wilton assuredly had my heart.

So, as Murray had nothing to do, having come expressly to enjoy a holiday, he shared all my occupations and amusements. When I put on my gauntlet-gloves and sundown hat, and went to work my garden beds, and set out flowers, Murray went too, and we tried to do as people do in books. He would bring a volume of poems or essays, and read aloud while I troweled and planted. But we always found our own conversation more interesting than the book, and the books would lie neglected, after awhile, on their backs.

How incessantly we talked! From morning until night, conversation never flagged. Murray had so much to say; I had so much to say. We differed, it is true, upon every topic, and then there were endless explanations and misunderstandings, to end in the discovery that we both thought precisely the same after all.

How could I fail to find out, day by day, how noble were Murray's aims, and how disinterested his nature.

"But it is all the same. I am unchanged," I would answer firmly to something within me, that, from time to time, uttered a faint suggestion that this companionship was pleasant. "Wilton has my heart. It is all the same," I repeated, hastily, as every day showed me more of his truth, and the tenderness which lay deep in his heart. "The same, the same!" I would murmur, through my closed teeth, and my face buried in my hands, as I sat in starlight, before my window, that overlooked the roses and rhododendrons. There was no need to start up and listen, with fast-beating heart, to Murray's ringing footsteps, as he passed down the distant hall to his room.

Thus flew the time away. I had received two or three letters from Wilton, and had answered the first, but not the last ones. What was the sense of writing so often? Wilton would soon be back.

One afternoon Murray proposed that, instead of playing chess under the trees on the lawn, we should take the table to a more distant point that commanded a fine prospect. I assented, Murray marched away with the table on his head, and carried the men, and we were soon established under a mountain-ash, playing chess with all our hearts,

A ray of sunlight struck across the board, and touched my diamonds, lighting them up so brilliantly, that I exclaimed, and called Murray's attention. "Oh, how they glitter! Don't they look beautiful, Murray?"

"No!" said he, vehemently, in a low voice, and through his set teeth.

I was startled at this sudden violence from calm Murray.

"Don't you admire diamonds, Murray?"

"No!" said he "I have learned to hate them. Perhaps," he added, bitterly; "it is because it would be utterly out of my power to offer diamonds to the woman I loved."

"But you would offer her what would make diamonds as dust, Murray," said I, involuntarily, by one of those quick impulses that bring the truth sometimes to our lips.

Murray looked up at me. For one moment his dark, gray eyes grew unspeakably soft and luminous. For one moment; in the next, the white queen planted herself firmly in the midst of my defences, and he was saying,

"Checkmate, Laura!"

"Well, I have learned to take defeat composedly. You always get the better of me, Murray," said I.

Murray smiled, and, leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, he regarded me thoughtfully.

All was still around us. There was no sound but the rustle of leaves, and, from time to time, the cawing of a flight of crows. The glowing air was stirred constantly by a light wind. Far down below us into the valley stretched the forest; the tree-tops restlessly tossed and waved; the silver-lined poplar leaves shivered, and their branches swayed unceasingly. The clouds cast transient shadows on the nearer mountain sides; far away rose deep blue summits.

I felt oppressed; there was an undefinable feeling of pain in my heart.

The wind was rising. The waving tree-tops seemed to be sighing, and

"COME LAURA," SAID MURRAY. "I SEE YOU ARE SHIVERING. THIS BREEZE IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU"

sobbing, and moaning. I found myself repeating to myself, over and over again, the words in Schubert's "Aufenthalt,"

"As with the breezes, the tree-tops sway,
Unceasing thus, throbs my heart night and day."

and fainter, and farther off, the wind seemed to take up in echo,

"Unceasing thus, throbs my heart night and day,
Unceasing thus—unceasing thus—"

Impatiently I pushed the chessmen away and rose to my feet, for it seemed as if I could not breathe. My cousin watched me in some surprise.

"Come, Laura," said Murray, suddenly. "I see you are shivering. This breeze is too much for you."

Just then something fell from a tree a few feet behind Murray. It was a little bird, that the wind had blown from its nest. Murray left his seat to pick it up. At the same moment, I heard a footstep. I turned. It was Wilton. He came with hands extended, and beaming face.

"Thank heaven! my dearest Laura, that I find you alone. I was afraid that self-sufficient cousin would be around!"

Before I could speak he had caught my hands in his, and kissed me.

The blood rushed in a burning torrent over my face and throat.

"Oh, no, Wilton!" I stammered, al-

most pushing him away. "You—I—"

As I spoke he perceived Murray. He could not but see Murray's face at that moment. I was literally transfixed. There was a still passion in its white expression that frightened me. But it was gone quickly. Murray murmured a few hasty words, and disappeared.

To make up for his enforced absence, Wilton now spent nearly his whole time at "Brawleigh." In place of Murray's society, I now had the conversation of Wilton, my affianced. I had an abundant supply of it. I could drink long draughts of happiness from my lover's presence, as they say in romances.

Wilton was the fondest of lovers. He idolized me; bore patiently with my slightest whim—how many there were to bear with! I had grown so irritable, I was vexed with everything Wilton said or did. If he was submissive, I was impatient; if he found fault with me, and ventured to read me a lecture on my imperiousness, I grew disdainful—nothing suited me.

Of Murray, I now saw almost nothing. In long walks over the mountain, in day-long shooting expeditions, from which he came home in his hunting-clothes after dinner was over, tired, dirty and successful in the matter of squirrels, and in perpetual writing in his room, he seemed to spend his time; going at these things as if his life depended upon their fulfillment. When we did meet, we interchanged but few words, scarcely ever a glance. Once or twice I caught a glimpse 'of him leaning from the window of his room, apparently absorbed in thought.

It required an effort of the imagination to believe that we had once chatted and laughed together, through the live-long day. Murray seemed to have forgotten it utterly. But could I not understand that in those times I was merely his cousin, a good companion, with whom to beguile the long summer hours? Now, I was the same; but the owner of his cousin's time, the lover, had now come to enjoy his own again, and Murray must step back and find his amusement elsewhere. No; I could not understand this, and would not. But it was a lesson that must be learned.

Murray did not miss his talks with me. Murray did not hunger and thirst for one word with me. But what was that in Murray's eyes, when they met mine, be it over the breakfast-table, be it over the most commonplace reference to commonplace things, that made me, for a moment, forget time, place, even my own words! How could I read the thoughts that rose to Murray's eyes, if they were not the reflection of thoughts that rose to mine.

But this was only momentary; only the flash of a hidden light. For one second I felt a thrill of pure joy; the next moment, perhaps, would hear the slam of Murray's door, and Kate's voice, "Mr. Reynolds is in the parlor, Miss Laura." Oh, did he think of me! "I do not love him," I would say to myself weeping bitter tears. "I do not want anything like that from Murray; but only I want to see him as much as I did. I want to have one long satisfactory talk with him again; to be like intimate friends; to ask him why he will not stay with me, sometimes, and talk as we used to—"

But this was not to be. In the parlor must I sit with Wilton. Sometimes I would be sitting listless, half-thinking my own thoughts, half-listening to Wilton's when, suddenly, every nerve would awake. I heard it; Murray's step through the upper hall; nearer and nearer, down the stairs, and then—He had gone by, never looking into the room as he passed!

"Your cousin goes in and out a dozen times in an hour. I should say, Laura," said Wilton, one day, laughing. "He seems a moody sort of fellow. Don't be turning your dark eyes so often toward the door, Laura, or I will be jealous."

"I did not know your feelings ever took that turn, Wilton," said I. "You have a sublime confidence in your own power that is rare to see."

"No, it is not that," said Wilton, gravely. "But I have perfect confidence in you. I trust you, Laura."

"Come," I said, rising abruptly. "Let us go out of doors. This air is stifling. How [illegible] glare!

The sun under clouds; no clear sunlight and shadow!"

"Give me one of these Ophir rosebuds, Laura," said Wilton, when we passed the flower-beds, "and then I must go. I don't like those black clouds rolling up from the west."

I broke off the rose, and held it out to him.

"Let me, in return, put one in your hair; this coppery gold color was just made for you," said he, attempting to fasten the rose in my brown plaits.

I shook off his hand and the rose with an impatient gesture.

"Don't, please. I don't want a flower in my hair."

"Why, I have often heard you say that you liked nothing better."

"Pray don't be perpetually reminding me of what I have said and done, Wilton!"

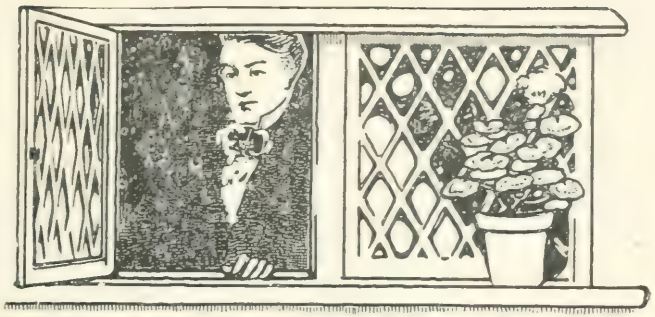
Wilton sighed, then he bade me adieu, and mounted his horse, and rode away. I wandered through the shrubbery, down the hill, and on through the pine wood that succeeded it, so absorbed in my thoughts that I never noticed the thick gathering clouds, and the settling gloom. My attention was first aroused by the rumbling of thunder. Looking up, I found myself much farther from the house than I had imagined. I turned to make my way home as soon as possible, but had gone but a little distance, before the increased cloudiness of the thunder, and repeated flashes of lightning assured me that I must seek some nearer shelter.

Not very far from the house, in a grove of evergreen shrubbery, was a rustic summer-house. The "hut" I called it, dedicated to my use. Toward this I ran, and reached it just as the first heavy drops of rain struck my cheek.

Quite tired from my run, I dropped into the nearest chair.

"An exhausted refugee!" said Murray's voice.

"How you startled me, Murray! Yes; I was about to ask you the same qestion; but I see you are quite domesticated with your books and papers."



ONCE OR TWICE I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM AT HIS WINDOW, APPARENTLY ABSORBED IN THOUGHT

"It is my haunt," said Murray. "This rustic work is prettily arranged, and compactly, as we have reason to rejoice in, when we hear that heavy rain. Then I like the evergreens around me; the odor of these young pines is particularly agreeable."

"Yes, I like the evergreens," I said.

I had wished for a "long, satisfactory talk" with Murray. Here was just the opportunity I needed; the thunder and lightning were not violent; but they came as if they meant to keep it up, and the rain, too, promised a steady effort. Here, then, was the chance I craved. Admirable opportunity! but, when it came, I had nothing to say. All the reproachful speeches; all the eager questions; where were they? In Murray's actual cool presence, they shrunk out of sight. To every subject of conversation that suggested itself, there was an objection of discussion.

Murray seemed to have a like difficulty, or else was silent, because he chose to be. He put his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the window, whilst I contemplated the sky from the door.

"No chance of its stopping," I said, at last.

"Not the slightest. All the better, perhaps, for my journey to-morrow."

Journey to-morrow! To-morrow! Was he going away so soon? My heart beat violently; but I spoke quite calmly.

"Are you going to-morrow? Must you go so soon, Murray?"

"Yes," he said, turning and seating

himself by a tiny table. "I must go, as you say, so soon."

"I am sorry," I said, "that you will leave us. I fear you have had but a dull visit."

Ah, if he could have known what a throb my heart gave, at each commonplace word.

Murray got up, and walked to the window, then seated himself again; then, bending over the table, he said, gently,

"Are you sorry, Laura?"

Tears rushed to my eyes, but I kept them back by a strong effort, and my voice, when it came, sounded natural, and only too careless.

"Sorry! Of course, I regret that you should. What an absurd question to ask me, Murray!"

"Pshaw!" he said, throwing himself back into his chair. "An absurd question, indeed! What difference can my going make to you, so long as you are left behind with your lover? Sorrow! What can you know of sorrow, of feeling, of a wretched, despairing heart, writhing under its separation from its idol—the thing it loves best in the wide world? You, who have your heart's chosen, what can you know of my bitter pain in thus parting?"

Everything seemed to glide away from me.

"Murray!" I cried, faintly.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" he cried, coming around to my side, and grasping my hands in his. "Pardon me, Laura! I did not think what I was saying. I forgot myself, in my angry jealousy, at the thought of your love for him! Those wild words should never have escaped me! Forget," he said, more calmly. "Forget that I have been mad enough to love you, from the first moment that we met."

Oh, how the voices clamored then in my soul! Oh, how I longed to throw aside fidelity, truth, everything that forbade me to put out my hand to grasp what I was starving for. Only to speak one word, and Murray's love was mine; only to give one long look in Murray's eager eyes, and he would know that mine was his.

Oh, no, no! That word must never be spoken; that look could never be given. Alas, my plighted faith!

In the tumult of mind and heart, poor Wilton's words, "I trust you, Laura," repeated themselves over and over.

"You cannot imagine the torture I have undergone, every day, of late," pursued Murray, in a low voice, "and yet I could not endure to leave you. Oh, Laura! if your heart had not been already given; if I had been before him, could you have, perhaps—let me think —what am I saying?" he cried, turning to the window once more. "You will look upon me as a madman. Forgive me! forgive me!"

Alas, I could forgive too easily! I felt my resolution failing me; I could not listen longer without betraying myself. My only safety was escape. His back was toward me. Before he turned again, I was half way to the house, utterly heedless of the pelting rain.

Murray went the next morning. Calmly we shook hands, and bade each other farewell, when he came to me in turn; but haggard as Murray looked, my face was as colorless.

"You must come again, next summer, Murray," said my grandmother, smilingly, "and then, perhaps, Laura will have another home to welcome you to than old 'Brawleigh.' Don't give me such a look, child; Murray is no stranger." Murray murmured something, which conveyed to grandmamma's mind, I suppose, that he would be very happy to visit Laura under those improved circumstances.

I was sitting alone, the next morning, when Wilton entered the room. It was a terrible effort to meet him again. I felt as if that one night had placed leagues between our spirits. As he entered, heaven forgive me! I felt as if I absolutely abhorred him.

He had a newspaper in his hand. "Laura," he said, sinking his voice, "I have some bad news for you, my dear girl; but it will be a shock to your grandmother; you must break it to her!"

A sudden, awful fright came over me.

"Oh, what is it? Do be quick, Wilton!"

"Why, there was a terrible accident

on the train to Montreal, yesterday. Many killed, outright. Among them, they say, your cousin. Why, Laura! Laura! Stop! Stop! Do calm yourself! For heaven's sake, don't rush in that headlong way to your grandmother!"

"Let me go! let me go!" I cried, pushing him off violently. "I hate you! I hate you! I loved him! I loved him! Oh, Murray! Murray!" and all was darkness before me.

Murray was not killed. For a while he carried his left arm in a sling; but only a while. Only a while, too, did I suffer the penalty of my rash engagement. Instead of the life-long pain that my own act might have awarded to me, came a happiness as undeserved as it was precious.

My dear, skeptical grandmother lived to see that whatever trials fell upon Murray and me, in the years of our married life, they were met by two hearts that beat together in undiminished love and trust; two hearts that beat bravely, each one brave for the other's sake.

But Wilton, whom I had so cruelly wounded, in my folly? Generously he forgave the wrong I had done him. But years passed before he could pass from under the shadow thrown over his life from my prudent choice.

THE MERCHANTMAN

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Who has a heart to sell? Good prices here;
I have a booth, in very truth,
The finest of the town for youth,
Where hearts to buy and hearts to sell
Are cried all day so smooth and well
You cannot choose but stop and hear.

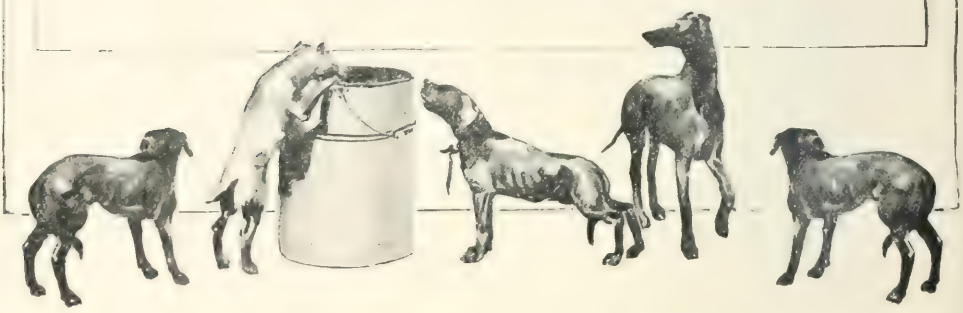
Who has a heart to buy? Fair sir, look in!
Sweet merchandise of ladies' eyes,
Of smiles and kisses and surprise,
Bright valentines and roses gay,
Bows, arrows, verses—all array,
All furniture of love within.

You will not buy nor sell! What lack you then?
Lethe for you? Nay, do not sue
A merchantman of hearts for rue.
Hark in your ear—another heart,
Bright, fresh, unhandled, very smart,
Good sir, 'twill cure all ills of men.
Come buy! Come buy!

Money-Mad Farming Part V.

THE MILK THAT YOU DON'T GET

By Rex Croasdell



TUCKED away in the top right hand corner of little England is a town by the name of Newcastle. A grimy borough but proud of its dirty face. England's navy, and the dreadnoughts of the world for the matter of that, depend upon it for their efficiency. Newcastle exports coal. Newcastle exports lots of coal. "It's like carrying coal to Newcastle" is a term of ridicule aptly applied to the waste of energy all over and beyond the seven seas. Western Canada is carrying coal to Newcastle—and paying through the nose for the privilege of being so foolish. *Western Canada imports milk.*

The Winnipeg housewife is sending the sons of Minnesota farmers to the State university and part of her husband's pay-check furnishes gasoline for the aforesaid farmer's "forty". Nice state of affairs, isn't it? Would you believe it if I gave you figures? Well, here goes. On October the fifteenth in the year of our Lord nineteen eleven one dealer alone in the City of Winnipeg brought in 700 gallons of milk from Minneapolis. One dealer, mind you, just. He paid, in addition to original cost, express charges for a four hundred mile haul and a so-much-per-cent. duty on top of that. But he collected every cent from Mrs. Winnipeg. It wasn't an experiment; just an everyday occurrence. The imports are increasing. Western Canada is foolish. Western Canada pays high prices for carrying coals to Newcastle. And, instead of observing the fallacy and mending her ways, Western Canada continues in her folly and her farmers in Minnesota continue to thrive.

You must have milk; your first wail was inspired by the want of it. Agree? Then get out and demand it! Milk is a necessity of healthy life. True the birds above and the fish beneath don't need it. But who wants a diet of worms? Imagine it. A four-hundred mile express charge and an inflation of the custom's receipts tacked on to the milk bill because the farmers back there are too shiftless to keep a few cows. Mr. Printer, insert right here, in italic caps, "Who put up the price of living?" *WHO PUT UP THE PRICE OF LIVING?* Thank you, Mr. Printer, now go and megaphone it from the top of the Royal Alexandra.

WHY OUR BREAD-BASKET IS WITHOUT BUTTER

Western Canada is the bread basket of the Empire. A title well won and mightily well maintained. But who wants bread without butter? Even the casual wards get cheese with theirs. That's it, milk—and butter—Canadian Stilton. Oh, Western Farmer, give us all three with our bread and we'll feed, fatten and praise thee.

In the meantime, Mr. Farmer, please don't point to the statistics covering the present production of butter fat in the provinces. It is admitted that a still small voice from the lowing kine is heard within the land. But how small it is; and the need is so great. Do you know of any western city that has an adequate milk supply? Do you know of *any* place in Western Canada where there is an over-plus of dairy products? *No! No!* Double negative. Positive fact.

THE NO. ONE FARMER WHO'S A NO. ONE SHIRK

Why doesn't the West produce an over-plus of dairy products? Why doesn't the Western palate tiddle the delightful flavor of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta No. 1 Creamery? Because the Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta farmer is a No. 1 Shirk! Yet, Western Canada *can* produce an over-plus of dairy products. She could, if she would, supply the whole home market every day and have enough butter-fat left over to grease a

skidway to Canaan. Yes sir, every day of the three-six-five with an extra shift thrown in this month. We mentioned Canaan. Moses held his people to a forty year search by the promise of a land of milk and honey. *Milk* was the prominent, the alluring symbol of a blessed prosperity. And yet, the Western farmer in his shiftlessness despises it!

HE "CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH KEEPING COWS"

The present conditions of the Western dairy market cannot continue. If public opinion, the work of the Government, the awakening sense of his own responsibility—any one or all three—will not stir up Mr. Money Mad Farmer, the ultimate impoverishing of his wheat-weakened acres will. It is the same old story of the same old reckless following of the all-wheat fallacy. Mr. Money Mad Farmer "can't be bothered keeping cows". He wants to carry all his eggs to market in the one grain sack. But he can't always get away with it. There's many a slip 'twixt his hen-roost and breakfast table; and then—well, no one wants scrambled eggs with the shell in.

But we're not going to prophesy calamity. It's bad enough as it is when one western city alone brings a thousand pounds of cream a day all the way from Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. Yes, it's as bad as that and getting worse. Importing food-stuffs from United States farmers four hundred miles away is not the sorriest shadow on the picture of Western Canada's prosperity. The big shame lies in the natural fact that the west is well able to help herself. How? Easy!

First of all, forget the fallacy that the soil and climatic conditions of the prairie provinces are only good for raising wheat. Anybody caught trying to teach that kind of a doctrine ought to be tarred and leathered—feathers are too soft for him. This dairying idea and better agricultural conditions generally is not a revolutionary theory. It isn't going to lessen the production of the world's best wheat. It simply means making two or three dollars come in where one came before. It is the solution of the "help" problem and the turnpike to a brighter prosperity. It means money coming in all the year round for the farmer and—listen hard Mrs. Winnipeg, *et al.*—a good sized slice cut off the housekeeping expenses. It isn't a prize in a dot-counting competition, a shell game or a subdivision swindle, but a sure-enough way for the West to get firmly established in a permanent prosperity.

How is this very desirable object going to be accomplished? By making Mr. Money Mad Farmer make a few changes in his agricultural system. The expansion of the dairying industry alone cannot do it any more than one pugilist can make a prize-fight but it's about half way there. So let's concern ourselves about butter-fat. Now, bring Bossie into the argument.

BRINGING "BOSSIE" INTO THE ARGUMENT

In the first place there is big money to be found behind the milk house door. Now Mr. Money Mad Farmer pricks up his ears. You've heard a hundred tales of wonderful wealth made through wheat. Here's one about what the bossie cow did for a widow and her mighty sons. The widow was a poor woman. She landed in Winnipeg six years ago. Her two sons started in ditch digging. In three years of hard work and commendable thrift they accumulated seven hundred dollars. Being foreigners they didn't squint at opportunity. They started dairying. That was three years ago. Today their property—and they own it outright—is worth thirty thousand dollars. Figure out the percentage of profit for yourself. It doesn't represent the appreciation of real estate values or the lucky twist of a roulette

wheel. It's simply the piled up profits that *you* might have made. Sounds better than wheat farming!

You wouldn't be reading this if everybody could make as big a jump to fortune from the top of the cow-barn as did the Winnipeg widow and her two sons. You can't make money any old way in the milk house. It means twelve-months-a-year work with a modicum of brain as well as brawn. Please don't run away to your wheat fields; there's a big twelve months-in-the-year income in it as well. The initial expense is greater—don't run again, the percentage of profit is correspondingly increased. Above and beyond everything also take a fast hold of this truth—dairying is not a summer vacation vocation. There are a multitude of muddlers scattered around the three prairie provinces who profess to be dairymen because they tease the teats of a few cows during the summer and ship over-ripe cream to the nearest government station every now and again. With the sight of the first sign of a little real work approaching these fakers sell their dividend producers to the stock yards agent. The winter care of dairy cattle is a terrific bogey to the shiftless farmer. But in the last analysis it isn't half as awesome as the halloween variety.

That's it. The Money Mad Farmer, is all the time hollering about a bogey topping the wood-pile instead of digging in and producing profits. If somebody would steer a bunch of dairy cattle on to his place, furnish him with a mechanical milker, separate the cream, cool it and ship it to the station, he might be persuaded to endorse the cheques if the same good fairy would give him a fountain pen with ink in it. In the meantime he's a soil-miner, a waster of fertility, and is terribly busy up-tilting the cost of living. Too busy! How many months in the year does the all-grain farmer work for his living? Anyhow, the other six, seven or eight months he has the devil's mischief factory working overtime. Dairying is the solution of the perplexing problem of his idleness.

HIS 65-BUSHEL TO THE ACRE CROP OF EXCUSES

Oh yes, he has a sixty-five bushel to the acre crop of excuses all ready for the defense of his idleness. "Ain't any money in it," one says; "Haven't any creamery near here," wails another; "Present conditions in the West don't warrant it," pompously asserts another. And so on and so on all down the line. But never a peep of complaint from the chosen few who are engaged in turning the production of butter-fat into plump profits. No sir, these few have a monopoly of both wisdom and wealth. They *know* there is big money in it. They *know* a creamery is established near-by as soon as the cream supply is turned on. They *know* the "present condition of things in the West" bugaboo is all poppycock. Experience has taught them. And moreover, these fellows also know that the money comes easy and the labor is light. They can keep their help profitably employed the year 'round. They're not wiped off the map if a crop is hailed out or if the mercury takes a drop too much a little early in the season. Can the all-grain farmer lay claim to any of these securities?

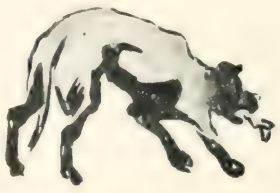
DRAWING YOUR DIVIDENDS TWICE A DAY

As to the work involved the hardest part of the whole proposition is in making milk out of green feed; and Bossie 'tends mightily well to that. In the summer time she boards out, rustles for her own grub and fertilizes the farm at the same time. Mr. Farmer simply draws his dividends twice a day, puts them in the milk vat and takes precautions that the temperature of his produce stays put until it gets to the creamery. In all his operations he has mechanical aids which are practically fool-proof. True, he must have

a milk-house and a supply of cold water in the vat. But a few bags of cement, two or three days' labor—and the safe investment of a very little capital provides for all that. If there isn't a running spring around the place, sink a well. But it is in the winter time that the biggest profits pile up—and that notwithstanding the increased cost of operations. Bossie must have protection if the farmer is to have milk. Put up a cow barn; it's a permanent improvement on the place anyway and will add more than its cost to the value of the property. As to winter feed, every Western farmer can raise it. Good hay, corn fodder and green feed comes willy-nilly and alfalfa is a life-saver. Taking it all in all, there isn't a reasonable excuse for the woeful lack of dairying in the three provinces. The man who says it can't be done hasn't a leg to stand on, let alone kick with.

There can be no doubt about it. Butter-fat is the best lubricant for the wheels of the prosperity band-wagon. Wasteful tillage, the impoverishment of the soil and a consequent upending cost of living lead inevitably to disaster. A permanent system of agriculture, and by that y'understand, a twelve-months-in-the-year practice is meant, is the only safe basis upon which to build a substantial prosperity. Remember, Mr. Farmer, the dairy route is the short line to enduring riches. But don't go it blind. It doesn't pay individuals to experiment. The governments, Federal and Provincial, have done all that—and their work is good. For nothing you can have the advice of experts who know which particular type will pay you best. For the same price you can learn, and it is very necessary to know, just how to apply the individual test which will weed out the bad from the good in the herd. Particulars as to the proper care of cream and methods of shipment are free for the asking. And the Government creameries will pay top prices for the entire out-put. Even the immortal Oliver couldn't ask for more.

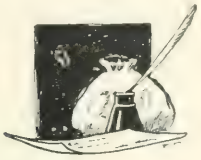
For itself alone the general adoption of dairying is desirable. But it means much more. With it will come a systematic rotation of crops and a happy concomitant in the shape of a greatly increased yield of the world's best wheat. Yes sir, an *increased* yield. It is inevitable. On the other hand, a continuance of the present shiftless methods of mal-farming will produce results just as inevitable. The other hand means that Mr. Western Farmer will have a badly mussed omelette instead of a golden egg. But don't let's talk about the other hand.



Boosting Beef in Betzville

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell



THE Reverend Ebenezer Spillgath, of Betzville, is one of the kindest hearted men in our midst, and organizer of the Betzville Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Aunt Rhinocolura Betz is the other member. But there are some animals it is mighty hard to please.

About a year ago Mr. Spillgath heard a calf bawling in Orone McDooble's barn, and it bawled so sadly that Mr. Spillgath's heart was touched, and he went in and upbraided Orone, but all Orone said was that if the Reverend Spillgath felt that way about it he could have the plagued calf and welcome, but that as for him, he wasn't going to spend all his time trying to teach a wobbly-legged cow-child to climb trees. So the Reverend Spillgath upbraided Orone a few times for his language, and took the calf home.

As soon as he had the calf home he turned it loose in the back yard and went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's to secure a donation for the purpose of improving the happiness of the calf, but when he reached home again the calf was sadder than ever. It was standing before an apple tree with its front feet on the trunk, looking up into the boughs and bawling piteously. It was evident that the calf wanted to climb the tree, and Mr. Spillgath is kind-hearted, so he gave the calf a boost and it scrambled into the crotch of the tree. As soon as it was up it emitted a little bleat of joy and immediately fell down the other side of the tree and landed on its head. It bawled about that for an hour, and then it got up and turned around and put its fore feet on the tree trunk and bawled to be up in the tree again. So Mr. Spillgath gave it another boost, and it scrambled up into the crotch and bleated once joyfully, and fell out of the tree on the other side.

For a week the Reverend Spillgath spent all his time boosting the calf into the tree and seeing it fall out again, but at the end of that time the calf was able to lie in the crotch of the tree with its hind legs hanging down one side of the tree and its fore legs hanging down the other, and it should have been happy, but it wasn't. As soon as it was able to remain in the crotch it began looking toward the upper branches and bawling to be up in them. But as soon as the Reverend Spillgath gave it a boost it fell through the crotch on its head. It was a sad case of misapplied devotion to an ideal, and Reverend Spillgath went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's and got another contribution out of her for the improvement of the condition of tree-climbing calves.

Oddly enough the cash contributions of Aunt Rhinocolura did not seem to improve the calf in the way of climbing. It remained a mighty poor tree climber, and no explanations of the art made by Mr. Spillgath helped the calf much. Mr. Spillgath would explain to the calf

IT WAS EVIDENT THAT THE CAT WANTED TO CLIMB THE TREE, AND MR. SPILLGATH, BEING KIND HEARTED, GAVE THE CAT A BOOST

how to climb the tree, and then he would follow precept with example, and would climb the tree himself, and the calf would look on eagerly, and fairly pant to do it herself, and then Mr. Spillgath would give the calf a boost and it would paw at the tree with its legs and go plunk! through the crotch onto its head. It was a melancholy calf. When it was not bawling to be boosted into the tree it was bawling because it had alighted on its head. In a few weeks it wore out that tree, and Mr. Spillgath had to do his best to boost it into the big elm, and that was pretty hard work, for the crotch of the elm was about twelve feet up. He was obliged to run to Aunt Rhinocolura every day for contributions.

What made it worse was that the calf was growing all the while, and while it is not so bad to boost a calf up a tree, it is a job and a half to boost a cow, and it takes a lot of contributions. Mr. Spillgath had to hire several of his relatives to help him, and they would all take hold of the cow and give her a mighty boost into the crotch of the elm. Sometimes they boosted so hard that they tossed the cow right through the crotch and over the fence into Orone McDooble's yard but that did not make much difference, for the cow always fell out sooner or later, and it saved time. When they tossed the cow right over they were able to get her and toss her again all the sooner. When they did not toss, the cow bawled, and when they did toss, she fell with a thud and bawled just the same. And there wasn't anything seemed to interest the cow but tree-climbing.

Except fireworks. The cow was passionately fond of fireworks. Passionately! Reverend Spillgath discovered that on the evening of July First. The cow instantly stopped bawling for higher things, as you might say, the moment she saw fireworks. So he went over to Aunt Rhinocolura's and got a big contribution for fireworks, and every evening he had roman-candles or spin-wheels or rockets for the cow. She seemed to like spin-wheels the best, but only about one out of a dozen spin-wheels work right, and when they did not work right the cow would lie down and weep piteously.

Rev. Spillgath said that he thought the cow was temperamental, and that her point of view ought to be appreciated. But Aunt Rhinocolura, after she had watched the relatives boosting her for awhile, said that in her opinion the critter was just full of the Old Nick. Besides, she said, those fireworks cost something sinful.

But you can't use fireworks to advantage during the day. Ebenezer thought of getting a big tent and darkening it, so he could have fireworks for the cow by day, but Aunt Rhinocolura objected. She said she was about contributed to a finish. She remarked, rather sullenly, that beef steak, at least, did not bawl. So Mr. Spillgath did the best he could for a while, but the cow grew worse. She wanted the spin-wheels in the top of the elm tree so she could be climbing the tree and watching the fireworks simultaneously. This really aggravated Reverend Spillgath, although he is one of the kindest hearted of men, and he said that as Aunt Rhinocolura had ceased her contributions it was evident to him that this was the kind of cow that would never be happy anywhere but in Heaven. The butcher gave him twenty-eight dollars for the cow. Of course Aunt Rhinocolura did not get any of the twenty-eight dollars, for she was merely a contributing member, but she was allowed to buy all the cow steaks she wanted from the butcher at the regular rate. And Reverend Spillgath's bill for damage to his apple tree was only twenty-eight dollars.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

By Mary Elizabeth Wilcox

With a drawing by Florence Pretz

WISE men say that there is no custom without a reason, and doubtless they are right in most things. But in the matter of the origin of Saint Valentine's Day, they have been hard put to it to defend their theory, for the saint has nothing to do with lovers or lace-paper.

The truth is that poor old Saint Valentine was the most blameless monk that ever wore a hair shirt and muttered "Memento mori" when he met a maiden in the lane. He was no Fra Lippo, to sing "Flower o' the clove, All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love!" He wrote no love songs. He made eyes at neither Virgilia nor Marcia. When Parnesia held up her dress as she waded the brook, he crossed himself and turned away from the glimpse of her rosy heels. He meditated on the works of God, and stood fast to the faith when Emperor Claudius' mailed Christian-catchers were abroad; and when they cast the good bishop into prison at last, he healed his jailer's daughter of blindness, wherefore he lost his life, and was translated into the Saint's Calendar. There is a gate in Rome that once was named Porto Valentini in his honor. Men say that he married many couples in his lifetime, but this is only the ghost of a ghost of a legend, and ill accords with the pious and severe character of the Bishop of Rome.

There is another Valentine laying claim to the title of saint, but he is noted for nothing but having healed a man of an epilepsy, and choking to death on a fishbone, so he is a bad second to his Roman namesake. Unless the saints are wiser in paradise than they were on eatrh, lovers' honors would probably be greeted with considerable surprise and grim disapproval by both of the reverend gentlemen.

However that may be, the name survives, in spite of invidious etymologists who derive "valentine" from "galantin," which is Norman-French for "masher," and anyhow, perhaps the old saints are wise enough now to accept their reputation with good

grace, and smile at the follies committed in their name. Charles Lamb says so, and certainly gentle, friendly, quizzical, kindly Charles Lamb ought to know if anybody does. Far be it from us to shake reflective heads at the spectacle of swain and nymph oblivious of all the world in each other's eyes, for truly "the magic of first love is ignorance that it will ever end," and we are no disillusioning cynics, thank Heaven.

But the sprouting saints of the early Christian church were not so tolerant. The Lupercalia had been held about February fifteenth for many years, honoring Juno Februata and the sylvan god Pan. Names of lads and maidens had been shaken up in a box, drawn, and partners matched for the succeeding revels, since the memory of the Romans. The old Roman gambols were—well, unchristian, to say the least, and the clergy fought hard against them. For a while they tried the scheme of shaking up the names of the saints, instead of the pretty cognomens of the girls, and letting everybody draw a saint, whose life the drawer was supposed to emulate for the rest of the year. It's no great wonder that this brilliant idea of the persecuted, scarred, serious bishops did not appeal to the red-lipped lads of Italy. Ghostly partners in heaven did not attract them. They wanted rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and flying tresses, and a light foot in the dance, and a quick answer on the tongue—something with more of the sparkle of the old Eve in it—and the saints found themselves wallflowers along the battlements of the golden city. Ah, the scheme was a sad failure, and in spite of priest and sage the young folks paired off as of old. Even as late as the sixteenth century, St. Francis de Sales tried his best to stamp out Valentine's feast, and unsuccessfully.

Not long after this, the custom is noted in England. John Lydgate wrote in praise of Catherine, Queen of Henry V., the quaint old verses:

St. Valentine of custom yeere by yeere
Men have a usuance in this regioun
To looke and searche Cupid's kalendor
And choose theyre choyse by great affecioun
Soche as ben meve with Cupid's mocioun
Takynge theyre choyse as theyre sorte doth falle
But I love one that excelleth all.

Valentines went through the post to their blushing recipients, and the rhyme that every school-boy knows:

The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you!

decorated many a missive. Curiously enough, this jingle was printed under old woodcuts fearfully and wonderfully drawn and colored. A magnificent gentleman in lavender trousers, blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and crimson tie was represented seated in an arbor with a lady before whose splendor even the lilies of the field paled into hopeless insignificance. But our great-grandmothers were doubtless as deeply delighted with these monstrosities as Gladys to-day over her dainty confection imported from Paris; and tucked them against wildly beating hearts, much as Gladys slips her love-letters inside her tailored shirt-waist,—ah, those love-letters!—so vital to her, so ordinary to everyone else.

Another custom prevalent in England was that of challenging your valentine. Maids going forth on Saint Valentine's Day and meeting a lad, could say to him, "Good-morrow, Valentine!" and the poor lad must serve, will-he, nill-he, and give his Mistress Impudence a pair of gloves to boot. Ophelia's song refers to this custom.

Good-morrow, it is Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine.

A sure receipt for forecasting your truelove was to look down the well on St. Valentine's Eve to see your sweetheart—and surely this ought often to come true, if properly managed. Another method was to pin five bay-leaves on your pillow, one at each corner and one in the middle, and you will without question dream of your sweetheart.

Birds are supposed to choose their mates for the year upon St. Valentine's Day, and many are the superstition

regarding them in this connection. In fact, there is carefully set down in the old books a full list of birds presaging whom maids will marry. Should Phyllis, out a-walking on St. Valentine's morning, meet a red-breast, she will follow her love to the beat of the drum. A bunting signifies a sailor husband; a goldfinch, a millionaire; a yellowbird, a rich man; a sparrow, love in a cottage; a bluebird, poverty; a crossbill, a scolding man; a flock of doves, good luck and many sweethearts; and a wryneck fates the unfortunate damsel beholding it to an old maid's existence and the company of her cat.

The yellow crocus is Saint Valentine's flower, and if you go for a walk on this day, you must be sure to wear one of the little blossoms, for it will bring you good luck, and ward off evil in love. Daffodils are also good luck on St. Valentine's Day—

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

After the post made written or printed valentines popular, books of valentine verses were issued, giving sentiments appropriate to all trades, wherein the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker could all find something to sing the praises of their sweetheart while at the same time advertising their wares. Some of these are very curious. The butcher tempts his Sacharissa to share his joints and sweetbreads with him; the baker urges:

Since with me thou'lt be sure of loaves a-plenty,
Come marry me, my sweet-and-twenty!

The cobbler invites his lady to tack herself to him. If Sam Weller had only known of these convenient treasuries, how much easier he would have found the task of composing a "valentine" to "Mary, Housemaid, at Magistrate Peter Nupkin's, Ipswich."

In our own day, it is easy to find valentine verses. Nearly all the poets have tried their hand at valentine verses at some time or other, and there are endless quotations that can be wrenched from their original setting to decorate our own offerings. Says Phebe: "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

If you have missed Eugene Field's "A Valentine" you have lost something so good that I am going to quote it in full:

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell
  I love her well!
Yes, though she tramples on my heart,
  And rends that bleeding thing apart;
And though she rolls a scornful eye
  On doting me when I go by;

And though she scouts at everything
  As tribute unto her I bring—
Apple, banana, caramel—
  Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell
In spite of all, I love her well!
  And further say I have a sled
Cushioned in blue and painted red!
  The groceryman has promised I
Can hitch whenever he goes by—
  Go tell her that, and furthermore,
Apprise my sweetheart that a score
  Of other little girls implore
The boon of riding on that sled
  Painted and hitched, as aforesaid—
And tell her, Cupid, only she
  Shall ride upon that sled with me!
Tell her this all, and further tell
  I love her well!

Doesn't that bring back your school-days, and the rustle of excitement that preceded St. Valentine's Day; the eager groups of petticoats and pig-tails in the corner of the school-room; the shy and red-faced boys buying valentines at the corner drug-store under cover of dusk; the lace-paper and the German cologne that exhaled from those marvellous pink hearts and turtle-doves on your own first valentine? Et ego in Arcadia—I certainly too did once inhabit Arcady.

The symbols of St. Valentine's Day are few: the bleeding heart transfixed with an arrow, the crocus, the daffodil, the homing pigeon with the letter, the pussy-willow, sometimes the yellow tulip and the flight of migrant swallows returning home to nest again with the spring. These are all, but what maid will be critical of the art if the sentiments appeal to her fancy? Artists of valentines need no more.

And finally, from the little essay on White Heather; listen to the words of the ancient Scottish lady:

"And you will remember that love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, or a madness of desire—oh no, love is not that—it is goodness and honour, and peace, and pure living—yes, love is that; and it is the best thing in the world; and the thing that lives longest. And that is what I am wishing for you and yours with this bit of white heather."

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"You will make Charles a good wife, my dear," said his mother, kissing me. "Would that we could have a finer inheritance for him. Clichy must go—but at least the family will be perpetuated."

"It is fate brought you to us," said the old Comte. He had grown even feebler during the brief interval of my absence, it seemed to me; the shock had told perceptibly upon him. "It is fate brought you to us," he repeated, "to be the consolation of my old age and the hope of the d'Yves."

Then we began talking of Charles, and, as briefly as possible, since there was no time for emotion, I laid bare the story of our arrest, placing special emphasis upon the fact that the conspiracy was breaking down.

And then I laid before them the plan that I had formed, of flying to Scouto, and, to my astonishment, they both fell in with it immediately. But, though I could never doubt their love for me, their eagerness for my safety, the family, as ever in France, ranked paramount in their eyes. It seems strange now, as I look back on it, this persistent clinging of theirs to the old forms and duties of past ages in face of

modern change. But it did not seem strange then.

"You have flown in England," said the old Comte enthusiastically, "and here the winds are no less favorable. Your act will be no more, in its peculiar way, than other women of our line have done. It is not for Charles alone that you will offer up your life to the gods of the air, Anne, but for the race, for the long line of the d'Yves. And I know that you will succeed. God has not sent you to us in so miraculous a way, and guarded you through such great dangers, that you should fail now. You will return at the appointed time," he continued, his eyes flashing as he paced up and down the room, "and you will save Charles from the hands of his enemies. The battle has been long —but it has been shorter than the wars of the Fronde. We have suffered much —but Richelieu persecuted us more harshly, and yet Clichy has never fallen. I almost believe," he ended, "that you will live to inherit Clichy and to restore its fortunes, and hand it down to our descendants."

But when I urged that I should start that night neither would hear of it.

"To-morrow at dawn," said the practical mother of Charles. "What you would gain in time you would lose in strength. You must conserve your energies. Now we will have supper, and afterward we will discuss our plans."

I had stopped to purchase a map before returning, and after the meal we opened it and pored over it. My first course, on the morrow, we estimated, would pass through Troyes and end at Dijon, where I should replenish my gasoline tank and stay over night. Sunday would see me through Lyon and along the Rhone to Avignon. Thence, on the Monday, I should strike east over the Basses-Alpes and the Alpes Maritimes to Monaco; and on the Tuesday there would be the perilous sea flight of two hundred odd miles to Corsica, and along the coast for fifty miles to Scouto. At best, I could reach Scouto by Tuesday evening; and this would leave me but a single day of four and twenty hours in which to persuade Zeuxis to return with me.

That night I went out to the shed in which the monoplane rested and looked at her. For one instant, as I gazed, a terrible fear overcame me. Next moment something of the brave spirit of the machine entered into my heart and inspired me with its own power. There she floated, as it almost seemed, so strong and yet so graceful, with her enormous spread of wings outstretched beneath the roof of the hangar. I took my seat, and at once the memory of her control came back to me. I placed my hands upon the levers, and to each slightest touch the mechanism responded. I tested the motor; it worked admirably. After I was satisfied I descended and bade the ancient servant fill the tank with gasoline. There was nothing to do now until the morning.

A letter had come for me from Canada, having been forwarded from London. I glanced at the superscription without enthusiasm and tore open the envelope. It was from Mary Jenner, and dated from Winnipeg three weeks before. The weather had been stifling, she wrote, but, thank heaven, the school term was ended. A party of the teachers was going to Europe, including herself and Mr. Spratt, whom she characterized as an "odious little persecutor." Mary intimated that he had transferred his volatile affections from myself to her, and that she detested him. She hoped that I had met my kinsmen and had gone to visit them at the chateau, and hoped to see me soon—perhaps sooner than I expected, were the words she used.

But Mary Jenner, with whom I had cooked so many midnight suppers in our tiny apartment, and sworn undying friendship, was the least of my thoughts just now.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT TO CORSICA

In which I ride the monoplane again, with divers adventures by the way.

To fly from Paris to an island off the coast of Corsica, there search for an unwilling witness, and bring him home with me within ten days, was not an adventure that could be regarded light-

ly. It is small wonder, then, that my sleep on that eventful Friday night was a troubled one. In the brief intervals of unconsciousness that I enjoyed I seemed to be perpetually riding through the air, like a witch on a broomstick, while behind me thundered legions of the damned, shrieking in the zest of the chase. And one demon, with the head and leering features of Leopold Magniff, headed me off, forced me out of my course, while below I saw Charles writhing in bonds, crying to me appealingly—and always helplessly. When I awoke for the last time toward dawn it was to find Charles's mother standing beside me in her dressing robe.

"It is time to prepare for your journey, dear," she whispered.

I dressed hastily and joined her and the old Comte below. None of us had much appetite for breakfast. It was an eerie sensation, sitting there in the first rays of the rising sun, in the perfect stillness of a Normandy morning, knowing that the lives of Charles and our grandfather and the future of our historic house hung upon so slender and desperate a chance as that which I was to undertake.

After breakfast we went out to the hangar. The faithful old servant, assisted by the valet, had wheeled the great monoplane out upon the dewy lawn. Charles's mother had prepared a small package containing some food in case of emergency, and I had a handbag with a few of the essentials of a journey. These were stowed away in the tiny compartment behind the seat. The tank was already filled with gasoline and the motor, when tested, responded admirably. All was in readiness.

My grandfather and Charles's mother embraced me quietly; the undertaking was too serious a one for the display of any surface emotion. I kissed them, and entering the machine took my seat. I looked back. The old chateau, gray and ghostly in the early morning, seemed replete with history, and every single window was, in my imagination, filled with the forms of earlier owners; great lords and fair ladies who had played each his or her part in the history of Clichy and left the scene. Something of the sense of this continuity made my surroundings singularly unreal. The Comte and Charles's mother seemed now hardly more than phantoms upon a ghostly stage in a mysterious setting. But such fancies were morbid. I turned my face resolutely away and started the motor. I felt the wheels revolve and take the soft sod under me; there was a moment of swift gliding, and the ground shot from beneath me.

I pressed the lever that controlled the rudder and flew upward. Now I was cool and calm as though this were the flight of an experienced aeronaut. I was, in thought, again flying with Charles in the English aviation meeting. Right and left the monoplane turned at my insistence, skimming the soft airs lightly as a swallow. I rose above the tops of the old elms and circled the grounds. Once, twice I made this course, and then, rising to two hundred feet, shot straight as a bee eastward toward Paris.

Towns and villages unrolled themselves beneath me as I sped over the fair panorama of northern France. I kept an altitude of about four hundred feet; in this manner I was enabled to travel by the bright ribbons of the railway line, clearly perceptible below me, and, at the same time, to escape any too intimate contact with the denizens of the district; for above all things I wished to avoid awakening curiosity as to my identity and destination. Several times a railroad train, unrolling like a caterpillar out of the ground, swept past me; twice, too, I outraced trains Paris bound. The machine seemed like a sentient thing. I no longer wondered that we had beaten all our competitors in London, for we seemed so to harmonize that we were no longer twain; I was an aerial centaur, and this mechanism of steel and aluminum was part of me.

After an hour and a half a dark blur beginning to spread over the horizon told me that I was approaching Paris. I had resolved not to fly over the capital lest some too adventurous newspaper should send out its aeroplane correspondent in search of me. One thing I longed for greatly—a newspaper, that

I might learn how Charles fared, what was the latest news of the trial, and whether the flight that I was to make had yet become public knowledge. But I overcame my longing and, wheeling in a south-easterly direction, mounted to an altitude of a thousand feet and shot over the green tracery of the Bois, which from that height appeared exactly like a field of corn in tassel, set on an indistinguishable brown background. At this height, though it was July, the air was crisp and keen, the wind sang past my ears, every sense tingled with exuberance. I must save Charles! Now it was impossible no longer; no longer dangerous, even. I flashed over the poplar-lined roads of the environs, and, gradually descending to a height of four hundred feet again, made my way along the highway in the direction of Troyes, where I descended at noon in a large field to lunch and to inspect my motor.

Everything was satisfactory. I stepped out, a little cramped, and, lying upon a bank of softest turf, snatched a few morsels of bread and cheese, washing them down with a draught of clearest spring water from a rill near by. The sight of the great bird had already aroused the interest of the neighborhood, and I knew that my sojourn must be a brief one. In fact, hardly had I rinsed my hands after my meal when the advance guard of the rustic population came running up in the shape of a farmer's boy, who, seeing me, threw up his hands in dumbfounded amazement, stuttering:

"It's a woman! Holy Virgin, a woman!"

Seeing that a little group was moving over the brow of the hill, and not wishing to communicate anything of my purpose or identity, I entered the machine again and started the motor. As the wheels revolved they shouted and ran forward threateningly, their first impulse, after fear, being hate—a phenomenon common everywhere among the unintelligent. For a moment I feared that the long grass would hold my flight; then, just as the first came panting up, the monoplane rose, almost sweeping him from his feet with the whir of its mighty wings. I heard cries of anger beneath me. I looked down and waved my hand. What were these boors to me when Charles's honor and liberty were at stake! Charles! The wind sang his name through the steel stays, the motor hummed it. I was high in air once more, sweeping along the great, white, dusty road toward Dijon.

The sun sank lower, the air grew keener yet; clouds rolling up gave promise of a storm. I planned to pass the town and rest at some wayside village after dusk, leaving my aeroplane in charge of some friendly farmer sufficiently removed from the center of news to prevent the disclosure of my identity. All these plans I carried out well. Night saw me some leagues in advance of Dijon, and resting in a field recently mown, surrounded by gaping but not malignant rustics. A liberal sum sealed the fountains of their perpetual questioning, and by the promise of further reward in the morning I induced my host to drive into the town and bring me back a fresh supply of gasoline, without arousing curiosity. Then I supped, and, turning into a bed of softest down, slept like a log till daybreak.

Sunday was a repetition of the day before. Long before noon I had crossed Lyon and was following the broad valley of the Rhone. Avignon was to be my destination; but here my plans miscarried. For, as I approached the city at a height of three hundred feet, well before dusk, a few misses of my motor warned me that it was clogging, just as it had done in England, and I volplaned swiftly to the ground to avoid misfortune, landing in the exact center of a populous residential square, where in no time I was surrounded by a dense crowd of Provencals, cheering and mobbing me and acclaiming me by name. They climbed into the monoplane, they thrust out their hands toward me, and one held up before my eyes the latest copy of the "Petit Journal". There, covering a whole page, I saw an atrociously drawn presentation of myself in the monoplane, and underneath, in huge letters of black, the words: "The Woman Spy, Flying Over Dijon".

As I was growing desperate a couple of gendarmes forced their way through the crowd to me.

"Mademoiselle," said one, respectfully, "you may not proceed further. We have orders from the Minister of the Interior to detain you."

For a moment I was stunned with horror. Then an idea came to me. I made no answer, but set to work with all speed in the adjusting of my motor. Whatever might happen, it was essential that the monoplane should be in order, ready for action.

"The instructions are," the gendarme continued, "that Mademoiselle shall remain at liberty in Avignon pending further orders. The aeroplane——"

"Yes, Monsieur?" I answered carelessly, while my heart throbbed horribly. It seemed too terrible to be true. But at any cost I must appear to acquiesce.

"Understand, Mademoiselle, you are not under arrest," he continued. "It is merely that the Minister of the Interior has issued an order forbidding ladies to fly, owing to the dangers."

"You spoke of the monoplane," I answered, smiling. "What is to be done with it? For myself," I added, "I am really tired of flying. I shall not continue my journey to Marseilles."

"To Marseilles?" cried the gendarme, scratching his head. "Why, Mademoiselle, the 'Petit Parisien' says—" he hesitated.

"That you are on your way to join your lover in Italy, there to be married in the clouds," put in the other.

I breathed more freely. Evidently the real purpose of my journey was not yet known.

"The aeroplane——" I persisted.

"Peste! What are we to do with the aeroplane?" said his companion. "There were no instructions."

"Let me make a suggestion," I answered suavely. "Suppose I take it to pieces here and have it conveyed to the police station."

"Excellent," answered the second gendarme heartily. "But," he added, as I climbed into the seat, "you will not fly away, Mademoiselle?"

I laughed. "What an idea!" I exclaimed. "But first I must fill up the tank with gasoline; otherwise it would be liable to explode. The conflict between centripetal and centrifugal force, caused by the expansion of gases, would annihilate the mechanism and cause serious tangental peribolas," I continued gravely.

The gendarme scratched his head. "Undoubtedly, Mademoiselle," he answered. "There is a motor-car repair shop across the square. Certainly gasoline can be procured there."

A man in the crowd volunteered to obtain it and disappeared, shortly returning with a companion, both bearing two huge tanks, with which my own was speedily repleted. I took my seat in the machine.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "pray make room while I unscrew the sustaining bar of the wings."

They cleared a space of several yards around me, these good Avignonese. I touched the lever and the motor hummed and throbbed. I pressedthe flight indicator. The wheels turned, spun, lifted——

A gasp of astonishment broke from the crowd as I soared over them, and they ducked and ran in all directions to escape injury. My course was wild; I missed the steeple of an old church by several inches, scraped against the pediment of an ancient Roman edifice, and sped up to the sky. I looked back as I cleared the housetops. The two gendarmes were waving their hands at me imploringly. I hated to leave them. But the memory of my mission came to me to spur me on, and I flew like the wind. Soon Avignon was but a blot in the distance.

That night I slept under a tree in the wild mountain region of the Basses-Alpes. At dawn I continued my course directly eastward. Now no sign of human habitation was to be seen. There was nothing but ranges of lofty mountains. The cold became intense, and the air currents treacherous. Time and again I was caught in gusts of icy wind, beaten, buffeted out of my path. Over me the sky was of intensest blue; round and beneath me lay the icy summits of the Alps. My teeth chattered and my hands grew so cold that I could scarcely feel the levers. Nothing but

the intensity of my purpose could have enabled me to face that bitter wind.

At last, toward afternoon, just as I began to think that I had missed my path, when I felt that I could hold out no longer, I perceived, very far southward, a long, blue, monotonous line on the horizon. My heart leaped, a new and feverish determination entered into me. It was the sea, the blue water of the Mediterranean, that lay before my eyes. Now the last stage was approaching. So far I had conquered!

I wheeled southward and began to descend the long valleys of the Maritime Alps.

The air grew warmer, the descent more precipitous; I glided downward on the rushing winds exultingly, and ever nearer I saw the distant sea, until the narrowing horizon shut it once more from view. But when I left the last of the snow-capped ranges behind me the sun suddenly sank and I entered a region of twilight. It had been dark for an hour upon the lowlands while I was battling in the sunlight. The night was moonless; I must alight before it grew entirely dark or run the risk of falling into the sea. Out of the mountainside I saw the white road, the great highway between France and Italy, centuries old, debouched upon its way to Nice, whence it wound through the Principality of Monaco. Clearly I must descend there, where French laws did not run, and where the Minister of the Interior, actuated, I did not doubt, by interests inimical to mine, could not arrest my journey. In the failing light I saw of a sudden the little square-topped building of the French customs house on the Monaco border, and the Monaco customs, not a dozen metres distant. I made for the latter, shut off my motor and careened earthward. As I descended, like a great, soaring eagle, I saw men run from either building, shouting and waving their arms at me—their cries reached me with surprising clearness. I dropped to earth, hit the ground on the French side of the line, and rolled half into Monaco, to tumble, exhausted, from my aeroplane.

It was easy to see that I was squarely upon the international boundary. But my apprehensions were groundless, for nothing could have exceeded the kindness with which I was treated by the officials from either customs. Their first surprise over, they placed the quarters of the French officer at my disposal, and thither I adjourned for a hasty toilet, leaving the monoplane the center of interest. Seeing my weariness, they scarcely pressed a question upon me, and when, thinking always of the future, I pointed out the deficiency in the gasoline, the French officials promptly filled the tank with confiscated petrol from their contraband stores. Afterward I was the guest at an informal supper, to which the men from either side of the border invited themselves.

"Without doubt Mademoiselle is on her way to Turin to compete in the international meeting there," suggested the French official.

I acknowledged this false presumption with a bow.

"Mademoiselle will remain here and rest to-morrow?" he continued hopefully. "It is not often that ladies honor us with their presence, and those few whom we see are, unfortunately, much prejudiced against us."

"Against you, Monsieur?" I asked. "Impossible!"

He smiled and twirled his mustache jauntily. "Unfortunately," he murmured, "it is so often our painful duty to detain their baggage."

"They show poor taste," I answered. "But now, Monsieur, I shall withdraw, having traveled all the way from Avignon since morning."

He started and stared at me in unbelief. "From Avignon?" he exclaimed. "Then Mademoiselle must have crossed the Alps in her machine. No, no, impossible. None but Chavez has done it—and his fate was horrible!"

I saw at once the falseness of the move I had made in mentioning Avignon. If he should send a telegram to that city my cause was lost. Mortified, I muttered some excuses and withdrew to toss uneasily upon my bed for hours until I slept heavily from exhaustion.

When I awoke in the morning a presentiment of evil to come oppressed my spirits. From the window of my

room I glanced out upon the surrounding country. The guard-house was placed on a high hill, though it had appeared a level plain to me the night before, in comparison with those mountainous heights. Far under me I could see the fertile, thickly populated valleys of the coast; in the distance gleamed the magnificent building of the Monte Carlo gambling hall; and in front of it, beating against a curbing shore, were the sky-blue waters of the Mediterranean. Seeing it I took courage again. Let me but once get free, as I had freed myself from greater dangers, and nothing could stop me till I reached Corsica.

Yet the presentiment of evil remained with me and sprang into new life when, after a hasty breakfast, consisting of coffee and rolls, which was brought to me by the wife of one of the men, I met the French officer, looking glum and fluttering a telegraphic dispatch in his hand.

"Mademoiselle d'Yves," he began, after the most formal greeting, "I regret to say that I have received instructions from the Minister of the Interior to detain——"

I did not wait for him to conclude his speech but skipped lightly across the Monaco boundary line, two meters away. The Monaco officials came out of their buildings and clapped their hands enthusiastically. It was evident that they had heard the news and looked for a pretty comedy, in which their part would be the rescue of a distressed maiden.

"Yes, Monsieur?" I continued demurely.

"To detain your monoplane," he continued, indicating the great bird, lying prostrate beside the road, as though it would never rise again.

"On what charge?" I asked icily.

"There is no charge," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "It is the order."

"Hm!" I said. "Monsieur le capitaine, I begin to understand why the ladies dislike you."

"But what can I do?" he demanded, coming toward me with a deprecating action of the hands.

"Why, Monsieur, being in Monaco, I demand the protection of this gentleman," I said, pointing to the other captain, who advanced instinctively, his arms outspread as though to ward from me some threatening violence.

AFTER BREAKFAST I WENT OUT TO THE HANGAR, FEELING THAT THE FUTURE OF OUR HISTORY HUNG UPON THE SLENDER AND DESPERATE CHANCE I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE

"But you are not threatened, Mademoiselle," said the French captain. "It is merely a temporary detention of the aeroplane. A little adjustment, if you like. I do not know what motive influences the Minister. If you had denied your name——"

That touched my pride. He winced under the words that flowed spontaneously from my tongue, derogatory as they were toward the gallantry of the French nation.

"And in any event," I added, "the monoplane, being half in the territory of Monaco, does not come under your supervision."

The mask of politeness fell from his manner. He answered roughly;

"The part that is here stays, Mademoiselle".

"And your part?" I said, turning to the Monaco officer.

"It goes, Mademoiselle," he answered readily.

"In that case," I said, "you will permit me to take my seat on the part of the mechanism which is in your country."

"By all means, Mademoiselle," he answered.

"You cannot divide an aeroplane," cried the Frenchman rudely. "If you do, it shall be with an axe."

"If you will permit one of your men to draw a line between the two boundary pillars——" I hazarded to the Monaco captain.

He caught at the idea. He ran forward and, with his toe, drew a fairly straight line in the dust. "The machine lies more than half across the border," he cried.

"And the motor wholly," I whispered.

He was intelligent, this Monaco officer. He fairly beamed on me as I seated myself. The French captain, beside himself with anger, ran forward and placed his hands firmly around the girders that covered French territory. "Stir at your peril!" he shouted.

"O, Monsieur," I said reproachfully, "this is an unpleasant ending to your hospitality. And after what you said last night!"

"Pray descend, Mademoiselle," he entreated. "It is an order. Do not hold me responsible."

I started the motor and the wheels shot forward. Next moment the Frenchman was rolling down the steep bank of the ditch, while his confreres held their sides, helpless with laughter. Another instant and I was rising, hovering—and over French territory! I circled the guard house, and then, with a sudden access of speed, shot forward. I turned and waved my hand, narrowly escaping a somersault through the air as I did so.

"Adieu, Mademoiselle," shouted the Monaco officer, and then I saw the Frenchman rise painfully from the ditch and heard him give utterance to the most exuberantly free flow of language that I have ever heard upon a Frenchman's lips. Positively I could could not stay to listen to it. So I turned on the speed to the full extent, shot like an arrow upward, spun over the gambling halls, to the intense astonishment of the pigmies beneath me, and a moment later heard the splash of the Mediterranean billows upon the rocky shore of Monte Carlo.

Straight out to sea I flew, guiding my course by the new eastern sun, until the land was only a low line behind me. And presently even that failed. Now nothing was visible but the broad expanse of the ocean. Here and there, rising and falling like a cork upon the waters, I saw a tiny steamship, no bigger than a toy boat. And even these disappeared at last, leaving me alone with the sun and the sea and the wheeling gulls.

Hour after hour went by. Upon a favoring wind I sped, ever southward, while behind me the busy motor hummed and sang. "Charles! Charles!" That was its refrain. I thought of the incredible dangers that I had passed. Now the journey was almost ended, and there was little more to overcome. I swooped lower, until I almost skimmed the surface of the waters, taking sheer pleasure in the splash of the spray and the undulating waves that rose and fell as far as the eye could stretch in every direction. As the sun neared the zenith I changed my course, little by little, until I flew immediately toward it. In the midst of my exulta-

tion, however, suddenly an awful thought occurred to me.

"What if I should miss Corsica!"

It sobered me. Heaven help me then, for I should fly straight southward until I reached Africa or fell into the sea. And after night a straight, an even comparatively straight, course would be impossible. For Corsica is so narrow and so thin, and, though distances on the map look small, maps help but little when one flies alone without a landmark.

The sun crossed the zenith and blazed in the west. Now I changed my course little by little, until the sun was on my right hand. By four o'clock I should have sighted Corsica; by six I must reach Scouto, for twilight would then be approaching. The sun began perceptibly to decline. It was half way down in the sky. And still no sight of land!

Another thought now came to mind for the first time and added to my fears. What if Zeuxis should, after all, refuse to return with me? And, further, what if the added weight impeded the aeroplane!

But I forced these thoughts from me and strove desperately forward, as though by sheer effort of mentality I could add to the speed of the insensate mechanism. It must be four o'clock. Another half hour passed—an hour. The sea was changing from blue to black; in the northeast heavy thunder-clouds were looming up. I did not dare think now. My brain whirled, the heavens appeared to spin; the sun, like a fiery Cyclopean eye, drew near to the horizon. That eye would close; and then—good-night to life and all my hopes for Charles.

For my own life I cared nothing, but the thought of what would befall him was a torment. It sent the blood coursing furiously through my veins and my heart hammered like a hammer of doom. Six o'clock!—for the sun dipped and its fiery edge touched the water-line. There, immeasurably expanded in apparent size, it hid itself behind the murky clouds and seemed to leer horribly at me on its passage into the depths of ocean. I was hopelessly lost now. I could only shape my course mechanically southward. But where was I? I stared out over the pitch-black waters, stirring restlessly beneath the rising wind. One hour more, perhaps a little longer, and then——

My hands ached, my body ached, and an insurmountable lassitude weighed down my eyelids. Involuntarily I closed them for an instant. Then opening them, I cried out with joy.

For far in the distance I saw the tiniest blur of brown upon the face of the sea. It was so far to port that, had I not closed my eyes and so relieved them from the strain of gazing over the sea, I should never have seen it.

But as the sun's rim dipped under the sea I coursed over a high and rock-bound shore toward a white little town set on a hill. I dropped into the market square, and from the houses men came running up, shouting in some unintelligible speech. When the machine rested they ventured near and formed a circle round me at a respectful distance, crossing themselves and staring in amazement.

"Where am I?" I demanded in almost all that I knew of Italian.

One hero strutted toward me, tossing back his long cloak, and answered:

"Scouto."

I had flown all along the coast of Corsica, to land, by some most fortunate coincidence of fate, at the precise locality of my destination!

But the coincidence was greater than that alone. For, as I stared into the man's face I recognized—Zeuxis!

He knew me too, and began trembling at the knees. Then, with a wild cry, he fell face down upon the stones. Small wonder when, deeming himself secure, he saw me swoop out of the skies to drag him from his living-place.

CHAPTER X.

MINE ENEMY INTERVENES

A war of wits, in which I learn that I am very much married indeed.

I STEPPED briskly out of my aeroplane and walked over to Zeuxis, who still crouched abjectly before me. As I advanced the superstitious Corsicans gave way again and retreated before

me, running in all directions in fear of my supposedly supernatural descent from the realms of the heavens. Small wonder; this was the first aeroplane that had ever entered the island. To them I must have appeared none other than some saint, made manifest out of the clouds.

The sight of Zeuxis unnerved me, but for a moment only. At all costs I must keep the dominance that I had won. But six and thirty hours remained at most before I must begin my return flight to France; and during that brief time I must obtain the bonds from him, and then, by hook or crook, so work upon his mind that he would consent to brave the perils of the return flight with me, to give that evidence which would save Charles from the ignominious fate of a traitor.

I stepped toward him and touched him on the shoulder. "Get up!" I said. Then, as he obeyed, like a man dazed, I added in louder tones so that the listening Corsicans might hear:

"Have you not hospitality enough to offer shelter to such an old friend as I?"

"Yes, yes, Mademoiselle," he stammered. "Permit me to conduct you to my house. It is but a poor one—not such as you have been used to—but, if you will condescend, lady——"

"Lead the way!" I answered, stifling a desperate inclination to burst into hysterical laughter. As Zeuxis dragged himself along the straggling road, I at his elbow, and the villagers following at a respectful distance, I cast a glance backward to the aeroplane. I did not like to leave it there. But where else could I take it? I felt confident that superstition would restrain any of the inhabitants of Scouto from laying hands upon it, and then perforce dismissed the matter from my mind. At the very end of the road we turned into a small cottage, a peasant's hovel, containing but two rooms, yet not uncomfortably furnished in their primitive fashion. A tallow candle was burning upon a small table. At the door a dark-browed woman stood and glared sullenly at me before stepping aside and permitting me to enter.

I knew whom she must be. This was the woman for whose sake the Greek spy had deserted his wife in Paris, the woman of whom Mme. Zeuxis had told me.

"You—you will eat, Mademoiselle?" faltered my involuntary host.

Indeed I would, for I was famishing. At a few words from Zeuxis the woman stepped into the kitchen, returning with a bowl of curdled goat's milk, a dish of black beans and some rye bread, which she placed before me on the table. I made a hearty meal. When I looked up at last, satisfied, a throng of Corsicans was gathered around the door.

I advanced to the threshold. "Begone!" I cried, in Italian. They scuttled away like hares. Zeuxis and I were alone together again, the woman having sullenly retired into the kitchen after removing the remains of the repast I closed the door and began speaking in French to him.

"You know why I have come?" I demanded.

"Signorina—Mademoiselle, have mercy," he pleaded. "You will not betray me? All the spies of France are on my track. I have repented, truly. I have burned eighteen candles before the shrine of St. Christopher; I have——"

I cut him short.

"Do you know," I began, "that an innocent man stands in danger of being convicted of having sold the treaty?"

He nodded. "Let him suffer," he answered. "That is between himself and Magniff. I was only Magniff's tool. And he betrayed me, the scoundrel!" he continued, gritting his teeth in rage. "But just wait, Mademoiselle. Wait till the spies have forgotten me. Do you know what I shall do? I shall creep back to Paris, so softly that none will know, and I shall draw my sharp knife across Leopold Magniff's throat so—" he imitated the action—"in revenge for the money that he stole from me."

His words gave me the clew that I had been searching for.

To be continued

His Flyer in Chesapeakes

BEING THE STORY OF A DOG, A BARGAIN AND A COMEDY

By L. V. Kelly

THE Man from the East knew he loved shooting. He had read about it and heard about it, and his blood jumped at the thought of the havoc he might be able to do to a flock of ducks, to the admiration and envy of such westerners as he might have the opportunity of telling of his skill. Once when he was very young he had taken the six-foot gun of his uncle and gone into the swamps in old Ontario to shoot snipe. Cautiously creeping through the underbrush he had heard a whirring sound, turned blindly, and pulled the trigger, whereupon a plump partridge dropped in its speedy flight toward a nearby thicket. Thus had the hunting spirit been aroused and fostered in his breast. For many years it had lain dormant, hidden beneath the more active hunt after the elusive and rolling dollar, but now he was in a land where hunting was supposed to be one of the greatest relaxations of the inhabitants, so he wanted to hunt.

"Let's go hunting," he suggested to a native of the west who was endeavoring to do his best toward entertaining the eastern guest.

"All right, but we'll wait until the season opens," responded the westerner. "It opens in two weeks, and I want to show you some of the fishing first."

"Fishing suits me," agreed the eastern person breezily.

So they hired a horse, a buckboard and some tackle, taking to the trail early the following morning.

It was a beautiful morning, with the mosquitoes mostly gone the way of all mosquitoes in early fall, and the Man from the East had nothing to take his thoughts away from himself; so he drew deep breaths of the pure hill air and talked. He spoke of hunting, and the host listened politely, saying nothing excepting an approving or non-committal grunt now and then. He spoke of hunting-dogs and of wonderful shots, of retrievers and training. "I can tell a good dog as far as I can see one," he averred.

The western man continued to drive and listen. He had heard much the same talk from other people. Down a little gulch the trail dipped and then came suddenly upon a shack nestling between two small hills, where he drew up for a feed for the horses. Dogs rushed forth to bark at the newcomers, the door creaked on its wooden hinges, and the owner of the place appeared, dingy of shirt, shaggy of chin, and much soiled as to hands. The Man from the East leaped from the rig, nodded briefly to the unkempt native and scrutinized the dogs with the eye of a self acknowledged expert. He allowed the westerners to unharness the horse and put it up, and when they returned he talked at once of dogs. The settler listened carefully, glanced inquiringly at the westerner, and then remarked:

"I got a pretty fine retriever I'd sell ef ye want one."

"I don't see any retriever," responded the eastern dog expert.

"That's him," replied the settler, pointing to an animal.

"That's no retriever," responded the

eastern man decidedly. "Why, he's got bulldog shoulders, a spaniel coat and the head of a cross between a water spaniel and a bloodhound."

"Pretty dam'fine dogs, them Chesapeakes," inserted his friend, the driver of the rig. The eastern man looked at him and saw he meant it, so he hedged.

"I never saw any Chesapeakes, but I've heard of them. So that's one, eh? Come here, old chap."

He snapped his fingers and the "old chap" came cautiously. He looked at the sturdy body, the thick coat, the white fangs and the broad head.

"Strong enough," he remarked. "Where's he from?"

The settler explained, as truthfully as possible. "Feller came out here huntin' about a year ago an' died of pewmony. He gimme the dog. Best broke dog I ever see."

"Can he retrieve?" asked the interested examiner of the canine treasure.

"I dunno," said the settler, somewhat mystified. "I ain't taught him no tricks, but he kin fetch a duck that has dropped a mile away. Best nose for game I ever saw, an' the water never gives him rheumatiz 'cause he has hotter blood than other dogs."

"What'd ye want for him?" queried the Man from the East.

"Well, now," cogitated the owner aloud, "I've kep' him a year an' fed him. I think about fifteen dollars."

"Well, I guess I'll take him——" began the convinced inquisitor, but here his western friend broke in.

"We won't want him for about ten days, for we won't be back till then, and the season does not open until two weeks from yesterday."

"I'll keep him till then fer ye ef ye want him," volunteered the generous settler.

"Righto, the dog's mine," stated the easterner with quick determination.

They fed oats to the horses, and bannocks, washed down with scalding tea, to themselves. Then they harnessed their steeds and started again, the Man from the East leaving minute directions regarding dog biscuits and careful feeding, to all of which the settler agreed without verbal reservation. The Man from the East was bubbling over with the treatment he had received.

"Talk about generosity," he babbled. "I've heard of western hospitality, but never experienced it before. There's a man who gives me a fifty-dollar dog for fifteen, and then throws in two weeks careful feeding. Down east the mossbacks would charge me a quarter a day for the keep of the animal."

"Are you sure you know a good dog when you see one?" inquired the host of the trip bluntly, evidently feeling it his duty to say something.

"You can't fool me on dogs," vowed the other, somewhat hotly. "Why do you ask? You don't want me to back out and then give you a chance at him, do you?"

The western man made no reply, except to catch a hasty word and change it into a gurgle and a cough. But he made no other attempt to talk on the dog subject, and pretty soon the other man was chatting gaily of hunting and fishing experiences he had met with in the forests of the east. They fished and drove and investigated creeks and springs for nearly a fortnight, then started back from the fishing districts, the Man from the East growing more eager as the days passed and the thoughts of duck shooting grew brighter. As they drew near the cabin of the settler a fearful stench arose and blasted the sweet smell of the wind-smoothed hills. They looked around and the Man from the East swore aloud. Standing with his muzzle buried in a long-dead calf was the retriever he had purchased, eating with the gusto of an exercise-sharpened appetite. The Man from the East clambered down and approached his property, but the property showed shining teeth bared to the red gums and snarled in a realistic manner before it began to walk slowly, with bristling neck, toward him.

"I'll have to take him in hand and show him who's boss," remarked the owner nervously, as he clambered with

haste into the rig. The western man grinned toward the clouds and the dog vanished up the trail.

Anger came to the rescue of the Man from the East.

"Just wait till I see that fellow who sold me the dog," he grimly directed, apropos of his own thoughts. "He's spoiled the animal's temper by letting him run and eat meat." Then he sat in silence, thinking out stinging expressions to apply to the seller of the canine carrier. When they reached the cabin and the owner came out in frank haste to meet them, cheerfully starting to unhook the traces the easterner glared at him.

"That there dog uh yours got away yestiddy an' only jes' come back," he commenced. "I kep' him up an' fed him on milk an' crackers ever since ye left, but yestiddy he broke away an' I never seen him till now."

"We found him eating a decaying calf," said the owner icily. "I fear he's injured. His temper is bad, too. He tried to bite me."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the settler regretfully, glancing first at the calves of the eastern man's legs and then at the westerner.

"Where is he now?" asked the person who had had the narrow escape.

"Chained in the stable."

"I'm going to see him," said the purchaser, dismounting and starting with dignity toward the building referred to.

"Thet dog's the doggondest wolf I ever see," confided the settler to the westerner when the Man from the East had vanished. "Bit a chunk out o' my pants the other day, an' has been feedin' on meat all the time. I think he killed that calf."

"Maybe he'll bite that fellow," suggested the other, showing, nevertheless, very little real anxiety.

"He's all right when he's chained, but he's a wolf when he's loose," declared the unshaven native.

The Man from the East came back leading the brown dog, who was frolicking gambolsomely and begging to be turned loose.

"He knows me already," declared the leader of the beast proudly. "I guess he isn't damaged any. What do I owe you?"

The settler scratched his nose and did some mental arithmetic aloud.

"There's fifteen fer the dog an' two dollars a day fer keepin' him up an' feedin' him. I won't charge you fer yestiddy, fer he was away. That'll make thirty-five even."

The Man from the East stood stiffly for a moment and swallowed hard a couple of times.

"You'll be making fifteen even at that," murmured his western friend in an undertone. "You said he was worth fifty, didn't you?"

The purchaser of the prize swallowed again, and then thrust his hands deep in his pocket, drew forth a wallet, extracted seven five dollar bills and passed them silently to the waiting settler.

"Thanks," he said briefly after clearing his throat. He turned to his western friend and added:

"Guess we won't stay for lunch. I think we can reach town by supper time."

"Just as you say," agreed that agreeable person, and they hooked up again despite the protestations of the man who had the money. Very silently the Man from the East sat in the seat until they were far on the trail, and then he said, as though he had just formed the opinion:

"I believe that fellow was trying to beat me, but he didn't, for the dog's worth fifty. It takes a pretty good man to put it over me." His friend looked at him almost sorrowfully and was silent.

Enthusiasm and optimism, added to a great belief in self, soon drove the thoughts of the episode from the mind of the eastern party. He planned to go shooting the following morning and the other acquiesced; so bright and early they started, the brown dog on the chain, and his master carrying a nice new gun. The duck slough was only about an hour's drive out, so very shortly they were in the long grass and the guns were barking cheerfully. Duck after duck dropped and the dog

made no move except to try and get back toward the higher ground along the bank.

"He's nervous because he doesn't know you," decided the master, speaking to his companion. "You go back on the bank and I'll make him work. I can handle any dog."

The western man very happily did as requested, for he hoped for entertainment. He sat down on a bunch of grass while the dog's master talked persuadingly and coaxingly. From promises of good things the words changed to threats, the threats changed to action. The dog sat as stolid as a brown stump, paying no attention, and not even looking at his instructor. The latter waded into the water a few feet and called; the dog sat back on the chain and refused. The owner returned and stood thinking with his chin in his hand, and the animal looked at him with liquid eyes. Then he took a stick and beat his property with vigor, while the property crouched at his feet and made no outcry, simply looking steadily at his assaulter. Exertion and anger soon tired the chagrined Man from the East, and he bethought himself of his audience, whom he had forgotten, looked up, saw the grinning spectator, and was more angry still.

"I asked you to go back where the dog couldn't see you," he said, very chillily polite. "How do you expect me to teach him anything?"

The spectator rose to his feet and showed no offence.

"Sorry," he said. "I'll get on toward the other slough and you send the dog in when I'm out of sight." Then he walked over the swells of ground until he was out of view, whereupon he crept down a little runway to the long grass and peered at the pair on the bank.

The Man from the East did nothing for a moment; he looked cautiously and carefully around, then tied the retriever to some brush and looked around again. No one was in sight, so he plunged hastily into the slough and waded waist deep after the dead birds, which he brought ashore and threw on the ground. Faintly the watcher could hear his voice.

"You carry one of these for a starter," he said to the dog, and threw one at the animal's nose after unsnapping the leash. Then he turned and walked over the bank toward where the watcher waited. At the summit of the rise he looked back to see his retriever busily engaged in eating the plump bird he had laid before him. This was too much for the easterner, especially so since he had just caught sight of the man in the grass. Enraged beyond control, both from fear of ridicule and simon-pure anger at the dog, he rushed back and kicked the brute in the ribs. The dog turned with a snarling yell and charged. The Man from the East fled with the speed of fear, while his western friend lay helplessly in the grass and almost wept with joy. Through the grass the man and animal sped, one with staring eyes of dread and the other with the intent gaze of rage, both heading for the shouting westerner. Past him galloped the Man from the East, and as he flashed by he begged:

"Do something, can't you? This thing will have me in a minute." The western man reached forth his hand and grasped the dog's collar by mere luck. The Man from the East sped fifty yards further and then stopped after cautiously looking around.

"Got him safe?" he called nervously.

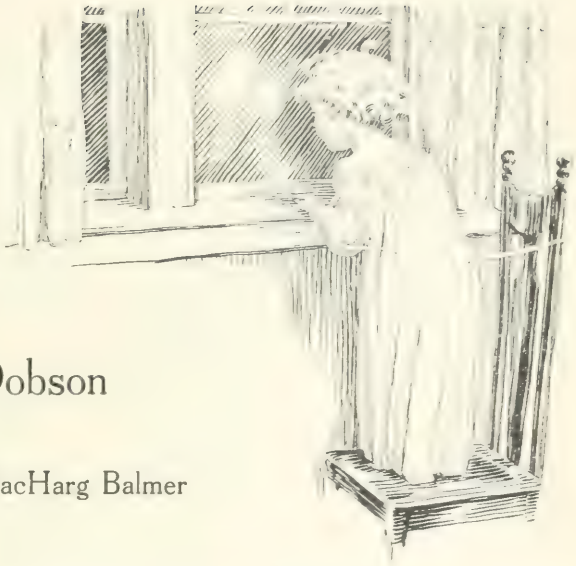
"Safe as a church," chuckled the savior.

"All right! I'm coming back to kill him," gritted the owner.

"And him a fifty-dollar dog!" exclaimed the grinning captor.

"He'll be worth fifty after I kill him," declared the other with deadly calm. "For it will be worth that to me to see him dead."

Crossing of the Ways



By J. A. Dobson

Illustrated by Katherine MacHarg Balmer

BUM settled himself down by the side of his master. They were both tired and the road was hot and dusty. The shade of this one tree by the highway was most grateful.

The man took off his hat and laid it down beside him. As he did so he patted the dog's head.

"Hungry, old fellow?" he said gently.

Bum wagged his tail and pushed his cold nose inside the hand that was caressing him.

The man sighed. He did not mind his own deprivations. He had grown used to them, but when the faithful companion in all his wanderings had to suffer he felt rebellious.

He glanced around. There was not a house in sight, not even a trace of smoke curling up against the blue sky —only this long, dusty road, running beside the newly-plowed fields, told of human occupancy.

He felt in his pockets. Not a crumb. But his fingers touched a small piece of tobacco. Involuntarily he raised it to his lips. The dog saw it, and an eager light came into the half-starved eyes. The man dropped it back, untasted, into his pocket.

"Not a bite, old fellow, unless you share it," he said, again stroking the silky head.

Bum understood and settled himself at the man's feet with an air of submission to which they both had long since grown accustomed. He dropped his head between his paws. Despite his hunger he was tired and sleepy. Already his eyes were blinking at the bits of sunshine that stole through the heavy foliage of the tree. He nodded; then roused himself suddenly and looked at his master. His head was resting against the trunk of the tree. His gaze seemed far, far away. Bum knew that look. It meant silence, deep, profound. So he closed his eyes and wandered into the land of dog dreams.

The man sat still. Over his face, half covered with a stubbly beard, had come the expression of one who sees pictures of the past. It was neither pain, joy nor hope; simply endurance. Fate had proved unkind and had denied him the power to crush out memory.

As he sat there he remembered the story of a man who had lost all recollection of his past. Happy man! He

thought; if only he had been so blessed! But no; it had been his lot to remember and in remembering to suffer.

The dog stirred at his feet. He put down his hand and gently soothed him as though he were a child. The action recalled the time when he had thus quieted his first-born. How well he recalled the day. The sky was blue, the air was soft and mild, the orchard was fragrant with apple blooms, and she stood by his side. She, his wife, honored and loved beyond all women. How fair she was with her hair like spun gold and eyes of Heaven's own hue. She stooped and smiled at the sleeping child, even while she gently chided. Was not the ground too cold for her to lie upon? Was he sure the little rounded limbs were warm? How he laughed at her tender fears, she so young, so lately blessed with maternal cares.

And this happiness lasted five blessed years. How well he remembered when the awakening came. He had been detained by business in town and had telegraphed he would be away all night, but at the usual hour of his return found he was free. He hastened to leave the musty law books and parchments behind him. He ran down the steps of his office like a boy. He threw a ragged little urchin a dollar and his "Gee, boss, I hope you will have as fine a time as I will" fell on his ear like a benediction. He found himself humming a tune on the way to the train, and people whom he passed smiled as they noted the happy look on his face as he strode along, lost in visions of a heavenly home-coming.

Why is it that the direst calamities both of mankind and Nature are preceded by the gayest of moods and sunniest skies? Earthquakes are always heralded by the balmiest air and brightest, warmest skies. Is it necessary to have a contrast to make the ruins and devastation more appalling, the happiness more vivid by the misery that follows?

Yet each hurried step brought him nearer to all that he held dear. For him the future had no fears: he was invulnerable, so he thought, to all the arrows spiteful Fortune might aim.

There was a little delay on the train, and it was just growing dark as he opened the gate to his home. Now for a glad surprise. He stole quietly up to the porch and hushed the noisy greeting Bum would have given him by a friendly grasp on the dog's throat. He heard voices in the darkened parlor. Visitors? His brow clouded a little. Somehow, to-night he wished to be alone with his treasures. He stepped softly to the window and stopped to listen to the voice he loved so well.

"I tell you, Agnes, I loathe, detest him. Oh, if I could only take my child and go away forever!"

"You must be mad, Marion. What fault can you find in your husband? He is kind, devoted. He has surrounded you with every luxury. He is a man of high ideals, of lofty purposes. I know you too well to hint that your thoughts have ever wandered to another——"

"You are right, Agnes. He is all you say. And you are but just when you grant it is no wandering fancy for some one else that makes his presence so distasteful to me. I cannot analyze it myself. But do you know, when I received his telegram telling me he could not come home to-night, I was fairly wild with joy? Wicked as it may sound, I hoped and prayed that in some way he would be prevented from ever returning——"

"Hush, Marion," and the faithful friend's voice was full of indignation, "how can you say such things? You, of all women in the world!"

There was a short silence. The listener outside stood as if paralyzed. Had he heard aright? Was he not dreaming? But even as he questioned thus in a dull, stunned way, the cold, sweet voice went on.

"I sometimes wonder, Agnes, if I am not all mother—not wife."

"But did you not love him when you married him?"

"No. I liked him. As a friend he was dearer to me than any of those who sought me. I never seriously considered the matter. All my girl friends married and floated out into

the gay world without a thought of duties or cares. I met my fate as they did, idly, thoughtlessly. Perhaps I have no great capacity for loving, yet for my child I have a passionate adoration that almost terrifies me. Oh, if I could only go away and never see him again!"

"And give up your child?" said the gentle voice of Agnes.

"Give up my child!" and there was a fierceness in the tones like that of a lionness about to be robbed of her cubs. "Never—it is this fear that keeps me dumb—submissive."

Again there was a silence!

Out in the darkness the man stood, his breath coming fast, his brow covered with perspiration, his hands tightly clenched. He could not move. His feet seemed glued to the ground. A noise within roused him. Marion had lighted the gas and was coming to close the blinds. He stepped down softly to the sodded path. She leaned her head against the window and looked out. How clearly she was defined against the cheerful background of light and warmth and color! God! how beautiful she was! The man drew his breath quick and hard. She sighed and threw up her hands wearily and then walked back silently into the room. Neither she nor her friend spoke. She had evidently forgotten her desire to close the blinds. She walked back and forth, back and forth, her head bowed, her hands clasped behind her. Then she suddenly left the room.

She was only gone a moment. On her return she threw herself upon a couch in a paroxysm of weeping. Agnes knelt beside her in alarm. Suddenly she arose.

"Agnes," she said, "I will go away —I will leave my child—I will——" here she broke down. Her friend soothed her until she became more calm.

"Listen," she said. "I went upstairs and there, with her face pressed against the window, was my child. Her feet were bare, her little gown was half off the white, dimpled shoulder. She did not hear my step—*mine*—and I would hear hers if I were dead! Nurse said she refused to go to bed—she was watching for her father. Oh, Agnes, then I knew I could never take her away—that if I went, I must go alone. Her soul is bound up in him as mine is in hers. Unhappy woman that I am! Is there no way to escape this bondage!" and great sobs burst forth from her heaving breast.

The man shook himself as though to arouse his stunned faculties. He gave a fleeting glance at the graceful figure shaken with sobs. He hurried to the gate and gave a hasty look at the lighted window overhead, through which he could see a childish face peering eagerly into the darkness. He softly closed the latch of the gate, then hurried down the lane. He had no definite plan of action. He had but one thought—to give her the freedom which she so desired and get away as far and as quickly as possible. He was vaguely conscious of one thing—Bum was trotting along by his side.

Yes, he thought in a dazed way, as he strode along, he would give her the freedom she asked as freely as he would have given her any good thing in life she desired. But for a time the situation defied analysis; his brain seemed to wander paralyzed. His only wish was to go on, on, blindly letting chance direct his footsteps .

But gradually he awakened—he began to reason. Fortunately he was not without means. By one of those circumstances, which are unexplainable at the time, but afterwards, in the light of events, seem providential, he had placed a large roll of bills in his pocket on leaving the office that evening. Thus his material wants were supplied for the present. But where should he go? In what direction should he bend his steps? There was one predominating idea: He must avoid all trains and leave no clue to his identification through observing depot agents and conductors. No; if he gave her the freedom she so craved it must be absolute, final. He must disappear as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

He recalled the fact that on leaving

"NOT A BITE, OLD FELLOW, UNLESS YOU SHARE IT"

the train he had met no one he knew. And now, as he was swallowed up in the deepening darkness, there was almost a touch of madness in the cunning he developed. Desolate as his life must be from this on, he entered into a completeness of detail as ardently as though hastening to the side of the woman he so loved with a costly jewel with which to adorn her.

And yet, even in the moment of self-renunciation, despair seized him as he realized the long stretch of weary, purposeless years to which he was exiling himself. There could be no active intercourse with human kind if he wished to eliminate himself. There were always strange, unexpected encounters by which his identity might be disclosed.

He remembered those days dimly. Days in which he avoided the sight of a living creature. Days in which he walked as though in a dream, travelling along unfrequented and strange highways, seeking shelter when he must in isolated farm-houses or barns. When questioned, he was taking a walking tour through the country. He allowed his beard to grow. His hair hung over his shoulders. A pair of glasses gave him the appearance of a pseudo-scientist. Those with whom he came in contact thought him a "half witted" body and never for a moment identified him with the wealthy man whose strange disappearance was arousing the whole country and for news of whom large rewards were offered.

He never read the papers. Passing events had no interest for him. He did not wish to see what was said regarding his disappearance. If he should see a single word of regret or affection he might weaken. And he knew—knew the depths of his wife's soul. Sudden pity for the strange fate that had befallen him might cause her to recall him—but he knew. So, cutting himself off from his own world, in the new one to which misery had brought him he wandered on.

So years passed by. His looks changed. His money was all gone. With his faithful dog at his heels he worked in the harvest fields in the summer, in the hop fields in the fall, and in the winter trusted to luck for shelter and food.

All ambition had died. Every feeling, every emotion but one was gone, and that was love for the faithful companion who shared all hardships without a murmur, all prosperity with a gratitude that never failed. This faithful creature was all in all to him. He represented wife, child, home, friends, everything of which he had been bereft.

There had been at no time any temptation to self-destruction. He was no coward. He accepted what fate had decreed him and lived it to the best of his ability. If he could have done so and kept her name from

reproach he might, perhaps, have plunged into business and forgotten in the turmoil of money getting. But he knew the world, its censoriousness. Not one word of blame should rest on her.

So, knowing that life meant for him one long, long tramp, he took it up, this endless journey, waiting for God's time when he should rest.

Ten years ago to-day, he thought, stooping down and patting his dog. To-day! The child was fifteen! He wondered how she looked, if she were alive, if—but memory had been tested too far. He threw himself down by Bum, and sleep, most merciful gift to stricken hearts, soothed him into forgetfulness.

* * * * *

A woman and a girl came slowly down a shady lane that led into the dusty highway. The woman was tall and matronly, the girl slender and fair. In her hand she carried a parcel and around her neck was a garland of flowers. "Are you tired?" said the woman gently.

"Just a little," and the girl smiled brightly.

"I did not take you too far?" and the woman looked anxiously into the girl's face.

"No, indeed; and how I enjoyed it! Fifteen to-day! I will soon be an old woman, mother."

"Yes, fifteen to-day," and the woman half sighed.

"It is just ten years since——" and the girl faltered.

"Yes," said the woman, "just ten years!"

"How could you stand it, mother—and you loved him so?"

"I had you," answered the woman evasively.

"Mother, you are sure he is dead?"

"Sure."

"You searched far and wide?"

"Far and wide," said the woman mechanically, as though repeating a lesson.

"And not a trace?"

"Not a trace."

"And if he were not dead?"

The woman looked at the girl, startled.

"Not dead?" she gasped. "Of course he's dead," as though reassuring herself.

"But, mother, where did Bum go?"

"Probably wandered off with some tramp dog just as he came to us."

"But, mother, that night I saw at the gate—a man—a dog——"

"Hush, child, you are dreaming again. You said that before, but no one else saw them."

The girl repressed a sob with an effort.

"But, suppose, somewhere he wanders alone—uncared for——"

"Nonsense," and a hardness crept into the woman's voice. "Why worry yourself with all these vague fears?"

"I cannot forget."

"*I* have forgotten."

"Yes, and I wonder how——"

The woman's face glowed with its deep mother love.

"I had you. That was compensation for all sorrow."

"And you loved him?" There was an eager light in the large, dark eyes that recalled——

"I married him," was the evasive answer.

The girl sighed. But now they entered the dusty road and walked in silence.

The tramp and the dog were still fast asleep. They heard no approaching footsteps. The woman and the girl were beside them, walking slowly, silently. The girl's glance fell upon them. She motioned to the woman.

"See," she whispered, her finger on her lip, "a man and a dog."

The woman looked and a thrill of fear passed over her.

"Two tramps," she said bravely, glancing down at them. A sigh of relief fell from her lips. These were not the missing ones—if they were missing.

The girl looked at the parcel in her hand.

"They may be hungry. I'll leave this bit of lunch we had left over."

The woman nodded assent.

The girl stooped down and then raised herself quickly. She opened the parcel and took some coins from her pocket.

"I will put these in," she said softly, "they may need them to-morrow."

The woman nodded.

"Do as you choose, but do it quickly."

The girl stooped again and placed the parcel between Bum's paws, then slowly rose, casting a furtive look at the face of the sleeping man. The stubby beard, the thin, tanned face brought no recollection to her. She glanced again at the dog—what strange memories were awake to-day. She touched him lightly, then stepped to where her mother awaited her impatiently. They moved on, but once more the girl stopped.

"Suppose, mother——" she said eagerly.

"Nonsense," replied the woman almost sharply.

* * * * *

Into the nostrils of the sleeping dog stole the penetrating odors of the lunch. He raised his head inquiringly and sniffed the air.

Could he be mistaken, or had he only dreamed of roast beef and chicken?

Again he settled himself down to sleep, his nose on the snowy parcel. Again his dreams were disturbed. This time he found the cause.

With a quick bark he aroused his sleeping master. In his half extended hand he placed the parcel. The man rose slowly to his feet. What did it mean? His senses were still wandering.

He looked sleepily at Bum who, with dancing feet and quick, sharp bark, was already enjoying in anticipation the good things he had so recently sniffed.

The man looked at the parcel and then down the road. Two figures were still in sight, a woman and a girl. Something about the woman's outlines caused his breath to come quick and fast. Then he pulled himself together again. Fool that he was, always haunted by some passing fancy, some unexplained resemblance!

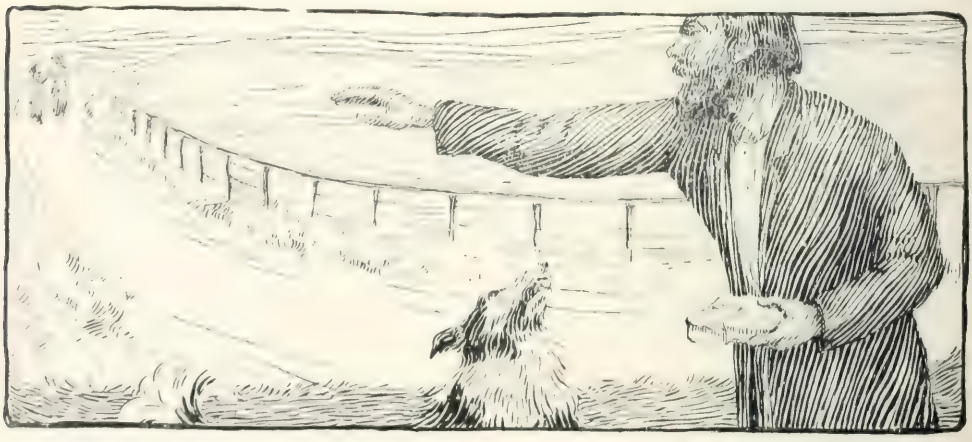
He untied the parcel. Again he glanced down the road. The girl was looking back. She waved her hand. Involuntarily he extended his arms. Fool, again to give way to fancy! She only meant to signal him that the parcel was for him.

The dainties spread before them, they ate heartily. The coins clinked together in the empty pockets.

The feast ended, the man rose and, patting Bum on the head, said cheerfully:

"Come, we have enough for shelter to-night and food to-morrow."

And they tramped slowly through the gathering twilight to the nearest town.



MRS. R. L. BORDEN'S OTTAWA HOME

In Some Ottawa Homes

By Madge Macbeth

With Photographs by the Author

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.

STANDING most conspicuously in the limelight of Canada's history for the past year, has been the Honourable William Stevens Fielding and his family. The eyes of the world, indeed, were turned upon them. And it seems a peculiar freak of Fate that so many women who would give their dearest possessions for an opportunity to strut once across the stage of life must sit quietly in a corner with a darning basket near, and so many who would gladly relinquish the part they play in that most interesting drama, "The March of the Years," must stand in the glare of publicity which surrounds them.

Mrs. Fielding is to be classed with the last mentioned. She suggests the sweetness, modesty and peace of an Evangeline, and she shrinks from publicity of any sort. The sacrifice she has made of her personal desires has been more than ordinarily great, for she is a delicate woman, and exertion demands immediate toll from her small store of strength. The managing of her household is as much as the average

MRS. FIELDING IS VERY PRETTY, WITH SOFT WHITE HAIR AND A DELICATE PINK COLOR

woman attempts, if she is not in the best of health, and she makes excuses for her non-observance of any social obligations. Mrs. Fielding, however, has set herself a harder task; she has lived with all charm and graciousness in the restless public-social world, even while feeling that her family first, and those persons honored by her friendship, next, were the only ones having a claim upon her.

And would you know why?

Because above everything else, she is a mother—an ideal mother. More constant, watchful, unselfish mother-love it would be difficult to find. And perhaps the duties of motherhood became a habit with Mrs. Fielding, perhaps she encouraged such a capacity for love that it needed a larger outlet, for she 'mothers' many people far removed from the protection of the name of Fielding; she has built up about her a real home, where wanderers from afar find peace and sympathy, and in it she finds her joy.

Let no one think by this that Mrs. Fielding ever shirks or evades social duties. Neither does she discharge them with the look and manner of the early Christian martyr. Never! In speaking of last winter, with its crowded afternoons and evenings, its endless bridges and teas, a member of Ottawa's society frankly confessed that she shirked everything possible. "I refused invitations right and left," she said, "regardless of the bad feeling it made All of us" (meaning the ministers' families) "did it," she added.

"All?" I asked.

"Well," she amended, "all except the Fieldings. Aren't they thorough?"

That's it—and conscientious! From Mr. Fielding, who refused a title, down.

In giving and receiving they are equally charming. A tired hostess once said, reviewing her afternoon crush: "Well, the Fieldings enjoyed it, anyway!"

I call that genius!

And how they manage to lend themselves—their much-desired presence to all the functions which are not considered complete without them, and still have time to make and keep enthusiastic friends, will ever remain a dark mystery.

Mrs. Fielding was born in St. John, N. B. She is the daughter of the late Thomas Rankine, and the granddaughter of Thomas Rankine, founder of the old established firm of T. Rankine & Sons. In the days of her girlhood, St. John was a flourishing port and the Rankine home, a large and handsome residence, was the scene of constant merry-making. Miss Hester Rankine (Mrs. Fielding) had several brothers and, being a belle herself, the old homestead never lacked excitement.

Mr. Fielding carried off his bride to

Halifax and lived there until coming to Ottawa. In 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier invited the Premier of Nova Scotia to exchange his post for that of Minister of Finance; this, partly because of his success in the fiscal administration of the Province, and partly because of his careful study on the subject of trade relations between England and the United States. From the day the Fieldings arrived in Ottawa, their popularity has been undisputed, and if, in the light of recent political changes, they decide to return to their old home, Ottawans will be the losers.

Those who claim they know, assert that the public career of a man can be made or marred by his wife and family, and if this is true, then there is nothing too good for the Honourable William Stevens Fielding, for in every set, every class, every creed, there is none better loved than his.

I left Mrs. Fielding and called upon Mrs. Sifton in the Roxborough.

MRS. CLIFFORD SIFTON IN A CORNER OF HER LIBRARY. SHE WAS MISS ARMA BURROWS.

"How do you do?" asked Mrs. Sifton, coming into the drawing room briskly, and giving me a vigorous handshake.

I murmured something regarding the state of my health, and suggested that hers was more important to me—from a photographer's point of view.

"Not another article—you are not going to photograph me!" she cried. "Oh, come, let's have a cup of tea, and call it square."

Mrs. Sifton, like Mrs. Fielding, and indeed like most true Canadian women, does not have that hankering for the spot-light that spoils so many clever women who have a chance to play a star part in society. In fact, anyone who has had the doubtful pleasure of interviewing society leaders in the larger American cities is grateful for the graciousness and simplicity of the Canadian women.

A great deal has been written of late about the "idle rich woman." She does not live in Ottawa. The society women of the capital are busy with their homes and families. Thanks to the sensible training that is part of a Canadian girl's education, they have a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping and home-making. And, underlying these home interests, there is a solid foundation of good morals and what we used to call "good works."

It did not take many minutes to discover that Mrs. Sifton has a hobby. She spoke long and earnestly on the subject of temperance. She and all her family are "teetotalers," and she cannot understand why anyone who realizes the consequences of intemperance should encourage drinking by having wine in their homes. Her argument is this; if those who *can* do without it, will not, how can we expect those who think they can *not* do without it, to try harder? In other words, we encourage the weaker

LADY DAVIES, A MOST HUMAN, KINDLY AND SYMPATHETIC FRIEND

and then, most likely condemn them.

Her ideas on the question of various reforms are decided. One could never imagine Mrs. Sifton hesitating. She is quick to think and to form opinions. Her way of going about important matters is really a man's way, and she rather disapproves of women in a body trying to work out reforms. She contends that they "clamor"; that their perspective is not sufficiently good; that they are swayed by too many trivial things. This, of course, she was applying to the mass.

A woman devotedly attached to her family, is Mrs. Sifton. Her five sons are all musical, and she plays with them. What a drawing string in a family—music! She also loves young people and has always entertained them a great deal. By the same token she loves old people—really old people; dear old grandmothers who wear caps of fine lace over their white hair—not the kind who cling to "trans formations" and Dutch necks.

"My dressmaker told me that there were no more old ladies," I said, laughing at the decided way she expressed herself.

"Well, I know of one there *will* be," she answered, positively.

Mrs. Sifton can lay claim to belonging to the oldest families of Ottawa on both her father's and her mother's side. Her grandfather was Colonel John Burrows, of the Royal Engineers, who came from England somewhere between 1809 and 1817 (authorities differ), and who was the first settler on the present site of Ottawa. His son, Henry, was the first male white child born in the settlement, and he was Mrs. Sifton's father.

On her mother's side she claims relation with the Sparks, well known by students of Ottawa's history.

Mrs. Sifton is a fine-looking woman, slightly gray, with a clear, dark complexion and handsome brown eyes, which are sometimes merry and twinkling and sometimes stern. In speaking of the hardships of the life out West her early married life—she said:

"It seems a pity for some of us who have been lucky, to come East, and talk largely of the trials we lived through, and make heroines of ourselves, when there are hundreds of women, who performed as many deeds of sacrifice and heroism, maybe more, and who live and die unheard of, there. What we did was not extraordinary, it was the only thing to do. As I look back upon it, now, it was pretty rough in places, but if I had it all to do over again, I fancy I could manage it."

Laughing, she said that the way to bring up boys properly, is "to be a boy with them." Which reminded me of a motto I once heard: Receipt for having good children—Be a good parent.

There are no half measures with Mrs.

Sifton—she either likes a thing or does not like it. Strong herself, she expects others to be strong. She has no hesitancy about expressing her opinions regarding people, which is remarkable in Ottawa, where the pass-word seems to be diplomacy. She is a sort of strike-while-the-iron-is-hot person, upon whom you can absolutely depend to accomplish her aims. And she is one of those women who inspire greater respect, confidence and affection the longer you know her. There was so much to say about temperance and about music, and that absorbing topic—the future of our boys—that politics were not mentioned. Nor was the Coronation, nor Mrs. Sifton's summer in England. We did not speak of Mr. Sifton's horses, which won honors with flattering regularity wherever they were entered. We did not say much about the festivities for the present winter, although with a hint of wistfulness, Mrs. Sifton spoke of giving up her handsome house on Metcalfe street. It has been sold, she told me, because she could not live there with only the memories of her boys as company. They have all left their home, some in business and the youngest in college, and the empty rooms, Mrs. Sifton said, and the vacant places would be a constant torture to her.

There lives in Ottawa a woman who represents all that is charitable—generous—godly; who lends herself tirelessly to every sort of organization working for the public good; who gives tactfully, anonymously, from her private purse (or makes a personal canvass amongst her friends when the need is greater than she can supply) always taking care that her charity does not carry with it the sting of patronage; whose house is put at the disposal of the church for concerts, bazaars, and benefits of all kinds; and whose sympathy, interest and help are to be had for the asking.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN, THE WIFE OF THE PREMIER, AND ONE OF OTTAWA'S MOST KEENLY INTELLECTUAL SOCIAL LEADERS

She is a deeply religious woman and believes that her first duty is to her church; she allows neither the weather, the press of social engagements nor bodily fatigue to interfere with her regular attendance; she is the most human, kindly, generous and sympathetic friend.

And she is called Lady Davies.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, was her birthplace, as it was that of her husband, Sir Louis Henry Davies K.C.M.G. He has held many and largely important positions from Premier of the province to that of Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and after resigning from the Dominion Cabinet he was appointed to the Supreme Bench. He was a member of the Joint High Commission and went both to Washington and Quebec to discuss the Newfoundland Fisheries question. And it fills the listener with pleasure to hear the simple pride with which this womanly wife speaks

of her husband and his achievements.

In appearance Lady Davies is slight and delicate looking. She is obviously not strong, although she possesses that nervous force which is so often taken for strength, and which enables her to keep up when her more robust companions have succumbed. She has had a large family, and has forgotten how 'to rest.'

The accompanying photograph was taken in a delightful sun parlor where Sir Louis spends much of his time reading. Ponderous volumes were stacked neatly about, for Sir Louis is a methodical man, and likes to put his hand upon the Sa—Sl volume instantly without the necessity of a five minute search, finding it at last in the Ha—Ho group.

The large house in which the Davies live is most homelike and comfortable. There is no attempt at display either in the house or in the manner of any of its inmates, who hold a most simple and cordial attitude toward the public. Such a thing as pride—pardonable pride, one might almost say—in her high position is quite foreign to Lady Davies; and a funny story occurs to the writer apropos of that statement, one which but for a single eye witness would never have come to light.

It is, of course quite generally known that when greeting the Governor-General's wife, a courtesy of more or less profoundness is required. This custom applies to none other—not even to the Premier's wife. It is also pretty generally known that the houses of the Ministers are open to callers on Monday afternoons, and many persons who have the entree to them at no other time, take advantage of this opportunity to shake hands with Canada's great ones. Such a person was calling at the house of a newly appointed Minister and was leaving when Lady Davies was announced. There was but one other guest present. The title was the stickler—not knowing exactly what to do, as they paused in the doorway, Lady Davies waiting to get in and the caller waiting to get out, the latter made a sweeping court courtesy, muttering humbly but audibly

"Your ladyship!"

The foregoing description of Lady Davies has been a failure if you think she laughed — smiled — or was even amused. She probably never thought of the incident again. But how many people, secure from the possibility of retaliation, could have refrained from making a good dinner story out of that?

Lady Davies was Susan, the fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins, of Prince Edward Island. For some years after her marriage she lived in Charlottetown, moving to Ottawa as recently as 1896. Before that time she had come only occasionally to the capital for a short time in the season.

A photograph of her home in Charlottetown shows it to be a lovely, peaceful spot, and it must be a relief to go there after the rush of Ottawa's winter, and take the summer calmly, reposefully. Yet, it is a foregone conclusion that this energetic, Christian woman finds an abundance of work for her gentle hands to do, even there.

From the corner of Metcalfe and Somerset Streets across the city to Wurtemburg is quite a distance but who would not make the trip enthusiastically, when at the other end of it, one finds Mrs. Robert Laird Borden, the wife of the man of the hour.

There recently appeared in the Review of Reviews words to this effect: The greater the person, the less the public really knows about him.

I thought of Mrs. Borden while reading that; she is so versatile, so broad-minded, so adaptable and sympathetic that a dozen persons speaking with her in a day, would come away from her home with a dozen different impressions. She is not apt to talk about herself—but about *everything else*. Mrs. Borden was Miss Laura Bond, of Halifax. The youngest of ten children, she was strictly reared; punctuality which was a virtue in the days of her childhood has become a fixed habit. She went to a convent where 'deportment' was as much a part of the day's study as was history; by her own confession she is old fashioned. If that means high-principled, cultured and energetic, let it pass. She has always been interested in everything pertaining to the

success and advancement of women, for many years being President of the Halifax Council of Women, President of the Aberdeen Association, Vice-President of the Woman's Work and Exchange, and Corresponding Secretary of the Associated Charities of the United States. There probably have been others, which claimed a share of her time. She has been of much assistance to her husband in his political life accompanying him upon electioneering tours and winning every one by her charm and interest in the issues of the time. Having no children she has dedicated her splendid energies to various kinds of useful work, so she is busier than a woman with a large house and family to look after. More like the wives of British statesmen Mrs. Borden works in keen sympathy with her husband, allowing no personal likes or prejudices to influence her to the detriment of his career. In speaking of Mrs. Borden to another member of the high political faction, some one lately said,

"But I should think you would be interested, Lady So and So; it means so much to your husband."

Meeting with no response to her plea, the speaker went on,

"Take Mrs. Borden, for example. She is ready for any kind of work so long as it benefits the Right Honorable Mr. Borden."

"But, my dear," said the disinterested lady plaintively, "you can't expect me to be as energetic as Mrs. Borden—why, she is Mr. Borden's right hand man."

Mrs. Borden works calculatingly, I should say; having enough foresight to know just where her efforts will tell to the best advantage; this in itself shows rare judgment. She is methodical and systematic, and although a very, very busy woman, having to chop her days into stingy little fifteen minutes for this and that, she always has time to give away when there is need; and she does not hurry one into a frenzy of confusion as busy people often do, impressing the need of rush upon all those about her, but appears to have nothing in the world to do other than sit and talk!

Beneath the quiet repose of her manner, however, there lurks a power of energy and force, arguing that the woman who possesses these attributes is not usually balked. She wins!

Mrs. Borden is a woman of high ideals, and she plays every game according to the highest standards set for it, even the big game of Society. When there are disagreeable duties to perform, she looks at them from her broad standpoint, and says with cheerfulness, "What does it matter—it is all in the game!"

And golf? Well, her reputation as a golfer does not require chronicling from me, here. She loves horses and dogs, and she is a photographer of no mean ability.

Come closer, girls! She loves a shirt waist—the good old fashioned kind, trim and neat from its stiff plain collar to a belt of the material. No kimono waists, dutch necks, and elbow sleeves for Mrs. Borden; she loves mauve; she is always exceedingly well-groomed.

After sitting eleven seconds for her first photo, she declared the operation quite painless, and herself ready to undergo it again. She talked charmingly and easily all the while, with a quizzical smile making itself seen every now and then as she realized that she was "making copy" And would you believe it? Once, in a burst of confidence, she actually used some slang! But though she talked delightfully on a great many different things, she would not say much about herself.

The topic of letter writing came up and Mrs. Borden spoke of the changed conditions of this day from those of her uncle's time when letter writing was one of the beaux arts, when her uncle who was stationed at Bermuda, wrote his sister of the life there. In a fine, cultured hand, embellished with a flourish here and there, he detailed at length the giving of a dinner party; who were his guests, what they wore and what they said; what he said in return. He described the looks and habits of the various animals about the place, touched upon gardening and asked for certain seeds to be sent to him. In short he wrote a brief history, every word o

which was eagerly read and discussed.

"Who would have time to write such a letter, now?" demanded Mrs. Borden.

And I not having a frantically clever answer ready, raised a baffled shoulder.

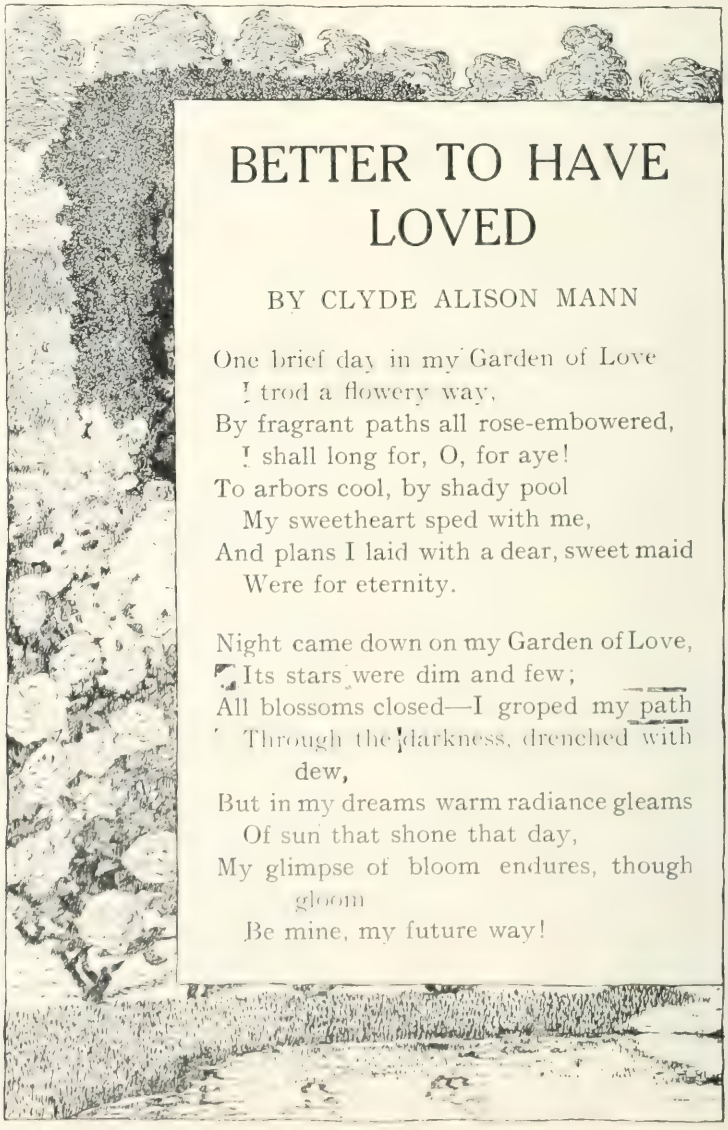
"And who would have time to read it?" she asked again, laughing.

Then we blamed it all upon the age.

Mrs. Borden spent her summer in Halifax, and Mr. Borden fought his big fight without her helpful presence, this time. He carried his party to a glorious victory—startling to the most sanguine of them; and quite apart from the political aspect of his success, there are friends without number who rejoice with, and enthusiastically congratulate the new Premier and his wife

The position of the Premier of Canada's wife is no sinecure, but there is no one better fitted for that place than Mrs. Borden—it is what she was born for.

An article written some years ago in a Canadian magazine speaks of Mr. Borden as one of the 'coming men'. Wise prophet !



BETTER TO HAVE LOVED

BY CLYDE ALISON MANN

One brief day in my Garden of Love
I trod a flowery way,
By fragrant paths all rose-embowered,
I shall long for, O, for aye!
To arbors cool, by shady pool
My sweetheart sped with me,
And plans I laid with a dear, sweet maid
Were for eternity.

Night came down on my Garden of Love,
Its stars were dim and few;
All blossoms closed—I groped my path
Through the darkness, drenched with dew,
But in my dreams warm radiance gleams
Of sun that shone that day,
My glimpse of bloom endures, though gloom
Be mine, my future way!

Under Cover of Night

By Frank Houghton

"She knew herself on that pitch black night,
With the sullen sky above,
And saved her man from a deadly crime,
By the strength of her savage love."

HE put his horse up at the stable and passed out once more into the wild night. He followed the road some three hundred yards past the contractor's camp and company's store, then turned sharply to the right along a well beaten trail leading through the timber. Though the night was black as a tunnel he walked rapidly with head bent forward, against the driving rain, with the quick assured step of one to whom every foot of the way was perfectly familiar. A few minutes after leaving the main road a light appeared cut square in the black darkness. It came from the windows of a log shack. Walking up to the door he knocked upon it sharply; from the interior there sounded the shrill voices of women and strident laughter mingling with the clang of a tuneless piano. He repeated his knock twice ere the door was opened an inch or two and a woman's voice in low tones demanded who was there.

"That you, Cora?" he replied in tones correspondingly low.

At the sound of his voice she flung the door wide.

"Oh it is you, is it? Come in! My, what a night!" she exclaimed as a gust caught the loose wrapper she wore; with a sudden push she closed the door against the fierce wind.

"You got word all right?" said the man, removing his hat as he spoke and shaking the water from it to the floor.

They were standing in a small, gaudily furnished room, lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. The woman, Cora, was a brunette, tall, finely-moulded and viciously handsome. She stood before him, a cigarette between her full red lips, regarding him curiously, a sombre, sullen light shining in her dark eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "I got word. The Kid brought it early this mornin', about three o'clock."

"Gawd! he must 'a ridden," said the man.

The woman nodded, then asked him if he would have something, and on his accepting she left the room, closing the door carefully behind her.

The man on being left to himself drew a heavy curtain across the window muttering: "It is best to be careful."

He was a tall man of an immensely powerful build, with red hair and the red freckled complexion that so often goes with it. His eyes were small and blue, his chin pointed rather than square, his mouth thin-lipped and cruel.

A moment later the woman returned carrying a tray with two glasses, a bottle and a small carafe of water upon it. Placing it on a table in the centre of the room, she helped herself. The man poured out a liberal portion and drank it off at a gulp, then helping himself again he turned to the woman.

"He wasn't at the hotel."

"He was here all the afternoon with Nellie. He's dead stuck on Nellie."

"Drinkin', o' course?"

She nodded.

He began pacing up and down the room.

"He spoke of the reward to her?"

"Yes."

"She told you?"

The woman laughed.

"You bet she didn't. What do you take her for? She wants it."

"How did you find out?"

"I listened, Jake. How do you imagine a woman finds out things?"

He came to a stand before her, his thumbs in his waistband, and looked at her; her eyes met his, she blew a cloud of smoke from between her lips and smiled up at him.

"It was smart of you, damn smart. Has he any money now?"

"I'll never tell y'u, Jake."

He watched her keenly for a few moments, then began again his restless pacing. A second time he halted before her.

"Diamond's got to be kep' quiet, he knows too much."

She shrugged her shoulders, smiling.

"He's got to be kep' quiet," he reiterated, "he's the only man as knows that me an' Sladen stuck up the paymaster. He's sure got to be kep' quiet."

She threw her head back and laughed.

"I heard him tellin' Nellie what a time they could have with the two thousand reward."

"Has he told Nellie who done it?"

She shook her head "I don't think so."

He helped himself a third time liberally to the whiskey, and drank it off. He never showed by outward and visible sign the liquor he drank; perhaps he never drank enough, certainly it did not affect him as it did other men. After a certain amount an exceptionally keen observer might notice a difference in his eyes. The pupils changed curiously and became like the eyes of a beast, a beast without a soul, murderous, deadly. When Jake Rawlins became drunk he became very quiet and dangerous. The liquor he had taken was beginning to tell on him. In the next few minutes he drank again twice, and the woman spoke to him.

'Quit it," she said, "you have had nough."

Her eyes met his and she shuddered. She had sunk nearly as low as a woman can sink, and such depths are unfathomable; could such as she know pity? Yet she told herself she pitied that other man.

The man before her spoke as though reading her thoughts.

"He is alone in the shack by the river," he said. He looked across the room at the window as he spoke, then added: "Cora, listen to the rain." It lashed the window in a sudden gust, the wind moaned in the tall trees and whined eerily in the little chimney of the building. She glanced at the window an instant, then up at his face again.

"I think I will go down and see him." He spoke very quietly, buttoning his slicker.

"Don't go, Jake," she said, "it is an awful night. Stay here with me."

"I think I will go down and see him," he repeated in the same dead-level, quiet voice.

She rose to her feet and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"Jake," she said, "don't go, for God's sake, stay here with me, Jake."

He turned from her without a word. She followed him a step or two.

"Stay with me," she whispered, "ain't I always loved you, Jake?"

He reached the door, opened it and passed out, silent, remorseless.

Bending against the driving storm he followed the trail on towards the river. Arrived at it he paused a moment to look over its seething rush of waters into the pitch blackness. He was thinking:

"No, "he said, "no woman never loved Jake Rawlins; leastways," he added slowly, "never since he was a little runt o' a kid an' had a mother."

The wind roared through the tall trees, the driving rain stung his face like the tiny lashes of a whip. He turned to the left and followed the trail along the river's bank for half a mile to a second shack, a mere hovel. On the far side of it a light streamed through a single dirty pane of glass, which served as a window. Looking through this the interior was revealed to him. Before a blazing wood fire in a rough open

fireplace, a man sat alone. He looked a small slight man. In his left hand he slowly waved a pipe backwards and forwards as a leader of an orchestra might his baton. In his right hand he held a tin drinking cup. He wagged his head slowly to the movement of his pipe. Apparently he was singing, though no sound of his voice could be heard outside above the roaring storm. He presented the appearance of a man idiotically happy, hopeful and drunk.

In the centre of the room behind him was a rickety deal table. A lighted tallow dip stuck in an empty beer bottle stood upon it, and an untidy bed occupied a corner.

Leaving the window, Rawlins walked round to the door. Raising the latch he opened it, and entered, closing it quickly behind him. The roar of the wind, the man's singing, drowned all other lesser noises. Rawlins seated himself on the foot of the bed and waited, listening and watching. The man, unaware of the presence of another, continued his singing, a pitiful, lonely, ridiculous object. At length his song ceased and he drank from the cup, smacking his lips. He began to talk to himself aloud, the rambling, boastful, inconsequent utterances of a drunken man. Rawlins craned his neck forward so that he would not miss a word.

"Boys," he said, grinning fatuously, "ye think little Diamond's broke, but 'e ain't, no, no, 'e ain't; it's terrible hard to break little Diamond, ha, ha, ha!" He chuckled foolishly, nodding his head while he sucked at his pipe, then continued:

"Two thousand good Canadian dollahs paid to anyone as'll give information leadin' to the arrest of them as held up the paymaster on the third o' June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three. Think o' it, two thousand good Canadian dollahs. An' who knows the party as done it? W'y, little cunnin' Diamond knows, an' that ain't no idle dream. Then won't we have a time, Nellie an' me."

He began singing again, waving his pipe as before, wagging his head and beating time with his feet to the halting, mournful air of the ditty:

"Oh, the red gold lies in the river bars;
Her eyes so bright an' her lips so red,
The dead man lay with his face to the stars,
A knife in his heart an' a hole in his head."

"Y'u jest bet 'her eyes so bright and her lips so red'; pretty little Nellie.

"Jake Rawlins," he shook his fist, "Oh curse him, may he die slow an' suffer long and terrible, may little Diamond be there to see him die."

Rawlins' face was awful, with the look of the beast in his eyes. The little man continued:

" 'E thinks hisself awful slick, don't 'e, but 'e ain't slick enough fur little Diamond, 'e aint. 'E'd kill little Diamond, 'e would, if he knoo his little game."

He wagged his head and sang:

"Her eyes so bright and her lips so red."

"We'll jest light out fur Caribou, 'e'll never think o' lookin' thar fur little cunnin' Diamond; that's the country; whiskey runnin' like water an' gold in all the cricks. 'E'll think little Diamond's back in Idaho, 'e will, ha, ha, ha!"

Again he sang the same mournful, halting air:

"Oh, the wind sang low in the big black pine,
Her breast so white, oh the merry, merry game,
An' the dead man's blood, it flowed like wine,
An' the dead man's soul went by like flame."

It was abominable, horrible, the weak, foolish, drunken little sneak babbling on fatuously of his cleverness and sordid infatuation; cursing the man of whom he stood in mortal terror, the ruthless brute who sat behind him, not ten feet away, listening to it all, watching him with his cruel, awful eyes.

For a time he sat in silence, staring stupidly into the fire. He spoke again, very slowly, his voice hitherto high-pitched falling to a mournful whine as the effects of the liquor died away.

"Who stole Dutch Pete's pet saddle hawse, the brown wan with the white hind feet an' Circle Dot brand on the off shoulder? That's wot I wants to know. W'y, 'e done it, 'e faked the brand —turrible easy wan to fake; then wot does 'e do? W'y, 'e goes an' sells it to a pore ignorant Gospel-puncher a-travellin' the range doin' good. Wot 'appens

then? W'y, the brown hawse, turrible mean 'wan, onloads the pore man, comes pretty nigh breakin' 'is silly neck. That was another o' Jake's little doin's, that was. That's hawse stealin', that is. That's another penitentiary job, that's wot that is. Four or five years at least, good place fur 'im. Who knows that an' ken prove it? W'y, cunnin' little Diamond ken, an' if 'e tries any o' 'is little games, w'y, little Diamond 'll jest up an' say the word, 'e will."

Then he began, or rather continued his weird dirge, his head between his hands, rocking his body to and fro:

"An' Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
Her form was lovely, her looks were free,
The light shone bright in the dead man's eye,
'Oh, the kiss of the woman was sweet,'
quoth he."

He shivered, though the little room was warm to suffocation.

"Death," he muttered, "Death." He looked up. "It's a awful night. Gawd, how the wind howls." He dropped his face between his hands again. "I heerd a dog howl last night, that means Death, Death to you if he was facing you, wonder who 'e was facin'? Little Diamond's too young to die, 'e is. Death's everywhere such a awful, tempeschus night."

He shuddered and was silent.

The man behind him in the shadow, watched him with his bright pitiless eyes, and presently he babbled on:

"I feel awful lonesome like. If it uch a night I'd go an' see little Nellie."

His body twitched, jerked, racked by his leaping nerves. He sat bolt upright:

"Gawd!" he muttered in a hoarse whisper, "I ken feel it. Somethin' behind me a watchin' o' me."

Rawlins never moved.

With a harsh grating sound in his throat he turned himself about and looked straight into those awful death's eyes. He screamed, springing to his feet. Rawlins also rose, slowly, leisurely and leaned against the door, his thumbs in his waistband. . . . .

The woman, Cora, stood still a moment where Rawlins had left her. In the adjoining room the jangling of the piano began again. Hastily putting the glasses on the tray, she picked it up and passed out through a door into the room occupied by the musician, a girl who still retained some slight pretensions to good looks. She was a fair girl, with quantities of light hair done high upon her head. Her eyes were blue, her mouth weak, sensuous and obstinate. She turned towards the elder woman on her entrance, but did not cease her jangling horror. In a measure the theatrical movement of her hands and arms heightened the unpleasantness; the very size of the room, or perhaps it was its low ceiling, and oblong shape, that seemed but to accentuate the reverberation, hurting the ear.

"Well," she said, "Jake, I suppose?"

The elder woman nodded.

"He wouldn't stay?" She laughed, adding, "He must be fond o' weather, or tired o' love."

The woman passed on through the room without a word. In a few moments she returned. She had put on a man's oilskin slicker and a sou-wester tied beneath her chin. The girl stared in some astonishment.

"I am going out, Nellie, may not be back for an hour."

"Whatever are you going out fur, on such a night?"

The woman shrugged: "To look for love, maybe," she said and laughed.

The screaming wind, the driving rain, beat upon her with a massed solidity that taxed a leaning strength to make a slow headway. She followed the trail Jake had taken but a short time previously. Half an hour after his entering the hovel, she stood outside of it. She, too, as he had done, peered through the little square of dirty glass. The sight she saw appalled her. For there, in the middle of the floor, prone on his back lay Diamond, while over him, a knee upon either arm, pinning him to the floor, was Jake Rawlins, an evil smile upon his cruel lips, a long knife in his right hand.

Knowing the man, his strength and his ferocious temper, as the woman did, it was a marvel that she never paused. Even in the pitch blackness of that

roaring night she flew round the building for the door. Once, her foot catching in a log or stone, she fell heavily. The jar, however, seemed only to loosen a sharp oath. She sprang to her feet with an amazing quickness and agility; she reached the door. Her right hand she thrust into the bosom of the blouse she wore beneath the slicker. Raising the latch she kicked the door open and with a swift leaping stumble, made a third in that heated atmosphere.

"Jake," she screamed.

Snarling an oath her savage lover sprang to his feet.

"Oh, Jake," she screamed a second time, with raucous intonation. "Quit it! Would you do murder, you devil's man?" She stamped her foot, she plucked her dripping hat off, and dashed it to the floor, she threw her head back, her fine figure held straight. The light from the flickering open fire showed up her face in strong relief against the square blackness of the open door. Her dark-browed, savage beauty never showed to better advantage.

"Would you do murder, beast!" again she stamped. "Then I too will take a hand." She drew her right hand from her breast as she spoke, an over-mastering fury in her voice.

"Cora, you here?" Rawlins said. He looked at her a moment. The flaming ferocity in his eyes was terrible, then he spoke again:

"Gawd, what a woman!" He threw his head back so that she could only see his hairy, corded throat and laughed. The little man behind him staggered dizzily to his feet, clutching at the table. She raised her right hand, a cocked revolver in its grip, and covered Rawlins.

"Lay down that knife, you beast," she said and swore a furious oath, "or, so surely as God lives, you die."

"Save me, oh save me," moaned the little coward and tottered to her. Here was a man outside of her environment, so different from the many she had known. The harsh laughter of her lover filled the room. He looked at her and at the frowning pistol's muzzle and realizing the certainty of her sworn attempt to kill, he let the knife fall. Then he turned his curious eyes upon the cringing coward.

"Save him, oh save him, Cora," he said with a string of merry blasphemies, and laughed again.

For one single moment the woman stared, then pointed to the door:

"Go," she said, "go to your Nellie, coward."

He did not wait for a second bidding, but hatless and in his shirt sleeves staggered, stumbling, into the black night.

She walked to the door and closed it after him, then turned to that other man.

"Jake," she said, "you awful fool, would you turn murderer?"

"Some men are better dead, Cora."

"Thank God to-night, you crazy brute, that on this vile earth there lives a woman who——"

"What, Cora?" He walked up to her and with his thumbs, as usual, hooked in his waistband, looked down upon her. Perhaps as he stood there he noticed the splendid colour in her eyes, the crimson of her lips, her strong handsome face. With a sudden movement he caught her by the wrists, the revolver hanging limply from her right hand.

"What, Cora?" he reiterated, with a queer, fierce insistance.

"Loves a man."

"Woman, what man?"

"Why you, you ugly fool."

He pulled her to him, half savagely, and kissed her on the lips. Then loosening her, he seated himself on the table, and raising his right hand waved it slowly to and fro before her and sang. The voice from between those lips was sweet, superbly sweet. Slowly and low he sang, a curious catch in the middle of every second line, the same weird, gruesome song:

"An' Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
Her form was lovely, her looks were free,
The light shone bright in the dead man's eye,
'Oh, the kiss of the woman was sweet,'
quoth he."

She stood before him rolling a cigarette. At the cessation of his singing, she looked up, a smile upon her lips.

"The kiss of the woman, humph," she said, "you devil's man!"

"There's Diamond loose."

"Diamond pah!" She flung her hands wide in a splendid gesture. "There's the world, Jake, the big, big world for you and me," she said.

"Ay, Cora, South America," he laughed. "There's always South America!"

The Red Patrol

By A. A. Strachan

"How the Police impressed Sitting Bull and his turbulent warriors is well illustrated by the affair in which Sergeant McDonald figured. The scene is still Wood Mountain. One day the Police found half a dozen Salteaux Indians dead near their post, and not only dead but scalped. Another Salteaux who had witnessed the tragedy confirmed the belief that the perpetrators of the crime were Sioux, and if further proof were wanting it was afforded by Sitting Bull himself, who soon appeared at the Police quarters and demanded the surrender of the surviving Salteaux. Sergeant McDonald was a tough nut for the Sioux Chief to attempt to crack. He was not a bit scared when Sitting Bull leaped from his pony and ran forward thrusting the muzzle of his gun into the other's stomach. The old soldier pushed the weapon to one side, and invited Sitting Bull and the four chiefs with him to enter the stockade and have a "pow-wow." The rest of the Indians—about five hundred in all—remained outside.

When Sergeant McDonald conducted the chiefs into his quarters, their arms were left stacked in the yard. This strategic move gave him the whip hand over them. First he commanded that the howling mob of "braves" without should be ordered to disperse. This was done; then the Sergeant explained the law to them, and announced that he was going to send to the Sioux camp to arrest the murderers of the dead Salteaux. Three constables went on this mission, and a lively time they had by all accounts, with the Sioux hustling them and trying to provoke a fight. But they got their men, whose names were known, and they brought the prisoners back. Sitting Bull received his first lesson in Police methods then: the second came when the prisoners in question were tried for the murders and duly hanged."—A. L. Haydon, in "Riders of the Plains" (A History of the Royal North West Mounted Police.)

"BONJOUR, Mess'ue Legarre," shouted the guide, as we drew rein on the rim of the coulee and looked down on the trader's camp. "By gar! where you get heem, all dem cayuse—hey?"

"Why, hallo, Joe! *Comment sont vous?*" returned a hearty voice, as Mr. Legarre climbed the bank and shook our guide's hand so warmly that Joe came near to toppling over the head of his pinto pony, which had seized the opportunity of our halt to nibble the bunch grass.

With the politeness of a true Frenchman, after the first greeting to his old acquaintance and compatriot, the trader shook hands with us all round, with a cheery word and a grip that left no doubt of his sincerity.

We were a Mounted Police patrol returning from our weekly trip to White Mud, where we connected with a party from "A" Division, thus forming a link in the great chain of outposts which, a quarter of a century ago, stretched from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains.

A little east of Pinto Horse Butte we had struck, that afternoon, the fresh trail of wagons and unshod horses which had not been there when we had passed that way before, and, as strange outfits in that lone land were as rare as coyotes with two tails, and generally meant whisky smuggling or horse-stealing, both of which reprehensible forms of native industry we were there to discourage, we had hit up the trail with considerable satisfaction,

having a hunch it would lead to some little excitement which would be a welcome break in the dull monotony of our lives. So, our disappointment can be imagined when, after four hours' hard riding under a broiling July sun, we found nothing more exhilarating than the camp of a peaceful trader who was too well known and respected for any suspicion of law-breaking.

After the first greeting Joe Lacerte, "our guide, interpreter and friend," was soon squatting beside the trader's camp fire, drinking black coffee, smoking vile tobacco, stinking with a blend of "kinnikinette" (red willow bark), and yapping away in a mixture of French, English and Indian, bewildering in variety and torrential in volubility while we of the Red Patrol made camp a little further up the creek, picketed our tired horses, unrolled our bedding from the patrol wagon, pitched our bell tent, cooked supper and afterwards also, but more fastidiously, smoked.

I had not met Mr. Legarre before, but his name was well-known to me. His exploits, too, had been told around our camp-fires. He was looked upon as king of the old pioneers, a man whose coolness and courage were far above the average in a land and amongst men with whom these attributes were the rule—not the exception. When, after the Custer massacre, Sitting Bull and his braves had crossed the line and settled near Wood Mountain, it was Legarre who located them, he who explained the conditions on which the Canadian Government would allow them to remain in the country as refugees. He made clear to the chiefs the laws of the country and the might of the arm that would enforce them. To him, more than to any other man belongs the credit that those war-like, turbulent and unwelcome guests kept the peace during their sojourn amongst us. He lived amongst them, traded with them and finally persuaded them to return to their own country when the United States Government proclaimed an amnesty.

It turned out that Mr. Legarre was returning from a business trip to Benton, where he had been to purchase supplies and a small bunch of very likely-looking bronchos, and was now on his way to his home at Willow Bunch by way of the Fort. Being a sensible old-timer, he had camped during the heat of the day but pulled out, an hour after our arrival, and resumed his journey, amidst much shouting in three languages, stamping of horses and creaking of Red River carts.

"By gar," said Joe, squatting, tailor fashion, beside our coffee pot, after seeing his friend to the trail, and reaching for a flaming willow to relight his villainous pipe, "dat one good mans, Legarre. Brave!—say, he ees one lion! Fear!—he not know w'at ees dat! You boys not know heem, but for me—well, w'at you tink? He ma freen', know heem since ten, feefteen, twanty year—by gar!"

"Aw, gawn!" said Pipes, winking at the rest of us and shifting his seat, so as to get the wind between him and Joe's tobacco, "he ain't no good. All bluff, like the rest of you! I never knew an old timer but had a yallow streak somewhere, when it came to a show down."

The guide, contrary to expectations, did not fly off the handle at this sneer. He knew us too well and could take a joshing without losing what little temper he possessed.

"You boys," he said, judicially, "is all ri'. In twanty year mabeso, you learn somet'ing 'bout des contree. But, say, I could tell you some storee' bout dat mans, Legarre. How he safe the Fort from bein' burn', how he stan' off ol' Sittin' Bull an' all hees braves an' safe your Major Paddee—you know heem?—an' hees mans from wipen' out. You lak hear dat storee, hey?"

We became interested at once. Shorty, our teamster, and Sliver, the cook, put away a greasy pack of cards and gathered around for we had all heard something of the incident to which Joe referred though none of the Red Patrol had been long enough in the force to have been actors in the little drama, so near becoming a terrible tragedy, which, like many another, had for record merely a brief announcement in General Orders of that time.

Not long after the Sioux had taken up their abode at Legarre's Coulee, the

supply of buffalo meat began to run short. The wholesale slaughter of the animals by the Indians and hunters for the sake of the fur robes alone would soon, as it finally did, have exterminated them, but added to this a plague of grass-hoppers had visited the country that season and the animals had been driven northward. The Indians were hard put to it for food and were suspected of making raids across the border and bringing their plunder into Canada. At Wood Mountain Fort the officer in command had but twenty men to patrol the trails and keep in check the restless Sioux who threatened to break into open rebellion and make things lively. Fort Walsh and McLeod were a long way off and supplies and reinforcements scarce and uncertain, and the Major had to rely solely on the courage and fidelity of his little band to preserve the peace.

One night the Wolf Point patrol brought in a wounded man and a distracted woman who had been picked up on the trail beside a wrecked and looted prairie schooner. The tale was a pitiful one and filled every man in the post with indignation and a thirst for vengeance. The man, George Bower by name, a Canadian settler unsuccessful in Dakota, had set out with his wife and little girl, five years old, to make the journey back to Canada by trail. What little he had he packed into his wagon, hitched up the team and set out to reach his brother's ranch in the Cypress Hills. The night before, after a weary trip through the then uninhabited wilderness south of the line, he had joyfully made camp well within Canadian territory, and was congratulating himself that the worst was over, when suddenly with wild whoops a band of painted Sioux swooped down upon them, looted the camp, stole the team, clubbed the man almost to death and carried off the little girl.

This was the bomb that suddenly exploded amongst the little group of twenty men in that lone fort on the outskirts of civilization, and a half hour later the Major and ten red coats, accompanied by scout Lacerte and Bower, were tearing like mad on the trail of the looters, while the remaining half-score of the little garrison were putting the log guard-house in shape to receive prisoners, fixing up the stockade, overhauling arms and, incidentally, drawing fresh ammunition and placing it where it would do the most good.

There is one thing about most Mounted Police commanders, they never send a man where they fear to go themselves, and when any service of an extra hazardous nature is to be performed, you will generally find the man at the top on parade. So many deeds of daring by the men in red, have passed unrecorded that deadly peril has come to be looked upon as simply part of the day's work. When, therefore, Major Crozier and his command rode into Sitting Bull's camp and grabbed Red Cloud and five other Indians, whom Bower identified as his assailants, no one thought of flinching, and despite the very hostile demonstration of the rest of the band, the prisoners were promptly bundled into the patrol wagon and toted along to the fort where they were soon behind the bars, very much surprised, and considerably sadder if not wiser, Indians. But although the team was recovered and the prisoners taken the most diligent and systematic search failed to find the lost child or any trace of her, neither could threats nor promises extract any information as to her whereabouts.

It happened at the time Sitting Bull himself and most of the warriors were absent on a hunting expedition. They had followed the buffalo to the Qu' Appelle Valley. Had the whole band been present, or had there been any hesitation in making the arrests, there is no doubt blood would have been spilled and the little garrison would undoubtedly have been hard pressed. As it was, a messenger was sent to Walsh for an escort for the prisoners, as it was impossible to spare sufficient force from the garrison for that purpose, but before reinforcements could arrive, Sitting Bull returned and things began to happen.

"By gar," said Joe, reminiscently, at this point, as he proceeded to refill his evil-smelling pipe, "I not forget the night dat ol' Sittin' Bull come back!

He was clean mad, for sure, and there was hell a-poppin'. Legarre, he tell me he come to hees store wit' hondred Injun all painted for fight They take hees tea, an' hees sugarr an' hees flour. They not get some gun nor some ca'tridge—Legarre he cache *dem*. Then Legarre he come to the fort an' he tell the Major that Sittin' Bull, he say—'Onlas he let heem go the prisonaire—right away—queeck—pronto! to-morrow he come take dem, make big fight, burn fort an' keel all Red Jackets.' By gar, dis make heem mad, dat Paddee! He call all hees mans, make big speak. Dey all cry, 'Fight, fight, fight,' an' cheer—say, dem feller did shout! Den the cook he serve some coffee, the sergeant he serve some more gun an' we get all ready for the big fight. Ah! dat was livelee tam', for sure! By an' bye, Major Paddee he call Legarre an' say, 'Go back you, Legarre—tell heem, Sittin' Bull, an' dem Injun,—if they fire one shot—come one step 'cross dat creek—I hang dat chief, Red Cloud an' all prisonaire lak dog!'—Ah! he one dam fine mans, dat Paddee!" Having sent the trader back to the Sioux camp with his ultimatum, the Major quietly set about preparations for putting his threat into execution, and the tap, tap of carpenters' hammers was heard far into the night. A double guard was posted and everything possible done to prevent a sudden surprise.

In the meantime Legarre had reached the Sioux camp and coolly delivered his message. The old chief wrinkled up his cheek and came as near smiling as his style of face would permit, when he heard it, seeming to look upon it as a very good joke.

"They might hang Red Cloud," he grunted, "and serve him right for allowing himself to be so easily taken, but my brother knows that would not prevent the Sioux burning down the fort and killing the white men. My braves are many, the white warriors few. I can kill them all."

"True," said the trader, "but my red brother will not kill them."

The old chief let out what was probably a ripping good oath in his language, and turned on the Frenchman angrily

"And why," he asked, "will I not kill them?"

"For a sufficient reason," said Legarre, "because my brother is afraid."

Sitting Bull uttered a howl of rage, drew his knife and sprang towards the trader with fury, but remembering the dignity of a great chief, for he was as proud of his striped blanket as any prince of the royal purple, he resumed his seat.

"My brother knows well," he said in as quiet a tone as his brand of voice could ever assume, "that he is always welcome in the lodge of Sitting Bull. His tongue is not forked and when he speaks his friend will listen to his wisdom—but why should I fear to kill the Red Jackets who have taken away a chief of the Sioux nation and will not set him free?"

"Because," said the trader, "Red Cloud is a coward and should be punished for conduct unworthy of a chief—he is a thief!"

Sitting Bull pondered this view of the case for a moment. It had not struck him in quite that light before.

"And," continued Legarre, "there are more Red Jackets. If the Sioux kill what are here, others will take their place."

"We can kill them, too," said the old savage, after considering this for a moment.

"Mabeso, but they are like the grass on the prairie. They will come from the rising and setting sun and across the big water. Their guns are like the gun at Walsh that shoots in every direction—that plows up the earth and scatters death all around. They will send fire to burn up the prairie and lightning to blast the forests and the noise of their ponies' feet will shake the earth like the stampede of many buffalo. Then where will the Sioux hide from the vengeance of the Red Jackets? They cannot go south for there the Blue Jackets, brothers of the Red Jackets, lie in wait for vengeance, and if they flee to the north they will perish of cold and hunger, amidst the everlasting snows, far from the graves of their race and the spirits of their fathers will know them no more."

If this speech is correctly translated, and I was assured it was, the old trader must have been of a poetical turn of mind, or gifted with some imagination. It certainly seemed to strike Sitting Bull as sound logic, for he remained wrapped in his old blanket and these new thoughts for quite a while. His face was perfectly inscrutable, of course, as the face of an Indian, whether he is a great chief, or merely a cigar store dummy, ought to be, but after thinking the matter over for awhile, he grunted in the usual way, and said:

"My brother's words are jewels of wisdom, but if I call off my young men and light the pipe of peace, what of Red Cloud and those with him?"

"Return the child to the white squaw unharmed, and the prisoners will get honest treatment and no worse punishment than they deserve."

This seemed to strike Sitting Bull as somewhat indefinite Perhaps he thought if they got what was coming to them there would be some vacant squatting places in the Sioux lodges, for he said, with some return to his old ferocity:

"My brother is wrong, the Red Jackets will not dare to hang a Sioux chief!"

"Make no mistake," said the trader, "the chief of the Red Jackets is no squaw."

All was quiet along the creek during the night, but with daylight the Indian braves began to gather in force, riding hither and thither on their wild ponies, but none ventured to descend from the bench on which stood the trading post. At the fort everything seemed to proceed as usual. The flag was run up to the pole, inside the stockade, as the bugle sounded "Reveille," but a keen eye could detect a long platform, which had been erected during the night on the flat roof of the guard-house. Above this scaffold was a beam from which dangled six ends of stout rope in a very sinister and suggestive manner. By ten o'clock not less than five hundred well-armed warriors had congregated on the bench, waving their guns, and uttering ear-piercing and blood-curdling yells and nothing but the presence of Sitting Bull, who had not quite made up his mind what to do, prevented the hostile demonstration from developing into a regular charge upon the fort, which could not long have withstood the assault of such heavy odds. Within the fort the garrison felt the next few hours must decide their fate. All knew if that wild mob broke loose, nothing could stop them. The old fort would be rushed or set on fire and nothing could be done but to fight to the end and sell their lives as dearly as possible, as did the gallant Custer. Even though the first assault could be repelled, when darkness fell the besiegers could creep near enough to set the old logs on fire. A night attack was to be feared above all things and, recognizing this, Major Crozier resolved to bring the affair to a head at once. So he ordered the prisoners to be brought up and placed upon the scaffold with the loops of the different ropes around their necks.

When this spectacle met the eyes of the Indians a great silence fell upon them. The Sioux are probably the bravest of all the American aborigines and to die in battle is looked upon as the natural death of a warrior, but to seek the happy hunting ground at the end of a rope is the greatest disgrace that can befall. The prisoners were related to many, tribesmen to all, and such a death, even though they wiped out the little band of Red Jackets immediately afterwards, was a disgrace that no blood could ever wash away.

Sitting Bull was a shrewd old chief. The words of Legarre had been ringing in his ears all night. The only doubt in his mind was whether the Major would dare to keep his word and as he looked towards the fort these doubts melted away—the chief of the Red Jackets was not putting up a bluff. He grunted three times which, I am informed, was his mode of expressing admiration for a brave man, and commenced with all speed to herd his warriors up the coulee. By nightfall not an Indian was to be seen in the vicinity.

That night the sentry at the gate challenged some object moving in the darkness. He was answered by a

child's cry and Legarre staggered inside the stockade carrying the stolen little girl who was soon clasped in her mother's arms. Everybody crowded around the brave trader; the mother kissed him, the men wrung his arms almost out of their sockets, the Major clapped him on the back and all agreed that he was a fine fellow—for a Frenchman!

There was a long silence around the camp-fire when Joe had finished his "storee", and Sliver and Shorty slunk off to their blankets without a word.

"If the Lord loves a cheerful liar," remarked Pipes, as he got up and stretched himself, "you sure have eternal happiness coming to you, Joe."

"By gar!" said the guide, "dat always the way with you feller—tell you true—you say lie! I been in dis contree twanty year—Major Paddee, he ver' fine mans. Legarre, he—"

But even as Joe spoke in defence of his countryman the call of "Lights out" sounded in our camp, and silence settled down over the prairie.

THE PRAIRIE'S ANSWER

BY BERT HUFFMAN

IN YEARS agone a hunter lost his way,
And stood aghast on the wild Northern plain;
To east, to west, to north, to south, there lay
The utter solitude. He searched in vain
All its white vastness for a sign of life;
He threaded all its trackless waste in dread;
Then sank down, vanquished in the hopeless strife,
The prairie answered not his cry for bread.

"O God," he cried, in life's last keen despair,
"Why cast this desert in a world so fair?"
Another day—the hunter's bones were white—
The self-same prairie smiled its answer back.
Ten thousand firesides glowed with tender light,
Thronged full of life its highway, street and track;
Fleets waited for its ripening harvest gold,
Wheels hummed in tune in all its thousand mills,
The warm and pulsing sod yields manifold,
The prairie's heart with splendid rapture thrills.
A million lives unto it are endeared,
The prairie answers to their beck and call,
And where the hunter laid him down, is reared
The splendor of a new state's capitol.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

DICKENSIANA

THE seventh of this month of February, and year of grace, 1912, sees the centenary of Charles Dickens, one of those masters of English fiction who belong to the little band of Immortals. For a time there appeared to be a doubt in the minds of some of the so-called "superior" critics that the work of Dickens would live. That doubt has been dispelled. The works of Dickens are selling better than ever to-day, although many of the places he describes with such fidelity have disappeared, for London, where most of these scenes are laid, is changing with the rest of the world, widening her narrow streets, knocking down ancient inns of court, coffee houses and hostelries by the score, excavating, tunnelling and plate-glassing the fronts of the once diamond-paned shops. The influx of visitors from the United States is making its mark on London, where New York sky-scrapers are appearing, and new hotels furnished with every luxurious device, invention and ornament are daily displacing the rambling, galleried old White Horse and Blue Bull Inns which Dickens so minutely described.

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A LONELY and hard childhood had Dickens. David Copperfield's autobiography goes far towards being that of the lonely little boy who used to sit upstairs in a little room which nobody else in the house troubled, poring over "Tom Jones," and "Don Quixote" and "The Arabian Nights". Like David, Dickens played at being Tom Jones for a week together. He played in a solitary fashion at pirates and savages, wreckers and lost mariners marooned on inaccessible islands—after the old, old fashion of Wendy and her brothers, and all children from all time. Only this little boy played alone and some sense of the poignancy of lonely childhood entered his breast then and never left it. The birthplace of his fancy was that little room which was "troubled by nobody."

Some years ago it came my way to make a pilgrimage round Dickens landmarks in London. Many that I found then have since disappeared, but one who journeys in that vast city, going carefully and with love, may still find many of the curious old places. Not much more than a year ago we walked up the roomy staircase of Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in Lincoln Inn Fields, and into the great room where that old Oyster once sat before his table defying the world to open him. And we hailed the Little Midshipman down in the Minories still taking observations, on the lookout for the return of old Sol Gills, and wandered about other

spots in Dickensland, notably the Temple, where poor Sidney Carton had his lodgings. Had more time been at our disposal, we could have gone further and visited the old Maypole Inn of which Dickens wrote in "Barnaby Rudge," and which is still in existence at Chigwell, but known as "The King's Head". This was built in the reign of Henry VIII., and here after a day's hawking slept one night the great Queen Elizabeth.

LIVING LINKS

FEW living links remain of Dickens' literary set. I am right, I believe, in naming two, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and an old Londoner who lives, or until quite recently lived, up a dark court in Fleet Street, one of those extraordinary street-lanes which branch at dark intervals off the most interesting street in the world. This old personage remembers Dickens well. In his boyhood he was employed in the office of "All The Year Round," and used to fetch ices for his famous master when he returned late to the office after his public readings. To the interviewer this old human link with Charles Dickens told many stories we have all read about of the excitement and eagerness with which announcements of a new Dickens serial were greeted. "I used to visit the toll gates," he said, "many of which were then in existence, and fix advertising boards upon them. Everybody coming into or going out of the city would thus see the announcement of the publication of, say, 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings'. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this story were sold on its publication." The old office boy's recollections of his master were that Dickens "was a very gentlemanly man, very dressy, and looked just as though he had come out of a band-box." Mrs. Dickens he remembers as "a very stout lady who wore a large crinoline."

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY

A STORY which I heard my own father often relate in later years was of an evening when he attended one of Mr. Dickens' very rare Dublin readings. The Master was reading that chapter in "Oliver Twist" which relates to Fagin in the condemned cell. A deep silence prevailed save for the clear mellow voice reading of the despairing Jew cowering down upon his stone bed—" 'Fagin,' said the gaoler—" As Mr. Dickens pronounced the name, the man who was seated next to my father leaped in his seat with a shout.

"That's me. He called me. I'll have him up for slander! I call ye all to witness that I was never in gaol in me life!"

During the disturbance which followed before the noisily protesting man was ejected—it was at the time of the Fenian excitements, and people were even more easily stirred than usual—Mr. Dickens sat quietly smiling, continuing his reading of the sombre chapter after the real Mr. Fagin had taken an agitated departure.

SNUFF AND CARPET BAGS!

IN HIS preface to the catalogue of the Pickwick Exhibition, held a few years ago in London, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald sings a requiem over vanished Pickwickian customs and objects. For instance, snuff. "Few," he says, in his interesting foreword, "indulge in snuffing now." And yet, any amount of snuff is sold to-day in London and notably, says "John o' London," to compositors in Fleet Street.

It is the same with carpet-bags such as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller loved. If any assurance is needed that the carpet bag is still in existence and used in the British Isles, I can only say that a little over a year ago I travelled from Galway to Dublin with all my belongings for a couple of days' visit packed in an eminently well-disposed family carpetbag striped brown and green and fastened with a padlock. It seemed like an old friend, and I felt incalculably Dickensy, indeed quite as if I might be going down to Muggleton with the iras-

cible old gentleman outside. What is your club bag but our old friend in a leathern coat and a sharp snap lock instead of the safe but ponderous black padlock!

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THE WOMAN WHO DROWNED LITTLE DORRIT

ANOTHER word about Dickens and I have done. Years ago when I first went into journalism in Canada, happening to write an appreciative paragraph or two on the great work of this Victorian novelist, a lady, incensed by what she termed "laudation of a vulgar author," wrote a twelve-page letter disparaging his work. "Believe me," she said, "we shall hear no more of Dickens within a decade. His work is practically dead now. May it soon be forgotten. So much do I dislike him—so vulgar do I think his books that I gathered "Little Dorrit," "Pickwick," and "Oliver Twist"—the three volumes of his we have in our house, and took them down and threw them into the lake."

And I remember how sorry I felt for this poor lady then, thinking quaintly the while of how cold a party Little Dorrit and her big child Maggie would have in the waters of blue Ontario. Yet better resting for them on the bottom of the lake than lodging upon the library shelves of a woman who could find Sam Weller vulgar and the immortal Pickwick a bore!

LIKE DAVID COPPERFIELD, DICKENS PLAYED AT BEING "TOM JONES" FOR A WEEK TOGETHER

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NAUGHTY!

A MEDICAL contemporary is credited with advising doctors to tell the ladies to wear rouge and powder. No doubt such a prescription is a necessary one to give to us, dear creatures, for we would never think of applying it without certified orders. And of course we lift horrified hands. The idea! Why, we never heard of such a thing! A little powder—well, everybody uses talcum, just a wee bit on the end of your nose, you know, but rouge! And you tell me the doctors are ordering it! As a preservative of the complexion. Well, "Betty, give this cheek a touch of red!" Just the smallest little hint of color, low down, not there on the cheek-bone where everybody can see it. Look at me sideways. That's how they can tell it—if you're beside a woman in the street car; rouge sits out from the skin so. Wish I could tone it down a little. You don't say so! does she? Why, I always thought her color was her own. Artful of her, wasn't it, to rub it on her ears and chin. Inside her nostrils! You don't say so! Is it any wonder the men call us false and deceiving? There, that's enough—too much. Rub off a little down near my chin. Well, what if I do! The doctors ordered it, so we may as well own up all round!

That's the sort of monologue we may be listening to presently if we obey the doctors' orders. Let me see, what was the argument? That "the use of face creams and make-up is universal and the moral aspect of the question is becoming settled. Our women now fearlessly handle the complexion brush and powder puff. Why is the face of a country woman of sixty years faded and wrinkled, while the face of a city woman of the same age frequently is smooth and beautiful? . . . . Many an actress courted by our fathers has a complexion the envy of our daughters. These are things the physician should know and not be afraid to say." . . . And much more to this effect.

IF YOU WOULD BE FAIR

NOW I do not think any woman of forty or thirty or any age can have a beautiful smooth skin unless she was born with one. Naturally, the use of good creams preserves the skin, though hardly to the age of sixty. Most assuredly rouge and cheap powders do not help to preserve the smoothness and beauty of any sort of skin. Rouge yellows the cheeks of those who use it constantly, and this is why the actress removes her stage paint with cold cream immediately after the performance. Most rouge is made up of inferior carmine with saffron added, and nearly all liquid rouge is largely made of red ink mixed with distilled water and a few drops of perfume. How could red ink act as a skin preservative, or how could saffron or indeed any dye? The secret of skin preservation consists in keeping the skin perfectly clean, using good home-made cold cream, and the very best and finest rice powder in the market. These things and—veils. Cheap talcum, cheap toilet cream, and rouge of any kind are skin destroyers. So is violent massage; so is steaming and other fussing. If you have a good skin and wish to keep it, wash it with soap and warm water and a brush every night and morning, following each wash with a sousing in the coldest water, for so long as you can stand it. Dry thoroughly and rub over the skin the smallest possible bit of honest cold cream, dry off and dust with powder and wear a veil out of doors. That is simple, isn't it? But it is worth all the complexion novelties and recipes ever advertised. Such treatment, given faithfully with care of health, exercise outside, windows open all night, cold bedrooms, and plain food will do more towards making a comely old woman of you than anything I've ever heard of and I've been behind most screens in life. Rouge! Fudge!

I COULD NOT HELP THINKING HOW COLD A PARTY LITTLE DORRIT AND HER BIG CHILD MAGGIE WOULD HAVE IN THE WATERS OF BLUE ONTARIO

HER BAD RESOLUTIONS

HAVE your good resolutions already petered out? Had you made bad resolutions, like a woman I know, you might have kept good ones, which enigmatic saying can only be illustrated by a plain statement

Our friend made a peck or two of bad

I PICTURE MARY, "TENDER AND SLENDER AND YOUNG" READING THOSE STATELY VERSES "TO MARY" ON THE ROSY PAGE

intentions in the hope that being of the contrary woman nature something good might come of it.

Resolution One:—Not to go to church. Immediately a wild desire to worship decorously in the proper place assailed her and to church she has gone regularly so far.

Two:—To lie abed till ten during winter and spring. A mad passion to see the dawn at once arose in the perverse female heart.

Three:—To buy three new hats, a tailored suit and a box of gloves. You should have seen our friend busy for three evenings making over millinery; the dress went to the dyers, the old gloves had their buttons sewn on and their tops sewn in.

Evidently the way to keep good resolutions is to make bad ones and then proceed to pave downstairs with them.

THE BAIT THAT BATES ALL

"WHAT bait do you use?" said a Saint to the Devil,
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
"Well, for general use," said the King of Evil,
"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for special use?" asked the Saint, "Ah, then,"
Said the Devil, "I angle for man, not men;
And there's one that to fail I never have found;
For a thing I hate
Is to change my bait,
So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

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"TO MARY"

THIS is the month sacred to what a girl irreverently refers to in a letter to the Pedlar as "that gay old sport, Saint Valentine". I could wish for this young person's punishment that she be set to peruse Elia on the good Bishop Valentine, the friend of all true lovers. In the day of Charles Lamb, the gentle "Elia," the valentine flourished. The little three-cornered missives with bleeding hearts stuck on with beeswax held many a tender message. Nowadays a few fancy shops show Valentine cards among their stationery and other light wares, but the old custom is moribund. The good old Saint went out of fashion with hoops and side curls. There are young girls and boys growing up who never even heard of him!

I have, in the old box where I keep some secrets and a piece of my heart, a Valentine which my father sent to his sweetheart long before I was thought of. It is a highly ornate affair with a little lace door in it, which when you open it reveals in a golden recess inside two hearts that beat as one, pierced with a single spear, and surrounded by a motto. There are lace arches which you pull out like a concertina and which are decorated with birds and flowers gummed on—and in slender,

angular, faded writing, very unlike the fashionable scrawl of nowadays—there are verses "To Mary," which are far, far too sacred to find their way here. And I picture Mary—for I knew her very well indeed later—a lissom girl with witching Irish eyes, long-lashed and gray, and blue-black hair and a coaxing mouth, "tender and slender and young," running to meet the postman one misty blue-gray Valentine morning, and reading in soft undertone that mingled with the hush of the sea. those tender, stately verses, "To Mary," which moved in minuet fashion down the rosy page on which the burning hearts lay pierced together. Long since she lies with her Valentine under the rough salt grasses by a wild coast where the crying of the curlews mingles with the wistful murmur of the sea. But the hearts still burn in passionate red upon the lace-edged paper, for Love is immortal.

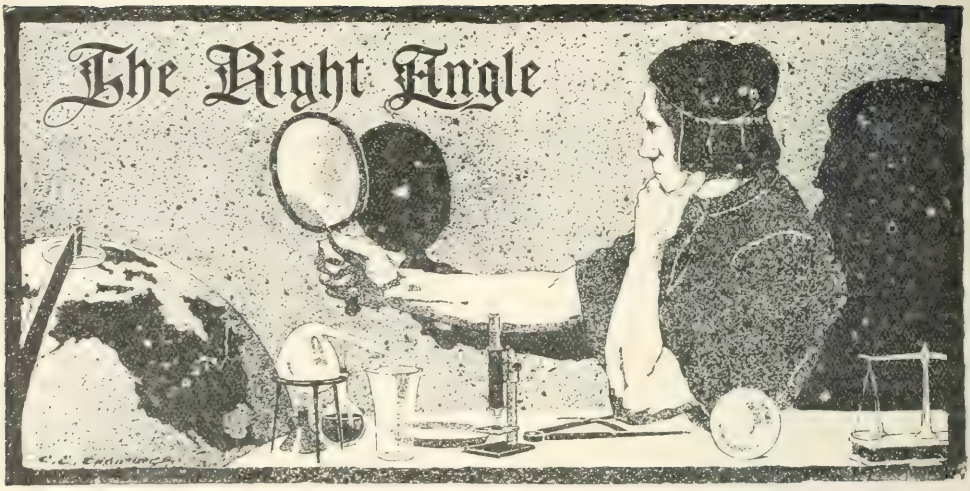
THE WHITE HAND IN THE FOREST

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

THERE'S a crashing in the forest
And the giant trees are swaying;
There's a ringing note of axes
And the crack of breaking boughs.
The wild blue grouse is startled
And the deer that here were playing
Flit swift, like cloud-cast shadows
From the Pioneer's carouse.

Yesterday the giants mocked him,
As they mocked the cyclone's thunder;
Yesterday they tower'd above him,
Pitying his puny strength—
But the White Hand in the Forest
Rent their monster limbs asunder
And to-day they lie before him,
Bole on bole, and length on length.

Slowly creeping, surely crawling,
He is carving out the future;
He is ripping down God's forest,
He is turning up the sod.
But the ringing of his axe-blade
Is the peace-song of God's people,
And the White Hand in the Forest
Is the working hand of God.



LABOUCHERE PASSES

HENRY LABOUCHERE is still so near to us that his name cannot be now dissociated from eccentric memories, so that the real measure of his work and its value is hard to estimate. With his death two weeks ago, the last of a group of modestly great men disappeared. Edmund Yates, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Arthur Evans, and a scant half dozen more writers and publicists were his co-workers by uncommon means to a common purpose, through the long and world changing reign of Victoria. There was no cohesive action among them, for they were impatient of help and often at open odds, but they had an identical detestation of pomposity, hypocrisy, indirection and outworn creeds either social or political, a vitric and most holy joy in going after shams, and no reverence whatever for anything that failed of response to plain common sense and elementary justice. How much of the glory of our good Queen and her beneficently prolonged days grew out of what they did and caused to be done may never be truly known; but they operated as a leaven of great health in the significant and far-reaching era that carries her name.

Labouchere was probably the first to recognize the growing power of the periodical press in shaping public opinion, certainly the first to make full and vigorous use of it. He was so much a democrat that even in England which is the foremost and truest of all democracies, they called him iconoclast, radical, and other names conveying temporary opprobrium—and much he cared for that. He was disinterested, if ever any man was. In all his long career there was no self-seeking. Honors and advancement beckoned him to none effect. He was a born fighter for the things he loved. Nothing diverted him from that conflict, and his mode of warfare was quite his own. Nobody had a better understanding of the power of ridicule. There is no answer to a laugh, and he knew it. Whom he detested, he chastened with barbed gibes, and that man straightway died to usefulness. As with people, so with things. He had supremely the gift of smiting with words that left their object gasping for reply, in the center of a grinning circle. He was not always right. No man ever was or ever will be. But he was right in the main, and so he left the world better than he found it.

His personal career was picturesque. An aristocrat by birth and heritage, he flouted the privileges of his class, and threw his energies toward their curtailment, especially as affecting government. An eagle hatched in a pheasant's nest could give no greater family uneasiness than he gave his in his earlier years, for he craved adventure and the rough edges of life, rather than ease. He had a roving time of it on this side the ocean in his twenties, among other episodes being a residence wich the Indians—Sioux, if recol-

lection serves—and an admission to blood brotherhood in the tribe. There was a brief service with the British mission at Washington, in deference to his father's wishes, but he had scant use for "red tape and dandies" as he put it. His real work began when he founded "Truth", a weekly that pricked shams and exposed blunders and swindles until it came into broad circulation and wholesome respect. A muckraker, maybe, but a most excellent judge of what was muck and what was not.

He had a deep and genuine love for the liberal arts, and became a very present help in need to all their worthy followers. Especially he was fond of drama, and had close friendship with many great actors. There is a flitting glimpse of him in an outdoor performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at his own place in the country, one summer evening in the nineties; of his putting on a silk hat and covert coat over the wig and dress of Bottom to ward off a chill and then walking all unaware across the scene with a cigar in his mouth to speak to some one who had motioned him over to the other side. Like his friend Gladstone (with whom he by no means invariably agreed) he was absent-minded, and when not intent upon an immediate topic or a lively controversy, full of busy thought in many fields extraneous to the moment.

There are others to succeed the group of which he was the foremost and the last, and to these, for the good of us all, he passed on the torch of progress, unblighted and undimmed.

THE GROWING WEST

COMPARISONS, they say, are odious, but they are nevertheless the only method by which one may gauge values, and some recent comparisons between Canadian cities and their United States neighbors point again to the often-reiterated fact that the twentieth century is Canada's.

Take, for example, the recently issued figures on building permits and bank clearings in Spokane, Washington, and Calgary. The two cities are near neighbors. Both are "boost" towns, with a live population and progressive methods. Spokane is the older and larger. But although Calgary cannot help the former disadvantage, she is rapidly gaining on the Washington city in every other way.

In 1910 the building permits of Calgary totalled up to the very large sum of $12,609,475, as against $3,310,-202 in Spokane.

The bank clearings for the year in Spokane showed a total of $220,317,-417. The bank clearings of Calgary during the same time showed a total of $219,245,878.

This year, and especially during the last six months, Calgary has been rapidly distancing its United States neighbor. The figures on Spokane's bank clearings of the last six months are only $11,428,244, while Calgary's show $125,781,727.

Nor is Calgary alone in this swift growth. From Winnipeg west, one might compare city and city on either side of the line, with no disadvantage to Canada. The twentieth century is indeed ours.

A PRAYER

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

I TAKE my life with outstretched hands,
The gold—the dust—
This much I ask; a perfect truth,
A perfect trust.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF HARRY LAUDER

HARRY LAUDER, who really cares no more for a dime than his right eye, was walking up Broadway one afternoon during his recent trip to New York. With him was a young woman, a friend of the family.

As Lauder and his companion came opposite a florist who had a particularly fine display of flowers outside his store where the fragrance reached everyone, the young woman instinctively stopped, and, looking longingly at the display, said:

"My, but don't they smell sweet?"

"That they do," said Lauder; "let's stand here a while and smell them."

THE ULTIMATE REASON

SHE had tried him on art, music, bridge, and the weather, and he had proved unresponsive.

"How do you account for the high cost of living?" she asked at last. For the first time he showed signs of life.

"Why—why, " he stammered, "perhaps because there's so much demand for it, don't you know?"

AS A FAVOR

GABRIEL'S trump had sounded. The lines were being formed for the judgment.

A stern-jawed female wraith stepped out of the ranks and spoke to Peter.

"As a favor to a lady," she asked, 'would you mind holding my name back until after you have read the record of Amos Bingor? He was my third husband; I was his second wife—and that man never was as confidential with me as I wanted him to be."

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL

HE had dined. It was the hour when even churchyards are said to yawn, and they had left him at his front gate, insisting he could find the front door by himself.

He made a shot at it, and brought up against the one small tree, about two inches in diameter, that ornamented the front yard. He tacked back to the sidewalk and tried it again, with the same result. Again he tried, from several different angles.

At last he gave it up. Carefully removing his boots, hat and coat, he folded the coat for a pillow, and composed himself to sleep against the foot of the tree, murmuring,

"Losht! Hopelessly losht in the depths of an impenetrable foresht!"

NOT AS ADVERTISED

She had been allowed to remain for church, a long-promised treat, but before the end of the service, she palpably lost interest in the proceedings. When she returned home, her mother asked her how she liked it.

"Oh," she said, "it's a fake, mamma. They sang about a consecrated cross-eyed bear, and I looked everywhere, and all they had was Jimmy Dugan's puppy."

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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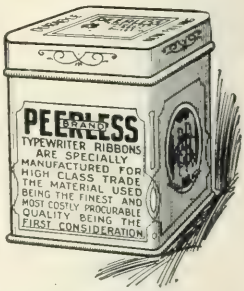

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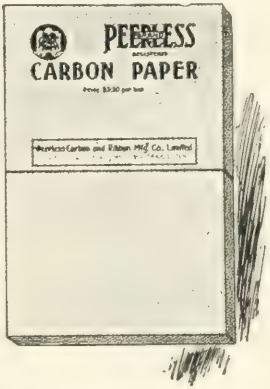

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PEGASUS ON THE PRAIRIE

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

ACROSS the world, my horse and I are going
As strong as eagles in the sky,
Whence the soft winds of warm July are blowing —
The prairie lands are clear and wide—
The rip'ning wheat, on either side
Sings to us softly, as we ride,
A song of its own growing.

The wind swept world is tipped with gold a-swinging.
Like little lambs towards the fold
Drift golden clouds the sun will hold, breeze-bringing,
And golden is the thought that springs,
And—like a bird that brushed its wings
In passing, over my heart-strings,
It soars, and sets them singing—

Straight to the deep heart of the sun we thunder;
Chasing the day that's nearly done—
Capturing sunbeams one by one as plunder—
And towards the untouched height of land,
Like hope beneath my bridle hand,
My horse pulls hard—untaught to stand
The spur of youth and wonder.

And there we watch the sunset flare swift dying —
The night wind sighs an answering prayer.
A late lark through the upper air is flying,
The little gophers peep and pass,
And gossip with the prairie grass.
Where a slough shines, like looking-glass,
I hear a plover crying.

The rising moon shall be our lamp and spurning
The winding trail, we skirt the camp
Where fires of Indians a-tramp are burning.
The shining stars forecast our fates;
And well I know, my wise love waits
To give me, at the garden gates,
The rapture of returning.

WITH EVERY FENCE SPINAL GAINED ON THE FIELD, HIS "TUQUE BLEU" SHOWING IN THE LEAD STEADILY

To accompany "Spinal Maginnis, Processional Runner"—See page 340

VOL. XI
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

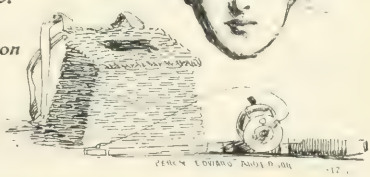
LONDON
MARCH

The DREAM GIRL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Common Law," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



FERRIS and I had had a dispute, a bitter one, and, as usual, Ferris had pushed his cap over his eyes until the hair on the back of his head stuck out.

"You can't do it," he said, shoving both hands up to the wrists in his canvas fishing-coat.

"I'll prove it," said I. "What a stubborn mule you are, Ferris!"

"Stubborn nothing," he retorted, "you and your theories must have your little airing, I suppose, but I don't intend to assist."

"I'm right sometimes," I said.

"Sometimes you're wrong, too," said Ferris.

Then he walked off toward the cliffs, whistling, uncompromising, untidy.

"There's a hole in your leggings!" I called after him, but he did not deign to answer me.

"Obstinate ass," I thought, for we were very fond of each other, "if he wastes his time with the Silver Doctor he'll rue it." Then I looked at Solomon and lighted a cigarette.

Solomon was a bird, an enervated bird of the Ibis species, wrinkled and wizened, like the mummies of his native land, which was Egypt. The bird was mine, a sarcastic tribute from Ferris, and the bird and the sarcasm both bore directly on the only disputes which ever arose between Ferris and myself. The cause of these disputes was a trout-fly, an innocent toy of scarlet and tinsel, known to anglers as the "Red Ibis." I swore by it, Ferris swore at it. In the long winter nights when the streams gurgled under the frozen forests and the lake was a sheet of soggy snow, Ferris and I loafed before the fire pulling tangled masses of leaders and flies about and dragging the silken lines over the rugs to hear the reels click. Every fly known to the brethren of the angle was discussed—every fly except the Red Ibis. We both honestly tried to

avoid this bone of contention. We talked of Duns and Hackles, and Spinners and Gnats, but in spite of every precaution the Red Ibis would occasionally rise like a fiery spectre between us, and then we disputed vehemently.

"No angler with a rag of self-respect would use the Ibis," said Ferris, with that obstinate shrug which added gall to the insult, and I—well, the crowning insult came when Ferris sent to Cairo and imported a live Egyptian Ibis for me.

"Pull out his tail feathers when you're short of Red Ibis," gasped Ferris, weak with laughter, as I stood silently inspecting the bird in my studio.

"I'll send him to Central Park," said I, swallowing my wrath; but I thought better of it, and Solomon, the wizened, became an important member of my household.

The bird was a mystery. I never cared to encounter his filmy eyes. Centuries seemed to roll away when he unclosed them, visions of tombs and obelisks filled my mind—glimpses of desert sunsets and the warm waters of lazy rivers. His black shrivelled head, bare as a skull, lay like a withered gourd among the garish flame-coloured feathers on his breast.

"Solly," said I, when Ferris disappeared below the cliff, "do you want a frog?"

The bird unclosed one eye. I went to a pail of water in which I kept minnows, and Solomon followed me, solemnly hopping.

"Help yourself, Solly," said I, uncovering the pail.

I called him Solly because I wished to put myself at ease with this relic of Egyptian Royalty. The splendour of Pharaoh's court had not dimmed this hoary prophet's eye, which was piercing when the sleepy film left it—piercing enough to make me feel thousands of years young, and very bourgeois. In vain I addressed him as Solly, in vain I gave him chocolate creams,—he was the aristocrat, the venerable high-priest of an Empire dead—and I was his man-servant, his ass, and his ox.

Solomon dabbled once or twice at a sportive minnow, pecked pensively at the handle of the pail, swallowed a pebble or two, and then, ruffling his scarlet feathers, sidled aimlessly back into the sedge by the frog-pond. I watched him for awhile, brooding dreamily among the rushes, but he paid no further attention either to me or to the small green frogs that squatted on the lily-pads or floated half submerged, watching him with enormous eyes.

A noisy blue-jay flitted through the orchard and alighted on a crab-apple tree solely to insult Solomon. He of course was unsuccessful, and his language became so utterly unfit for publication that I moved away, shocked and annoyed.

The sun was very hot. It glittered with a blinding light across the rippling pond, where dragon-flies darted and sailed and chased each other over the water, or flitted among the clouds of dancing midges, searching for prey.

A sweet smell came to me from orchard and sedge; there was an odour of scented rushes in the air, and the lingering summer wind bore puffs of perfume from clover-fields and meadows fragrant with a flowering mint. I looked again toward the cliffs. Ferris was not in sight.

"Obstinate mule," I thought, and, picking up my rod and fly-book, I sauntered toward the forest.

"Ferris," said I to myself, "is after that big trout by the Red Rock Rapids, but he'll never raise him with a Silver Doctor, and he'll come home in a devil of a temper."

I sat down in a clump of sweet fern and joined my rod. When I had run the silk through the guides and had fastened the nine-foot leader, I opened my fly-book and sought for a Red Ibis fly. There was not one in the book.

"I must send to New York to-morrow," I thought, turning the aluminum leaves impatiently; "fancy my being out of Red Ibis!" I selected a yellow oak fly for the dropper and a nameless Gnat for the hand-fly, and drawing the leader down to the reel, started on again, carrying my rod with the tip behind me.

The forest was dim and moist and

silent. Where the sunshine fell among the ferns a few flies buzzed in the gilded warmth; but except for this and a strange grey bird which flitted before me silently as I walked, there was no sign of life, nothing stirring, not a rustle among the leaves, not a movement, not a bird-note.

Over moss and dead leaves aglisten in the pale forest light I passed,—over crumbling logs, damp and lichen-covered, half submerged in little pools; and the musty fragrance of the forest mould set me dreaming of dryads, and fauns, and lost altars, whose marbles, stained with tender green, glimmer in ancient forests.

This belt of woods was always silent; I often wondered why. There were no birds—none except this strange grey creature which kept flitting ahead of me, uttering no note. It was the first bird except Solomon, who occasionally accompanied me on my trips to the long pool in the river which borders the wooded belt on the west.

It was an unknown bird to me,—I could catch fleeting glimpses of it,—and its long slender wings and dark eyes brought no recollections to my mind.

To the north, south, and east the woods were full of thrushes and woodpeckers; full of game, too—grouse, deer, foxes, and an occasional mink and otter, but the shy wood creatures left the western forest belt alone, and even the trout seemed to shun the dark pools where the river swept the edges of the wood until it curved out again by Lynx Peak. I say the trout shunned it, but there was one, a monstrous fish, wily and subtile, that lived in the long amber pool below. Early in the season Ferris had raised him with a Silver Doctor, and Ferris's madness on the Silver Doctor dated from that moment. His mania for this fly led him to use it in season and out, and no amount of persuasion or of ridicule moved him.

"Because," said I, "you had a Silver Doctor snapped off by a big fish, do you imagine it's the only fly in the world?"

"It's good enough for me," he said.

There were two things which Ferris used to say that maddened me. One was, "The Silver Doctor is good enough for me;" the other was, "New York's good enough for me."

We never discussed the latter question after Ferris had alluded to me as a "Latin Quarter Nondescript," but the battle still raged over the merits of the Silver Doctor and the Red Ibis.

When I came to the wooded slope which overhung the river I buttoned my shooting coat and began a cautious descent, trailing my rod carefully. I headed for the foot of the pool, for one of my theories, which ruffled Ferris, was that certain pools should be fished up stream. This was one of those pools, according to my theory; and when I had reached the rocks and had waded into the rushing water, I faced up stream and cast straight out into the rapids which curled among the boulders at the foot of the pool.

At the second cast I hooked a snag and waded out to disengage it. Fumbling about under the foaming water I found my fly imbedded in something which refused to give way. I tugged cautiously and gently; it was useless. Then I rolled up my sleeve and plunged my arm into the water up to the shoulder. This time it did give way; I drew out my arm and held up something glistening and dripping, in which my hook was firmly imbedded. It was a shoe, small, pointed, high-heeled, and buckled with a silver buckle.

"This, said I, "is most extraordinary," and I sat down on a flat rock, holding the shoe close to my eyes.

"Besnard—Paris," I read stamped on the lining over the heel. And the buckle was of sterling silver. I sat for a moment, thinking.

Our cottage, Ferris's and mine, was the only house in the whole region that I knew of, except the old house in the glade by the White Moss Spring, and I recollected that Ferris had spoken of poachers. We had been too lazy to investigate, too lazy even to remember it until, as I sat there holding the small shoe, the incident came back to me, and I wondered whether anybody had taken up an abode in the abandoned farm.

I didn't like it. The forests and

streams belonged to Ferris and me, and although up to the present moment it had not been necessary to employ many keepers, I began to fear that our woods were being invaded and that we should soon be obliged to find protection.

I looked at the shoe, turning it over carefully in my hands. It was new—had scarcely been worn at all.

"Pooh," I thought, "the owner of this could scarcely do much damage among the game, but of course, there may be bigger shoes in company with this, and those bigger shoes had better look out!"

My first impulse was to throw the shoe into the underbrush. I started to do this, and then carefully laid it down on a sunwarmed rock.

"Let it dry," I muttered; "it's evidence for Ferris" But as it happened, Ferris was not destined to see the shoe.

I fished the pool twice, once up and once down, and heaven knows I fished it conscientiously; but no trout rose to the flies, although I changed the cast half a dozen times and even violated my feelings by tying a Silver Doctor. It was true I glanced up and down the river to see whether Ferris was in sight before I did so.

"The wily old devil won't come up," said I to myself, meaning the trout; "I'll give him a rest for a while." And I sat down on the rock where the pointed shoe was drying in the sun, laying my rod beside me.

"What's the use of speculating about this shoe," I thought, and straightway began to speculate.

The strange grey bird with the slender wings and dark eyes slipped through the undergrowth along the opposite side of the pool, but it uttered no call, and I caught only fleeting glimpses of it at intervals. Once, for a moment, it flitted quite near, and a sudden sense of having seen it before came over me, but after a little thinking I found myself associating it with a rare bird I had once noticed in northern France, and of course it was impossible that this could be a French bird.

"It was an association of ideas," said I to myself, looking at the mark in the slim shoe. "Besnard—Paris." And I began speculating upon the owner of the shoe.

"Young? Probably. Slender? Probably. Pretty? The deuce take the shoe," I muttered, picking up my rod. Presently I laid it down again softly.

"Now, perhaps," said I to myself, "this little shoe has tapped the gravel of the Luxembourg, patted the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, brushed the lawns of the Bois—ah me! ah me!—the devil take the shoe!"

The sun beat down upon the rock; the little shoe in my hand was nearly dry.

"No," said I to myself, "I'll not show it to Ferris. And I'll not shove it into my pocket—no—for if Ferris finds it he'll rag me to death. I'll throw it away." I stood up.

"I'll just throw it away," I repeated aloud to encourage myself, for I didn't want to throw it away.

"One, two, three," said I, with an attempt at carelessness which changed to astonishment as I raised my eyes to the bank above, whither I had intended to hurl the shoe.

For an instant I stood rigid, my right hand clutching the shoe, arrested in mid air. Then I placed the shoe very carefully upon the rock beside me and took off my shooting-cap.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "I did not see you."

I stood silent, politely holding my shooting-cap against my stomach. But I was confused, for she had answered me in French, pure Parisian French, and my ideas were considerably unbalanced.

I am afraid I stared a little. I tried not to. She was slender and very young. Her dark eyes, half shadowed under black lashes, made me think of the strange, dark-eyed bird that had followed me. She sat on the crooked trunk of a tree overhanging the bank, her feet negligently crossed, her hands in the pockets of a leather shooting-jacket. I'm afraid to say how short her skirts were,—but of course this is the age of shooting-kilts.

"Madame," I said, trying to keep my eyes from one small stockinged foot, "I found a shoe——"

"My shoe, Monsieur," she said, serenely.

"Permit me, Madame," said I—

"Mademoiselle—" said she—

"Permit me,—a thousand pardons, Mademoiselle,—to return to you your shoe."

"It was very stupid of me to lose it," said she.

"It is nearly dry," said I; "will Mademoiselle pardon the uncommitted stupidity of which I was nearly guilty."

"You were going to throw it away," said she.

"I almost perpetrated that unpardonable crime——"

"Give it to me," she said, with a gracious gesture.

Now when she smiled I smiled too, and picking up the shoe waded across the pool to the bank under her.

"May I come up?" I asked.

"Pardi, Monsieur, how else am I to get my shoe?"

I clambered up, hanging to limbs and branches. It was a miracle I did not break my neck.

"Why do you not take the path?" she asked. "Do you not know you might fall—and all for a shoe?"

"But such a shoe——"

"True, the buckle is silver——"

"Which I claim the privilege of buckling," said I, dragging myself up beside her.

She deliberately held out her slim stockinged foot, and I slipped the shoe on it.

The silver buckle was not easily buckled. There were difficulties—for the tongue had become bent and needed straightening.

"You might take the shoe off again to arrange the buckle," she said.

"I can straighten it without that," said I.

When at last the buckle was clasped we had been talking so long that I had told her my name, my residence, my profession, and more or less about Ferris. I don't know why I told her all this. She seemed to be interested. Then I asked her if she lived at "The Brambles."

"The Brambles?" she repeated, looking at her shoes.

"The deserted farm of the White Moss Spring—"

"Yes—not alone; I have a housekeeper."

"Aged?"

"Very—and fierce. But I shall do as I please."

"Did you buy the house?"

"No. It was empty, and I walked in. Next day they sent my twelve trunks from Lynne Centre. The furniture was good."

"And you have been there for two months?"

"Yes. I have a horse and dog-cart too. Rose drives to Lynne Centre twice a week for the marketing. I think I shall keep a cow—I generally do what I please. I choose to amuse myself with you just now."

"This," said I, "is a very strange history; did you know that Mr. Ferris and myself—existed?"

"It is not a strange history,—no, I once saw your house as I passed through the forest belt, but there was nobody there on the lawn except an ordinary person with little side whiskers."

"Howlett!" I exclaimed.

"Comment?" she asked.

"A servant, an Englishman."

"Probably," said she, looking dreamily at me.

Then I told her all about Ferris and myself; how we came every spring to the Clover Cottage with Howlett, a cook, and three dogs as retinue, how we fished in summer and shot in the autumn, how twice a year men came all the way from Lynne Centre to house our hay and repair damages, how the game-keepers lurked at the mouth of the valley, miles to the south, to prevent poachers from entering, but we concluded it was not necessary for keepers to patrol the woods inside the valley.

"Now," I said, "the poachers are in our very midst—here established—and such dangerous poachers, too! What shall we do with them, Mademoiselle?"

"You mean me," she said, with wide open eyes.

"No," said I, "I do not mean you—

"SHE IS TOO DEEP," SAID I TO MYSELF—"TOO DEEP FOR ME," AND I LOOKED HER QUESTIONINGLY IN THE EYES, AND THEN A SUDDEN CONVICTION SEIZED ME THAT SHE WAS AS INNOCENT AS SHE LOOKED

PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

you are very welcome in our valley."

"But I am sure you do mean me," she said, smiling.

Then we talked of other things, of Paris and France; of trout, and flies, and Ferris, of Normandy; and of the beauty of the world; but it was nearly five o'clock before we spoke of love.

"I have never loved," she said, looking at me calmly.

"Oh, how unnecessary!" I thought, for I had believed her clever.

"But," she continued, gravely, "I think it is time that I did."

"I think so too," said I.

"I should like to fall in love," said she; "I have nothing else to do."

"I also am very idle," I said.

"Then," said she, "the opportunity only is lacking."

I think I muttered something about poachers—I was not perfectly cool.

"Now," said she, "I know you mean me!"

"Oh," said I, "I mean a keener poacher than you or I, a free rover more to be dreaded than an army of riflemen."

"Then you don't mean me," she said.

I shook my head.

"Do you know," said she, "I should very much like to be the heroine of a romance."

"I will aid you to be one!" I said, hastily. "We have known each other nearly three hours."

"Let us," said she, "pretend that this is the forest of Versailles in the time of Louis Quinze."

"Let us indeed!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"And you are a Count——"

"And you a Marquise——"

"Named Diane; it is my real name."

"Diane."

"And you——"

"My real name is Louis——"

"It will do; you may kiss my hand."

I wondered just where she was going to draw the line. Then, the devil prompting, I entered recklessly into this most extraordinary adventure.

And what an adventure! Words, thoughts even failed me as I looked at her. This woodland maid with the wonderful eyes! There was no mistaking the challenge in her eyes, the half-innocent smile, the utter disregard for every human conventionality.

"How," thought I—"how can such a woman wear a childlike face!" I had known coquettes,—many,—but the depth of this strange girl's recklessness I feared to sound—I dreaded almost to understand.

"She is too deep," said I to myself—"too deep for me," and I looked her questioningly in the eyes.

I don't know why or how,—I never shall know probably, but a sudden conviction seized me that she was as innocent as she looked. Imagine a man coming to such a conclusion! I felt inclined to laugh, and yet I was as firmly convinced as though I had known her all my life.

"You may kiss my hand," she said, and held it out to me.

I did. I wished I hadn't a moment later, for I tumbled head over heels in love with her and fairly gasped at the idea.

"Lovers in the court of Louis Quinze resembled us, I think," she said, after a long silence.

"We will try to make the resemblance perfect," said I, taking both her hands in mine.

She bent her head a little,—there was just a shadow of resistance,—then I kissed her on the lips.

There are moments in a man's life when he does not know whether he is a-foot or a-horse-back. I remember that I sat down on the bank and carefully uprooted several ferns. When I had regained control of my voice,—the little maid was very silent,—I asked her to tell me of herself, if it might please her to do so.

"I was born," said the little maid, resting her small head on one hand, "in Rouen. Do you know Rouen?"

"Yes."

"Papa was an officer, and he killed his general when I was seven years old. It was something about Mama; I never saw her again. Then we went to Canada very quickly; Papa died there. I had been in a convent school; I ran away, and went to New York. I am nineteen, and very reckless."

"Yes, Diane."

"I have a great deal of money in in banknotes. It was Papa's. I have never counted it—it is in a big trunk. I understand English, but do not care to speak it. I do not care what becomes of me; I wish it were over—this life. You are the first man who ever kissed me. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, Diane."

"I wonder you do. Let us go down to the river where the sunlight falls. The descent is easy——"

"Diane—you must not go——"

"With you—will you give me your hand?"

"Come."

"Did you see that shy grey bird?" said the little maid, hesitating on the slope, her hand in mine.

I could not see it, for we had already begun the descent.

To be continued

RILEY'S ROSES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

"RILEY'S roses"—wreathed in rhyme,
Joyous as the summertime,
Honey-sweet and jewel-fair—
Roses, roses, red and rare!

Poet of the golden heart,
Wreathe more roses by your art—
In them is the breath of spring
And the whole world's blossoming.

Aye, and hidden deep within
Is what makes us all akin—
What God's world is fashioned of,
Human faith and human love!

Riley's roses! Dusk and dawn
Of the wonder-days agone,
And the marvelous perfume
Of a song that bursts in bloom!

"THE CASCO" ONCE A SEALING SCHOONER, AND LATER THE CRAFT IN WHICH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CRUISED HIS BELOVED SOUTH SEAS, LIES AMONG THE ABANDONED SEALING FLEET BELOW POINT ELLICE BRIDGE, VICTORIA

SEALING AND SANDY McLEAN

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"NOT that old tub lying half up on the beach there!"

A young girl, delicate of feature and modishly dressed, typically tourist as tourists are known in Victoria, British Columbia, where they have thousands of them every year, pointed with slender finger to a poor gaping wreck of a schooner piled up on the shallow beach below Point Ellice Bridge in Victoria harbor. The guide had just informed the party of which the young girl was one, that the sixty odd derelicts below were the remains of the far-famed Victoria sealing fleet. Surprise and disappointment were written large in the maiden's face when, having been reassured, she contemplated the weather-worn hulk. The party passed on to other "points of interest". The sealing fleet, hull, sheet and rotting spar, had flitted from their minds and from their memories probably for all time. But I stood for

a long while looking down on the warped decks of the schooner she had derided, lost in thought of the incident; of the contrast conjured up between that delicate girl and the men that had paced the deck of that insignificant looking sealer. For, by chance, the girl had picked out a vessel which in its career had whirled in the vortex of more excitement than probably any other vessel of her tonnage still afloat.

"Why are they left there?"

THE KILLERS AT WORK ON ST. PAUL, CLUBBING A POD OF SEALS SELECTED FROM THE HERD. THOSE THAT ARE REJECTED ARE ALLOWED TO REJOIN THE MAIN HERD ON THE "PULLING OUT" GROUNDS

That is one of the first questions with most visitors. It might be answered in either a tome or a sentence. Briefly, the old schooners are left there as a monument to what has been; as a sort of security for the claims the Canadian sealers have preferred in compensation for the loss they sustained when the international agreement of years ago made sealing for them well nigh impossible and certainly unprofitable. Now, as a result of the great sealing conference held in Washington and just closed, whereby the several countries interested in the sealing industry have agreed to suspend all operations for a term of fifteen years, the owners of these abandoned vessels are to be paid the indemnity they have long awaited. Perhaps at the end of the close season Victoria will again send a great sealing fleet northward into the Smoky Seas. But when that bright day arrives none of the boats in that long disused fleet will go. Their days in the seal chase are past. Some of them, such as are fit for any service, will perhaps be used as fishermen; the remainder will go to the port of departed derelicts.

And when they go there will be many to mourn them, for to know something of their history and identity, is to open the index to the true romance. Among their number is many a famous craft. Rotting there is the vessel in which the revered "R.L.S." cruised his beloved South Seas and there, too, is the original of what Kipling called "The Northern Light", famed for "a hidden sea and a hidden fight", and one of the many schooners rendered notable by the skipper whom Jack London had in mind when he created the character of Wolf Larsen in "The Sea Wolf". The same skipper was the hero of the late Frank Norris' stories of the "Three Black Crows".

Ever hear tell of Sandy McLean? "Alexander" he was called formally by his mother when he first opened his eyes on this adventurous world, away down east in Nova Scotia. McLean left Nova Scotia, where he was reared, mostly on the deck of a fishing smack with the salt air filling his lungs, and went westward. Soon afterwards the Pacific Coast began to get acquainted with a big burly sea dog with enormous sandy moustaches. He was called "Sandy" McLean and in the years that followed his adventures by land and sea would fill a large book. But with the death of the sealing industry, so far as Canada and the United States

were concerned, McLean's real adventures closed. You could find him to-day if you tried, a reserved, inoffensive man, skipper of a tug boat plying out of the harbor of Vancouver. Then, there was Dan Macauley, who hailed from Newfoundland. He tasted of the wine of adventure in the northern seas too, and he is also engaged now in the less perilous work of piloting the destinies of a tug out of Victoria. Captain Balcom, now a wealthy member of a large Vancouver Island whaling company, is another of the old-time sealing skippers who could relate many a tale of daring. Of them all, Sandy McLean was perhaps the most picturesque and the most famous.

GATHERING UP THE PELTS AT ST. PAUL ISLAND AFTER THE KILLERS AND SKINNERS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. THE SIWASH SQUAWS DO A GOOD SHARE OF THIS WORK, HANDLING THE SCALES AND THE BARROW EXPERTLY

It isn't necessary to visit "Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms" to hear tales of the daring of some of these early masters of the sailing seas. Almost anywhere along the waterfront in Victoria or Vancouver you can find some more or less ancient mariner who, on proper acquaintance, will entertain you with true stories that sound like the best fruits of a disordered mind.

Pelagic sealing was not particularly lucrative in the summer of 1905 and therefore the seal patrols of the favored nations enjoying rookeries were the more watchful. On Copper Island, a Russian possession off the southeast coast of Kamchatka, where the Russians had a fur station, there had been a half company of imperial soldiers, well fortified and ready for any emergency. Then had come the panic following the report that the island of Sagalien was threatened with invasion and Copper Island was left to the care of ten men under command of a sergeant. The bulk of the garrison had no more than disappeared when a long, clear-lined schooner, flying a flag which the Russians had never seen before, slid into the small harbor and dropped her anchor. It was not the United States flag she flew nor was it the flag of England. The Czar's men knew those banners. This flag was strange and they watched with interest the putting off of a small boat. A big, broad-chested American, skipper of this strange schooner, stepped ashore with a smile and signified that he wanted water. He told them that his vessel was Mexican. He was a very affable captain, a great joker, a jolly dog, and he seemed so glad to meet the Czar's men. Moreover, he had tremendous sandy moustaches. The Russians gave him water and laughed and talked with him. They had seen no stranger for many weary months and this visitor was so genial, so kindly and so obviously honest and open-hearted that they were in love with him almost at once.

So well did the big American skipper like his new Russian friends that he lay over until next day and that afternoon he came ashore with two cases of the finest French champagne and several varieties of liquors, some of which the humble Russian soldiers had never so

much as heard of. This most princely skipper also brought along some excellent cigars and several of his men from the schooner. Then began the most wonderful celebration the Russian garrison had experienced in many a day. Wine and spirits flowed like water, the smoke and aroma of fine cigars filled the low-ceiled garrison quarters. Songs were sung and stories were told. The big skipper even made a speech in Russian. The sergeant in command

THE "KILLING GROUNDS" ON ST. PAUL, A RICH ROOKERY FOR RAIDERS IN THE PALMY DAYS. THE "POD" HAS BEEN CLUBBED, STUCK AND SKINNED, AND INDIAN WOMEN ARE BUSY CUTTING POT-MEAT FROM THE GLISTENING CARCASSES

of the garrison was the first to give in. He made several brave attempts to keep pace, stoup for stoup, with his friend the big skipper, but the latter seemed to have a brain of ice and a stomach of sheet lead. The liquor served but to make him more genial and kindly and when the Russian sergeant at last slipped from his place and slid gracefully under the long table, the courteous skipper even took off his coat and folded it for a pillow beneath the sergeant's head. Far into the northern night the songs and the stories, the clink of glasses and the snap of cigar-lighting matches, disturbed the peace of God. The Russian soldiers threw restraint to the winds. They were once more in their native villages. It was a fete day. They sang and shouted and whirled about the room in tipsy wise, locked in one another's arms, calling forth the names of Russian girls.

The sergeant was the first to awaken. Bright light streaming through the port-hole windows fell across the room. The sergeant was seated in a chair at the head of the table. Empty bottles and broken glasses decorated the table and the floor and the room was filled with stale smoke. The sergeant called on his men, for his head reeled; but none replied. He tried to move and found that his hands were tied behind his back. Then he broke forth into curses that made the room ring. Gradually ten of his men came to their senses. They were seated in the chairs along the big table, each neatly trussed up like fowls for the basting. The big, jovial American skipper and his boon companions—they were gone, faded away like a dream. An hour later when one of the Russians had loosed himself and set his comrades free the sergeant came to a full realization of what had happened. It was all very clear, painfully plain and simple. The storehouse locks had been forced; the long schooner with the Mexican flag was gone—and so were all the furs stored on Copper Island, valued between $15,000 and $20,000.

On one of those rare days in the northern seas when the fog lifts and the sea-scape is clear, eight years ago a Russian revenue cutter, cruising off the Kommandorfsky Islands, northeast of Kamchatka, sighted a low, lean schooner footing it southward. Suspicious at once, the cruiser swung over a few points and bore down upon the stranger. Right away the schooner broke out more sail and picked up all

the breeze blowing. At the same time the Russians on the cruiser heard the exhaust of an auxiliary engine. The cruiser put on all speed and the chase began. The swift cruiser quickly overhauled the fugitive schooner and commanded her to heave to. She complied only after a shot from one of the bow guns carried away some of her rigging. Fifteen minutes afterwards the Russian officers came up out of her hold and seized her papers and placed the skipper

liary engine and removed some of the principal parts to their own vessel.

For two days the Acapulco, her own crew on board, lay practically under the nose of the cruiser while the commander of the latter made preparations for completing the seizure. During this time the men on board the Acapulco remained inactive, awaiting their fate. Apparently the skipper with the big moustaches was ready to take what the Russians deemed he deserved.

DUTCH HARBOR, WITH SEALERS IN PORT AND A PROTECTION CUTTER IN THE BAY. MANY A ROMANCE HAS GAINED A CHAPTER HERE

a big, broad-chested man with great sandy moustaches, and his crew under arrest. There was no excuse possible and the big skipper offered none. He was fairly caught and below decks there was bloody evidence and to spare of guilt. His papers showed that his craft was the Acapulco, Mazatlan register; his flag Mexican. The cutter took the trim schooner under convoy to the nearest port of the Kommandorfsky group where she was to be held while her skipper was tried and sentenced as a seal poacher. The Russians were jubilant. They had never caught a poacher with more proof of guilt. They had this American with the Mexican schooner just where they wanted him.

When the little harbor was reached and the schooner's anchor dropped, the Russians took precautions to keep the poacher where he could not get away from them. Their first act was to seize his papers and some of his gear. They then uncoupled the auxi-

These Russians had never seen those big moustaches before.

On the third night a heavy fog setled over the sea and shut out all view beyond a radius of a few yards. At sundown the atmosphere was so thick that the seized schooner was completely lost to view from the cruiser's deck and the commander made preparations to have a guard sent aboard the poacher at nine o'clock to make assurance doubly sure. The noise of hammering coming from the direction of the captured vessel aroused the commander's suspicion and he gave orders for the guard to leave at once. The men detailed to this duty were in the act of assembling when there was a heavy explosion just under the stern overhang of the cruiser and almost at once the Russians heard the steady chug-chug of a heavy-duty auxiliary engine sounding faintly through the fog.

A sense of what had mysteriously happened flashed across the command-

der's mind and he gave instant orders to have the cruiser's anchor taken up and the vessel put under weigh with all speed. Russian sailors flew about their tasks fired with the excitement of the unusual occurrence. The commander fumed and fussed until the anchor was up. Then, at the command, the engines turned over. There was a rattle and a wild racing. The cruiser failed to move. A few seconds later word came from below that the propeller and a part of the rudder had been blown to pieces.

Cursing and raving, the commander gave orders to lower a small launch and put off to the seized schooner. But, when the launch with its guard on board neared the spot where the schooner had lain she was not there and the Russians could just barely catch the rhythmic beat of an exhaust far beyond the entrance to the harbor. Over everything, shutting out all view and all hope of pursuit, was the thick, northern fog.

Subsequent investigation revealed the facts that the skipper with the big moustaches had had a complete duplicate set of parts for his auxiliary engine hidden away in the schooner's hold. A boat from the schooner, rowed with muffled oars, had quietly slipped under the cruiser's stern and attached a bomb with a time fuse at the spot where it would do the most good.

The skipper with the big moustaches was becoming notorious by this time. Besides such major adventures as have been referred to he participated in a host of minor depredations and he was was feared and sought by half the revenue boats on Pacific and northern water. The difficulty the authorities experienced lay in the fact that there was no direct proof against him at any time he was available. Then, in the spring of 1904, he fitted up the swift schooner Carmencita at San Francisco, and started north. Information to this effect was immediately flashed to the department of commerce who, in turn, submitted it to the department of justice and, on evidence adduced through the secret service, the skipper with the big moustaches was indicted in San Francisco. Two revenue cutters were instructed to go after the Carmencita and bring the skipper back dead or alive. Then a merry chase began, a chase which led all over the Behring Sea and the North Pacific. The skipper of the Carmencita, with his customary shrewdness, had evidently guessed at the trend of events for he had dodged into the Mexican port of Mazatlan and, following his old tactics, had again registered his vessel under the Mexican laws and changed her name to that of his old favorite, the Acapulco.

For almost a year the revenue cutters of the United States sought the Carmencita of San Francisco; and for almost a year the Acapulco of Mazatlan dodged and ran, covered and redoubled. At the end of that time she had wormed her way through the net far enough south to duck into Victoria, Vancouver Island, and there, owing to her Mexican register, the appeal for the arrest of the skipper with the big moustaches sent by the American authorities to the British Columbia authorities could not avail.

The American government could not arrest this skipper either. His registry and flag were American and only by virtue of special arrangements with Mexico could he be legally apprehended by the United States for pelagic sealing. Strong efforts were made to secure the co-operation of Mexico but these failed and the Acapulco and her skipper went free together with the three hundred choice skins she had brought to Victoria.

It was only when the profits went out of sealing that the skipper with the big moustaches retired from the trade. Many times he was captured but he always managed, by daring and wit, to escape. When his last schooner was shuffled in and tied up among the derelicts below Point Ellice Bridge, Victoria, he took to steam-boating on the Skeena river, exciting enough in its early stages. Then he got an interest in a tug boat and now, as master of this sturdy craft, he no longer dodges the swift cruiser nor hides quickly at sight of a brassy revenue cutter.

One of the most bitterly-felt incidents of the old sealing days—the days that

are now no more—occurred in 1892 when five sealers were seized by the Russians despite the fact that in each instance they claimed to have been miles without the limit. Captain Balcom, now a prosperous official of one of the most successful whaling syndicates in the world, with headquarters in Victoria, was one of the skippers participating in this incident. He was skipper of the schooner Maria. The Vancouver Belle, a vessel which may yet be found among the fleet at Victoria, was also among the seizures. She was commanded by Captain Coppe, now master of a British tramp steamer. There were five of these schooners all told. They were seized by various Russian gunboats and taken to Petropaulofsky where they, with their masters and crews, were turned over to the Russian governor. The governor, a pompous nonentity, puffed up with pride and filled with a sense of his own dignity, threw every one of the captured seal hunters into a foul old log building formerly used as a garrison hen house. Prior to this their captors had robbed them of practically every stitch of their clothing and they were all but naked and most miserable. Seven kopecs a day was allowed them to procure food. On this allowance they would have starved beyond doubt had not some of the Russian women, moved by that sweet sympathy which is a feminine attribute the world over, taken pity upon them and surreptitiously supplied them with food.

For two weeks the seal hunters languished in this filthy hen house watching the Russians parading past attired in their stolen sweaters, rubber boots and other clothing. The governor and his henchmen took occasion to loot the schooners lying on the beach. The little signal guns from the schooner were taken to form ornaments at the entrance to the governor's residence; the vessels' lanterns were commandeered to light the official drive-way; in fact nothing of value was left. The only breaks in this horrible monotony were the occasions when the sealers were hauled into the Pompous Presence on some flimsy pretext to be further badgered and insulted. It was on one of these occasions, when the masters and crews—whites and Siwash Indians—were on parade before the governor that the sealers' lacerated feelings were somewhat salved by an incident that must always remain a striking feature of the famous hen-house episode. The governor never failed to attire himself in the greatest possible degree of gold braid and brass buttons with bright facings. The Siwashes, simple children of nature, were transported by the sight of this gorgeous person on the first occasion on which they were marshalled before him. Carried away by the sight, they broke through the guards and surrounded the governor, fingering the gold braid and gurgling with delight as they felt of the rich cloth. The governor, coward at heart as he was, almost fainted through fear before the soldiers could remove the Siwashes. Subsequent parades in the official presence were conducted without the Indians and were attended by less badgering of the seal hunters on the part of the governor.

At the expiration of the two weeks the governor, probably through official channels, began to realize that the Russian government would not tolerate the conduct he had been guilty of. Moreover, the two governments interested were making things lively for his superiors and eventually he made arrangements for the release of his prisoners. Even in this his mean spirit showed itself. He called Captain Coppe before him and presented to him the schooner Rosie Olsen, one of the captured vessels, on the understanding that Captain Coppe would take as many of the prisoners aboard as the schooner would hold. Accordingly no less than eighty half-starved, emaciated, almost naked seal hunters, whites and reds, crawled aboard the Rosie Olsen and Captain Coppe set sail for Victoria. Those who were left behind were finally sent home on board the bark Majestic. The stories they told of their treatment on the voyage did not reflect credit on the skipper of this bark. On arrival in Victoria he demanded $50 a head from the customs authorities as passage money and it afterwards transpired thta he had seized everything owned by

the seal hunters which the Russians had overlooked.

Year by year the schooners of the fleet, when sealing was in its prime in the North Pacific and the Arctic seas, added chapters to the romantic history of the trade. The hard work and the risks attracted remarkable men and these made remarkable stories. They knew and knew well that·

This is the Law of the Muscovite, that he prove with shot and steel,
When you come by his isles in the Smoky Seas you must not take the seal.

These men were willing to break the Muscovite's law when chance offered and to take what consequences came if they were caught. But the days of sealing romance are over. For fifteen long, delicious years the matkas will be safe and the little holluschickie will not be wanting for their milk nor left to starve on the barren rookery because their mothers fall prey to the ruthless slayers. For fifteen long years the harem masters will roar their challenges across the rookery grounds; the bachelors will group in the seal grass at the rear and they will live as nature bade them live in the beginning. There will be no drives, no clubbings, no ghastly peltless carcasses under the northern mist. And the derelicts below Point Ellice bridge will keep the secrets of the long ago. They will serve or wait as their masters bid them. Insignificant and rotting, they make a poor appearance. But mistake them not as did the young tourist. That vessel just below you as you stand on the bridge, can you say she was not the Acapulco or another of equal fame?

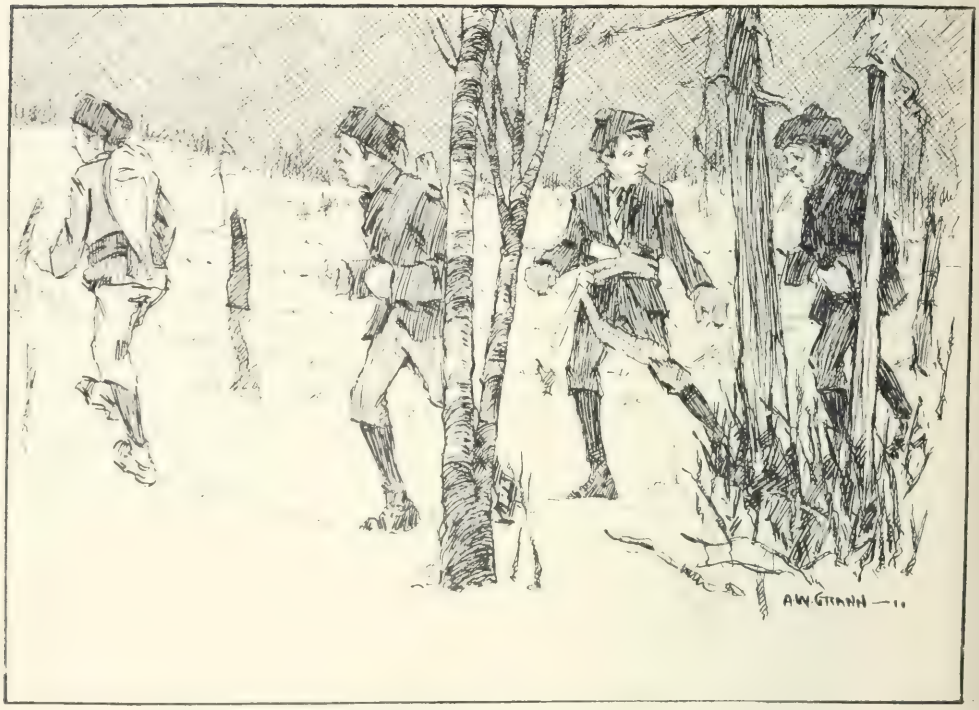
THE REBEL

BY W. B. HUME

(WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE)

DOWER'D with a heritage of brawn and brain,
A heart of fire, a pen of flame;
An eye to see beyond the form the man,
To tell the right, nor fail to note the sham;
A voice uplifted in the people's cause,
An Anglo-Saxon's heirdom; equal laws;
One man, one vote—free speech, free thought,
And all posts open, not bequeathed nor bought.

Such was Mackenzie. Wearied out, he fought
Still on—his country's weal his thought—
First in the forum, then at length the field;
Not ballots, bullets—tricked, perforce must yield—
And if he failed, his cause to triumph yet.
Shall we, his heirs, for whom he strove, forget?



"NEVER MIND THOSE FELLOWS BEHIND US," SAID HARRY. "ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TO MAKE THE RAILROAD TRACK FIRST"

Spinal Maginnis, Processional Runner

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

SPINAL MAGINNIS, whose baptismal name, Roderick Duncan, and clan name, MacPherson, had become obsolete at Galt School because of the superior fitness of his title acquired by gifted achievements in the abuse of the English language; Harry Freeman, known also as Caesar since he had established his unbroken and unchallenged record for regular daily punishment in the Caesar class; and Showinoff MacKenzie whose nickname needs no explanation, were on a half-holiday jaunt in late winter.

Thanks to Dr. Tassie's earnest, unflagging application of the tawse, they had finally come up through the second and the lower third to the upper third form, and had attained the dignity

of building their own wigwam unaided and unsupervised.

As they trotted in Indian file along the beaten path through the pine woods, their miniature lumbermen's axes stuck in their red sashes and their snowshoes clattering on their backs, the householder's sense of proprietorship warmed their hearts, and the world seemed very fair. There stood the wigwam, its tapering outline showing dim through the evergreens, built of lodge pole pine, so they said, and sheathed in a workmanly style with flexible cedar bark from the swamp nearby. The fire was lighted. How a whiff of pine smoke in the nostrils of an old Galt boy brings back memories of those glorious days when, nibbling wintergreen leaves picked at his own door, or toasting bread on a forked stick, he crouched low while the smoke slowly found its way to the simple hole made for it in the roof!

Spinal and Harry had resumed an argument which had been going on for some weeks as to the respective merits of their snowshoe ties. Spinal had adopted a complicated device which he claimed was the Caughnawaga Indian method, while Harry's was simplicity itself.

Showinoff had just arranged his buckskin thongs according to Harry's directions and agreed with him that it was the best way, which had caused Spinal to leave the wigwam in high dudgeon, muttering that his was the "aberrational" way, Harry calling after him that the definition of that word was "A wandering from the right way," when a dog barked. In a moment Spinal came back through the low doorway on all fours, whispering hoarsely and excitedly that the "Baikie apes are coming—a crowd of them; they didn't see me."

"This way," said Harry, carefully gathering up his snowshoes and axe, and opening the door of the woodshed. This was a small addition which had been built in the rear, with two neatly fitting doors.

The Baikie Apes had come along the footpath in single file, and they swarmed into the wigwam, where they were heard calling to those outside as the three in the woodshed were nervously tieing the last knots in their snowshoes. "Don't come in any more of you; there's no more room and the Tassie Apes are gone anyway. I don't see how they got out. I saw one going in. Here's a half bitten piece of toast and part of a loaf of bread, and an axe."

"Hand out the axe. Let's chop it down," those outside answered, and as a big fellow stepped out to the side to size up the best point of attack, Harry, Spinal and Showinoff were up and away over the deep snow, followed by blood curdling war cries and a floundering, ineffective pursuit.

The Baikies soon turned back and the Tassie Apes then taunted them with the hymn provided by tradition for such occasions:

> "Baikie ape, Baikie ape,
> How on earth did you escape?"

There were several opinions as to whether the reference was to the jail, the insane asylum, or the zoological gardens; but, whatever the meaning, it was always maddening in its effect.

Hurling back their time-honoured retort:

> "Tassie apes against the wall,
> A two-year-old can lick them all,"

the Baikies proceeded to wreak their vengeance on the wigwam, which was soon razed to the ground.

"And with my axe, too," mourned Spinal.

"Yes," said Harry; "that is the irony of fate."

"No; it is Warnock's best steel. I got it at the factory myself. And I should think," Spinal continued, "that the poor axe would feel terribly gangrened to be forced to perpetuate such vandalism. It is most exaggerating."

Harry and Showinoff had to lean against trees for support and Spinal was quite indignant that they should laugh at such a painful matter. But Harry soothed him by explaining that "gangrene" did really mean "mortification", which was Spinal's thought.

Meantime, their merriment had aroused the Baikies, who had done all the damage they could do to the wigwam, and, thinking that the laughter was at their expense, they raged and

shook their fists, while the Tassie apes expressed their contempt in the conventional deaf and dumb language used from time immemorial for that purpose. At last, goaded to fury, half-a-dozen of the biggest Baikies plunged after them, while the rest started running back by the trail.

"Never mind those fellows behind us," Harry said as they jogged easily along, "but we've got to make the railroad track where it crosses the stone road before the other crowd gets there."

Sure enough, if the Baikies made the crossing first, they would have the three in a trap on the railroad track, with the others coming up in the rear and a deep ditch on either side. The heading off party had a longer way around, but much quicker going on the beaten track. True, escape could be easily effected by turning back through the woods and reaching home by a circuitous route, but that would be a confession of weakness which would have been scorned by Porthos, Athos and Aramis, who were at that time their favorite heroes.

They gained the open fields without any damage to their snowshoes, and breathed a sigh of relief, for it had taken many an accident and many an hour's laborious splicing in younger days to teach them how to spring lightly over fallen trees and preserve the fragile supports through the uncertainties of woodland going, where the dangers were hidden by the snow.

The snow was deeper on the fields, but, with no hidden obstructions to hinder, the Baikies were making somewhat better progress, and a very game stern chase of it. Still, having no snowshoes, which they held in contempt together with all the works of the Tassie Apes, it looked as though no uneasiness need be felt on their account, and it was hard to see why they kept it up, unless, as Harry said, they expected to catch up when they gained the railroad. But, pshaw! that crossing simply must be made first, and then they might keep coming along in the rear all they want to.

There were two fences, the regulation rail fence of that country, and the boys went at the first one like old steeple chasers, each picking his place. Harry put his hands on the top rail and vaulted over lightly, coming down on his well-balanced snowshoes like a cat. Showinoff was not up to that, but had a clumsy way of lying across the fence and tumbling over, which he had learned how to do without a break-down. Spinal, who was accustomed to this way, must needs essay a vault and stumble, coming out of the mixup with one of his snowshoes dangling loose. With all his efforts, he could not insert his toe into the tangled thong.

"That's your aboriginal tie, Spinal; mine you can slip on again every time," Harry panted. "Untie them as quick as you can and wade on ahead while we straighten out these cat's cradles, and we'll watch the Baikies and catch up to you when we have your snowshoes ready."

The Baikies were stronger than Spinal and gained on him before his friends could disentangle the really ingenious complication of knots known as the Caughnawaga tie, which they fervently prayed they might never see again. By the time the thongs were straightened out, the Baikies had shortened the distance too much to allow safe time to get Spinal shod again. They were coming on in single file, taking short turns at leading, and so keeping a man always fresh for the heart-breaking work. Poor Spinal, who had it all to do alone, was almost played out.

"Lacrosse is the game," Harry cried, and, taking Spinal's snowshoe in both hands, he dug it through the crust, scooping up a mass of snow. Turning to the foremost Baikie, who was just reaching out to grab him, he gave him the shovel-full with all the swinging force of those overhand shots at goal which, later, gained Harry the position of first home on the school lacrosse team. Showinoff followed Harry's example as soon as he realized his plan, and by the time they had delivered a second avalanche each, the first three Baikies were tripped over one another and completely disabled with snow in their eyes, ears and mouths. Two

more shots, and the others had something to do to keep them busy for a minute or two. Then, running after Spinal for all they were worth, and each tieing on a shoe, they were all three off again before the discomfited enemy came up.

"Away! who overtakes us now will have thee for his pains," Harry sang out to Spinal.

The remaining fence was taken cleanly by all three. They gained the track, took off their snowshoes, and made for the stone road.

They reached the crossing just ahead of the main body of the Baikies who gave them a volley of snowballs and swept on in pursuit. A handsome sleigh was jingling and jangling along just ahead, and the boys, who were going faster, turned out to pass it. As they did so, Harry Freeman called to the fur-capped and gauntleted sports, "Hello, Miller! hello, Ryan!" It was indeed the great Baikie fighters of a former generation, though Harry, whose schooling had been a slow and laborious process, was the only one of the three who had been at Galt in their heroic days.

"Hello! youngster; giving the Baikie Apes a run for it, eh? Just drove over from Hamilton." And the demigod touched up his untiring steeds that he might keep up with the race. It never occurred to him that any Tassie boys could shun the chance of a fight with the Baikie Apes, even against such overwhelming odds, so he did not offer to rescue them in his sleigh—much to Showinoff's disgust.

By this time the sleigh had pulled ahead of pursued and pursuers and Ryan stood up to look back.

"Here!" he shouted, waving a bill in his hand; "I'll give five dollars to the winner—Tassie Ape or Baikie Ape. The Queen's Arms Hotel will be the finish."

The Baikies put on a great burst of speed, but the three kept their lead. Spinal's rangy frame seemed to be electrified with new motive power as he thought of how much grub a five dollar bill would buy. With second wind and a long, swinging moose-trot, he drew steadily away from the field and pulled up at the Queen's Arms abreast of the sleigh and a block ahead of the nearest runner. Harry and Showinoff were second and third, and the Baikies dispersed, as fighting in the town was not considered the correct thing.

Ryan said he had had his money's worth, and Spinal proceeded at once to get his. Cheese cakes and sausage rolls from Mrs. Knox's, taffy of all kinds, sugar sticks and bullseyes, lemon and sarsaparilla pop, canned lobster, salmon, oysters and sardines, red herrings and soda crackers from Mrs. Oates', taxed the strength and ingenuity of the three, but were safely smuggled up to the backroom and fitly celebrated Spinal's victory.

Determined not to be caught in a breakdown again, Spinal practiced vaulting and jumping on snowshoes diligently to the end of the season, and, under Harry Freeman's coaching showed a steady and marked improvement.

One morning, as the Caesar class was wrestling despairingly with a description of the building of a bridge and had about come to accept the theory advanced by Chummy Jones, after study the previous evening, that the astute commander had written his account purposely in unintelligible language in order to guard against the possibility of rivals imitating his achievment, the hall door opened and Dr. Tassie turned, with outstretched hand, to meet a tall, handsome, gray-moustached gentleman in an imposing fur coat.

"My guv'nor," Spinal whispered, assuming at once the rigid attitude of a soldier at attention.

"Roderick MacPherson, come here," Dr. Tassie called.

Mr. MacPherson had stopped off on his way to Winnipeg to take his son on the trip, and there was great excitement in the house when it became known that Spinal was to invite two companions to accompany him. Harry Freeman's and Showinoff's parents were telegraphed, and by night all three were snugly tucked in Pullman berths and speeding westward.

In the morning, the call, "breakfast

now ready in the dining car," struck a responsive chord in their breasts, and, after the Spartan fare of Mrs. Tassie's table, this first meal on the train was a wonder long to be remembered. The colored porter on the train, whom they christened "Gawge Wash'nt'n," proved a delight for a great part of the morning. Finally, they tired of asking questions and settled down to look out at the passing scenery and to read the books which their host had judiciously selected.

Nothing was too good for the boys. Arrived in Winnipeg, he insisted on rigging them out with white blanket suits, made to order on short notice at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, so that they might attend, in correct form, the meet of the Snowshoe Club, which came during the following week. "You can get the best possible idea there of the life of Winnipeg, which I don't believe can be matched as a man's town anywhere else in the world," he said.

It was noticeable on the streets that nine out of ten of the passersby were young men; "Simply a great big university," Mr. MacPherson described it.

The snowshoe meet was preceded by a tramp of several miles in the clear zero air. The club lined up in one long Indian file with a leader in front and a "whipper in" at the rear to care for stragglers.

The pace was made to suit the slowest, with a constant cry of "up-up" varied with rollicking choruses. Mr. MacPherson had no trouble keeping up. As for the boys, they ran here and there as much as was allowable without breaking ranks too much, took the fences in all possible ways, even to clearing the low ones in their stride where the snow had drifted, and became absolutely intoxicated with the ozone.

The tramp ended at Beauregard's hotel in the French town of St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, where, after the exhilarating exercise, a frugal spread tasted better than the elaborate meals of the hotel. Supper was followed by songs, boxing, and other athletic contests and dancing, and the boys saw, for the first time, the Red River jig, imitated from the pirouetting of the prairie fowl, danced by graceful young natives of the country, whose peculiar, erect carriage and high cheek bones betokened a dash of Indian blood.

Next day Mr. MacPherson devoted to business, and the boys had to amuse themselves. Spinal suggested another snowshoe tramp and led the way to the western outskirts of the city, where there was a clear stretch of prairie for several miles with low wooded hills in the distance.

"That," he said, pointing ahead, "is the steeplechase course, and I am going to enter. It comes off the end of this week."

His companions, while accustomed to any extent of reckless cheek on Spinal's part, looked at him with speechless amazement.

"I tell you, I am," insisted Spinal. "I was talking to some of the fellows about it last night and they told me that the runners always crawl under the fences. They are barbed wire and look bad, but you know how we have learned to take fences at Galt, and these are no worse than any other fences of the same height. I'm going to try this one."

It was about breast-high, and Spinal, who had profited by Harry's teaching and example, vaulted it, bringing his snowshoes over with a good outward swing so that he landed cleanly and without entanglement.

"The next one is worse because it isn't so high," he said. "I'll jump that if I can only get used to it so that I won't be afraid of the barbs. If I can, you'll see me gain several yards at every low fence, and that will help to make up for the other fellows being faster."

Spinal was pretty well grown and had any amount of endurance, and there began to appear to be something in his madness. Taking off his blanket coat, he threw it over the top wire of the low fence to mark the height, and found he could clear it. Then he repeated the trial with only a mitten placed on the wire, and then made the other two accompany him on a jog

trot over the four-mile course, which finally convinced them that he was in earnest.

In the afternoon, a pair of light racing snowshoes was selected at the sporting goods store, and Harry suggested reinforcing the buckskin thongs with a leather strap and buckle on each snowshoe and a leather loop on each moccasin to pass the strap through. This was done quickly by a cobbler, and removed all anxiety as to the shoes coming off in the race. Then, again at Harry's suggestion, small strips of sheet lead were tacked to the heels of the snowshoes to make them sail true going over fences.

Spinal ran over the course once a day for the next two days, and then rested up for a day before the race.

The crowd that had assembled was an inspiring sight when they drove up to the starting point on the race day in a sleigh, which Mr. MacPherson hired for the occasion.

"Our hearts were away down in our moccasins," as Showinoff afterwards told the story to the back room, dilating on his new experiences with great pride. "Every fellow goes about in moccasins all winter there, and you never get your feet wet, the snow is so dry. But you get *mal a raquette* at first. No, of course you don't know what that means, living in Ontario. It means the malady of the snowshoe, or snowshoer's cramp. You get it from the unaccustomed strain on the instep from going about on your toes, as you naturally must when you discard heeled boots. After you get over it your instep is tough and strong and you have a gait a good deal like a cat. Of course, the city phase of the complaint is very mild compared to the real thing which a tenderfoot would contract if he went on a serious trip such as the H. B. Co. men take." Showinoff disclosed that this was quoted verbatim from the conversation of a Winnipeg civil engineer whom they had met. "But Harry and I both had it pretty severely for city fellows. Spinal seemed too tough to catch it.

"Let's see, I was telling you about the gallery, wasn't I? That's what it was. A regular moving gallery or grand stand. The whole town was out on Portage Avenue, which runs parallel with the course. They were there in sleighs and cutters, and the entire equipment of the Winnipeg Street Railway Company had been switched on to that street, as all the cars were on runners and could go anywhere. And the field was the prettiest thing you ever saw.

"The runners were stripping to their jerseys as we came up, and the colors of the best clubs in Canada were there. Cold? No, it was rather a mild day, clear as crystal and not much wind. It's a dry cold out there, you know, and you don't notice it,—not like the lake country where you get that wet cold wind that goes through your jersey. The jolliest evening I ever put in, I think, was one night when we got out with a lot of the Snowshoe Club fellows skylarking—changing signs and that sort of thing. The thermometer was 'way down, but we were fairly intoxicated with the air—absolutely that—not a drop to drink. It makes you feel like licking your weight in wild-cats.

"But, what was I talking about when you switched me off about the weather? Oh, yes; the colors of the runners. Donald MacGregor, the last year's winner, wore the red and black stripes of the Montreal Football Club, and a fellow was there in the Hamilton yellow and black jersey. Then, there were the dark and light blue of the Toronto Argonauts, the red and blue of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, the green of the Montreal Shamrocks and an Englishman lined up with a Harlequin jersey. The jersey looked great, and he was a good cross-country runner too; but, of course, he wasn't born a snowshoer. And I thought I saw McGill and Toronto 'Varsity men.

"But there wasn't time to take it all in, for I had to take care of Spinal's things, which he was shedding like a boy going in swimming. He jumped out of the cutter the minute we drove up, had his racing shoes buckled on in half a minute, peeled off his blanket coat and jacket, and flinging them to me he jogged over to the line. He

had a Montreal Snowshoe Club tuque, blue and red, dark blue Britannia jersey with large white B on the breast, white knickers and blue and white stockings. You know, Spinal always said he was going to join the Britannia Club when he left school and he had to get their jersey to run in.

"Last of all Dick MacKay, the half-breed, came sauntering up and toed the line without bothering to take off his pea jacket. They said he wouldn't train—off dancing the Red River jig every night—but he certainly knew how to handle his shoes. For style he would have been my choice, for he stepped along as though he had been born on snowshoes.

"It was too good-looking a field to keep away from, so we found a small boy to hold the horses in exchange for a seat in the sleigh through the race, and pushed through the crowd to the starting point.

"As they went off, the half-breed's black coat shot out ahead of the variegated mass of color. I found myself running alongside the pack before I knew it, and heard Donald McGregor say very quietly, 'Never mind Dick, young fellow, he can't last.'

"But right ahead was the highest fence of all, breast high, and I could see Spinal's idea when he broke away for it with all the speed there was in him. He wanted to get clear for a vault. He reached the fence first, picking a place by a post, and, with left hand on the top of the post, buckskin-gloved right grasping the barbed wire, went a trifle down on his toes and sailed over, his snowshoes flying out with a well-balanced sweep. McGregor had sprinted too, and as Spinal came down like a cat and started off in the lead, he cried out 'Great Scott!' and went at the fence like a boy who can't refuse a dare. He could vault in the gymnasium with any of them, they said, but this was different. He came down clumsily having never tried it on snowshoes, and broke one of the slender racing shoes hopelessly.

"Wild with excitement at the thought that there might, after all, be a chance for Spinal to get a place, we all ran back to the sleigh and galloped the horses, part of the time in the ditches on either side of the road, until we were well up with the head of the procession.

"Spinal's 'tuque bleu' was still in the lead. He was jogging along easily, taking his fences in his stride and gaining a little at each fence. Then the moving crowd would give him a mighty cheer, for they had never seen the steeplechase run that way before, and it struck them as sportsmanly. The cheers seemed to lift him along at each fence and then the field would close up on him between fences. That's the way it was for the first two miles, several second-raters punishing themselves to keep up, and then Dick pushed easily up to second place, still crawling under his fences, but watching closely how Harry took them. Then the Argonaut and the Hamilton man had a hot one—not the first time for those colors either. They both outran Dick, and in their excitement went at one of the low fences together. The dark and light blue went over first, stumbled, and fell across the path of the yellow and black who tumbled all over him. The whole field raced past and they picked themselves up and seemed to have some run left in them after all. I suppose, with those colors, they must have finished out a private event of their own, though hopelessly distanced, but I lost track of them after that.

"Dick was jogging easily along, still crawling the fences, seeming to have made up his mind that jumping was a dangerous innovation. Spinal had disappeared in the coulee under the Canadian Pacific tracks. But when he came panting up the other bank and laboured along, loosening his belt as though he had a stitch in his side, Dick sprang into action. Peeling off his pea jacket as he ran, he gave it a mighty sling to one side and pulled himself together for the run of his life. He came out of the coulee fresher than Spinal and gained, field after field, more than he lost at the fences. Spinal had tightened up

his belt again and was going for all he was worth, but he didn't look as though he could keep it up.

"Only two fields more to go and he still had the lead, but Dick was gaining fast. Now he was right at Spinal's heels. One more fence, and Spinal, with a last final effort, cleared it, gaining several yards while Dick was getting through. Then came the mightiest cheer of all, and it lifted Spinal up and fairly blew him along until he found himself, he never knew how, stumbling through the doorway of Deer Lodge, barely six feet ahead of Dick. The terrific finish had left the rest of the field fairly distanced."

"THAT'S YOUR ABORIGINAL TIE, SPINAL," PANTED HARRY. "UNTIE THEM AND WADE ON AHEAD WHILE WE STRAIGHTEN OUT THESE CAT'S CRADLES."

As they sat around a blazing log fire at Deer Lodge, happy in the consciousness of a good dinner, well eaten, Garry DeCourcey, honorary secretary of the Snowshoe Club, brought in the silver steeplechase cup and said to Spinal, "Please write your name in full on this card so that we may have it put on the cup. Then, if you can come up here and win it a second time, it will be yours to keep."

Spinal had struck up a warm friendship with Dick Mackay. Son of a Hudson's Bay Co. chief factor. Dick had ranged the whole western country by canoe, by dog train or on horseback, and had even, as a boy, taken part in buffalo hunts. The "de'il ma' caur" of his Gaelic-Indian blend appealed irresistably to Spinal. So, when he noted Dick's name on the cup as it was passed around, he was inspired with a sudden resolution.

He whispered to Harry and added, "Do what I say or I'll lick you."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, thank you!" he answered DeCourcey with evident dismay.

"Why not?"

"It's a question of illegibility."

"Pshaw! I'll write it if you tell me."

"No, that's not what I mean. I mean that I'm not illegible to run. I'm a processional runner."

"Oh, I say, old chap," the stalwart Englishman in the Harlequin football jersey chipped in; "isn't that rather rough? If it was a good deal of a procession, you shouldn't rub it in, you know."

"I didn't mean that at all," poor Spinal protested, almost in tears. "I meant that I ran for money once and am a processional. It was virtuously a snowshoe race, too, I can prove it by these fellows."

Harry had to explain that Spinal meant "virtually"—not that there was any special merit in taking the money, but the reverse.

"Only a schoolboy prank," was DeCourcey's decision when he heard the story, but Spinal insisted that if he was old enough to enter the steeplechase, he was old enough to be a "processional."

The two Galt boys corroborated the details, and Dick Mackay, who had won two years before, got the cup to keep, much to Spinal's satisfaction.

Spinal's action was so popular that the members of the Snowshoe Club "bounced" him—a ceremony somewhat similar to tossing in a blanket, which is a mark of great favor.

All the ancient pride of the Clan MacPherson shone out as Colonel MacPherson of the Fifth Royal Scots of Montreal patted his son on the back and said, "My boy, I am better pleased with your generous action than I would be to have you win fifty cups."

Some time after his return to Galt, Spinal received a note from DeCourcey stating that the St. George Snowshoe Club of Winnipeg, having elected him a life member, had considered it incumbent on them to take up the question of his amateur standing and had succeeded in securing his reinstatement by the Amateur Athletic Union.

"No more processional running for you, old boy," said Harry Freeman, who was training hard to give Spinal the race of his life in the spring hare and hounds chase.

SUNSET AT HYÈRES

BY T. D. J. FARMER

Where Alpine foothills meet the sapphire blue
Of that Algerian tempered classic sea,
Whose triremes once made Roman history,
Where violets mirror deep their wondrous hue
In the cerulean arch above and strew
Over whole fields their perfumed purity,
And wall and edge form one rosary
Of bloom perennial, ever fresh and new,
High up one evening 'mid a crimson calm
I stood and viewed below a scene as fair
Of flower and sea and olive grove and palm
As dreams are made of, while upon the air
From Costebelle's grey tower her vesper psalm
Breathed its soft benediction over Hyeres.

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE SURVEY PARTY ANGLING ALONG A RIDGE

Lining Up The Fence

By Aubrey Fullerton

Illustrated with Photographs

THE United States and Canada, neighbors for more than three thousand miles in a continent-wide stretch, have never been quite sure about their dividing lines; or, in western terms, Uncle Sam and Johnny Canuck have never known just where the fence should run between their farms. They know where their main line fence is, and they have marked out an international boundary even through the Great Lakes; but away up in the corner, where Alaska and Yukon territories lie side by side, there is still uncertainty. Theoretically, of course, it has been settled. They talked it all over some years ago and in 1903 came to final terms, duly signed and sealed. But what the legalists settled on paper the surveyors have not yet succeeded in settling on a practical, scientific basis; and so

no one knows where this part of the United States—Canada fence line really is. It is in the marking-out process now.

Since both governments were parties to the boundary treaty and are both concerned in the carrying out of its provisions, they have together undertaken the work of finding the line. For six years now Canada and the United States have sent engineering experts to their far-north corner, with orders to survey every foot of the boundary from Portland Canal to the Arctic Ocean. It's a big job. From where Alaska begins, at Portland Canal, to Mount St. Elias, the boundary has now been located and, with all its windings, is on official record. This part of the line, delimiting a strip of coast country about thirty miles wide, was determined by a number of conspicuous peaks, and thus, as the map shows, it is incurably crooked. But north of Mount St. Elias, so the treaty says, the boundary follows the 141st meridian, straight to the Arctic. The finding of that straight line is a harder piece of work than the adjusting of the crooked lines further south, and it is the as yet unknown part of the international boundary. When it is finally and fully determined the two big North American neighbors will know for sure where their respective farms begin and end.

There is still another four years' work, or more. From three to six parties are in the field each summer, and, that the idea of international comity may be duly observed, American and Canadian parties work in conjunction and usually exchange attaches. The parties vary in size: sometimes as few as eight or ten men, and in the more difficult places as many as thirty or forty men. Their composition is determined chiefly at Washington and Ottawa, the respective Departments sending as leaders men who are known to be skilled in the topographical arts. Occasionally a college man is included, as for instance, Professor O. M. Leland of Cornell University, who headed one of the parties a year or two ago. The rank and file of the men—the handy-men of the camp—are picked up at Seattle and Vancouver. From these coast ports the boundary hunters set out in May of each year, with big outfits, and at some time during that or the next month they begin their actual season's work in the mountain wilderness of the North. In late September or October they pull out again. As the work advances northward the season is, of necessity, still further shortened, more time being required for getting in and out. Always, even in the most southern district, the transportation of supplies is a serious problem. When working east of Fort Wrangel the surveyors were two months in getting to the scene of operations, only fifty miles from the coast. It is now proposed, however, to overcome the difficulty by wintering one or two parties in the far North, who will thus be able to work late into the autumn and begin again early in the spring. As the work this year and next will be within the Arctic Circle, north of Porcupine River, the wisdom of such a plan is apparent.

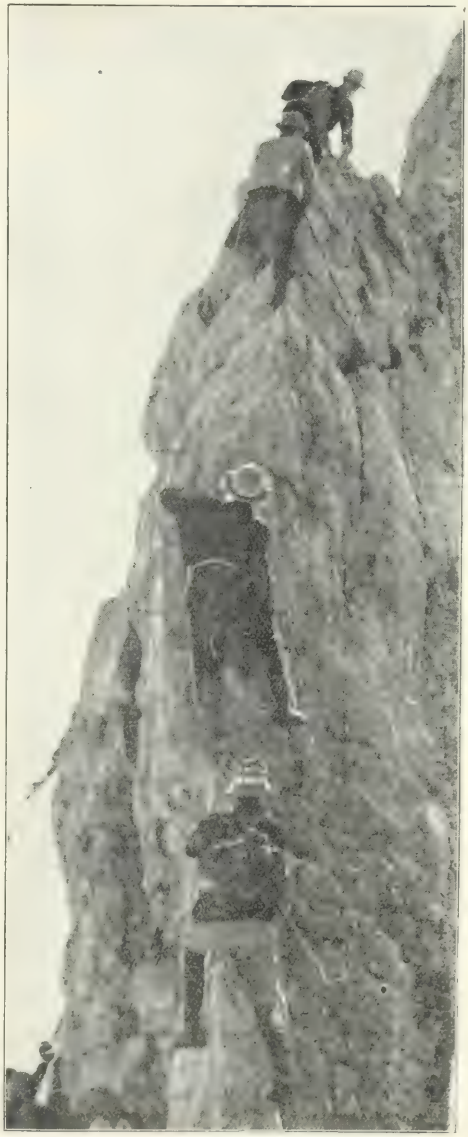
The cost of all this work, covering ten years or more by the time it is completed, is being shared by the two Governments. Congress made an appropriation of $100,000 for the work of 1910, and the Secretary of State asked for twice that amount last season.

From Mount St. Elias to the coast of the Arctic is, by the beeline route of the 141st, about six hundred miles. One half of this distance has been surveyed, though with some sections not yet completed. If fortune is favorable, an average party will establish fifty or sixty miles in a season, but this is altogether dependent upon the character of the country, which, if particularly rough, will make half or one-third of that number of miles a good four months' work. Very much depends, too, upon the weather. They have as great climatic variety in the far North as elsewhere, and the elements are sometimes very tricky. During the season of 1910 the boundary men worked almost daily in a more or less heavy downfall of rain, and naturally it was neither speedy nor com-

fortable. Moreover, as everyone knows, the northern mountain country is subject to violent storms of various other kinds, and fine weather, in high altitudes, cannot be depended upon for long at a time. Fortunately, some of the other inconveniences of the wilderness are absent: the high altitude, for instance, puts the boundary hunters out of reach by flies and mosquitoes, which are the bane of the ordinary surveyors and woodsmen.

The actual work of boundary survey is a combination of mathematics and physical exercise. A clear head and an active body are prime essentials—to say nothing of a good temper. There is always enough to do. To locate the line, which is the scientific side, and having located it, to mark it, is the double task. The calculations are made by the heliotrope method, and the latitude, longitude, and altitude of all permanent points along the line are ascertained by a careful system of triangular cone. As the sides of the triangles are often several miles long, large signals must be used. They are built in pyramid-shaped frames about twelve feet high; a pole is run through the apex of the pyramid, and on this pole are tacked signal flags of white and black cloth. The upper part of the frame is also covered with alternate bands of white and black, which are easily discernible through the telescopes of the instruments. The surveys, of course, must be absolutely exact, and all the observations are carefully checked. An elaborate system of notes and maps, covering the adjacent country for two miles on either side, is also in vogue.

Following close upon the surveyors come the markers. The line is marked in three ways—by monuments, by cutting out the vista, and by ascertaining the exact position of turning points or angles. The monuments are placed along the line at all conspicuous points, such as the banks of rivers, the crossing of trails, and the summits of ridges or mountain spurs that happen to be on the line. They are of aluminum bronze, in two sizes. The large ones are five feet high, tapering to the top, and weighing about



IT IS GOOD EXERCISE FOR THE NERVES AND MUSCLES, BUT IT PALLS ON ONE

275 pounds. They are placed at the more important points, and at the minor or harder-to-get-at points the smaller ones are used. These are more portable, weighing about fifty pounds; they are of the same material, but are hollow cones three feet high. Both the large and small monuments are set into beds of concrete or in holes drilled in the solid rock—once set they are meant to stay.

Cutting out the vista is the axeman's

part of the work. Wherever the line passes through timber a twenty-foot skyline is cut, ten feet on each side, making it literally an international right-of-way through the woods. It is the blazed trail of the Alaska-Yukon border.

In a general way this is what boundary finding and marking involves. But there are many incidentals. For instance, there is the passage of rivers, the crossing of swamps, the climbing of mountains, and the getting over or around of risky glaciers. If the other is the scientific, this is the adventurous side of the work. Mountain peaks are legion, and many of them are eight and ten thousand feet high, snow-capped and ugly. Hill climbing is becoming a popular diversion in other parts of the coast ranges, but here it is stern toil, born of necessity, not pleasure. Scaling the glaciers is worse. All the perils that we read about in the Alpine travel books are before the boundary hunters every day. They rope themselves together, for safety's sake, and with great care to their steps climb up and over mountain walls, ice fields, and perpetual snowbanks, lugging their instruments and supplies with them. It is good exercise for nerves and muscles, but it palls. The whole region is one of mighty solitude, where nature is at its hardest and roughest. Were it not for the urgency of having our international fence-line fully determined it would be a waste of energy to climb so much in so tough a country and in places where man's footsteps have never been before.

A part of the 141st line is, in fact, impassable. Eighty miles north of Mount St. Elias is a stretch of about thirty miles that is absolutely the limit, and beyond, of human feet. It is a region of impenetrable wildness, where high peaks are tumbled about in every direction, capped with wicked glaciers. The boundary men soon found that it was beyond their reach, and they are leaving it for the meantime, till they have finished the rest. But it is not at all likely that they will acknowledge themselves permanently beaten. They will make it their north pole and, sooner or later, will find ways and means of getting into and through it; indeed, they are already proposing to try the airship method, believing that in a few years' time the secret of aerial travelling will be sufficiently mastered to make such an attempt practicable.

Considering the difficulties of the work, there have been few serious accidents. Early last season, while his party were climbing a snow-capped peak, one of the Canadian surveyors was caught by a breaking ledge of ice and snow and thrown to his death over a thousand-foot precipice. Good nerve, careful stepping, and a kind Providence, however, bring the boundary hunters through most of their experiences no worse than tired and torn, though very often on narrow margins. In 1906 a party of United States surveyors escaped destruction by only a few feet. On their way up the Alsek River they one day stopped for lunch at the base of a cliff that forms one side of a long canyon. They did not know until afterward that rocks are constantly falling from this cliff, which is 1,500 feet high. While they were eating, a huge boulder came down straight over their heads and hit one of their canoes, smashing it into fragments. Lunch was called off.

The swift-flowing rivers of the North have also been responsible for many uncomfortable experiences.. A summer thaw up in the hills frequently swells these streams to dangerous proportions. One of the parties in camp a few years ago on a tributary of the Taku River were compelled to hurriedly move to a higher location because in eight hours the river rose twenty-two feet.

Three men went out in a canoe to a bar in the Alsek River to take photographs for a map of the surrounding mountains. They beached their canoe; the river rose a few hours later and carried it away; and the three survey men were stranded, thirty miles from camp, not a human being nearer, and without shelter, food, or clothing. On the second day they made a small driftwood raft, and the lightest man of the three set out on it in hopes of reaching shore. For-

tunately the current carried him the the way he wanted to go, and after wading for the last fifty feet in ice-cold water he landed safely. At the site of an old camp, where they had stopped some days before, he found a piece of bacon rind and some coffee grounds. With such strength as this poor nourishment gave him he wearily tramped thirty miles to camp, climbing several mountains and glaciers on the way. When his comrades were finally rescued they had been on the bar for three days and nights.

There are live perils, too, in the form of bears and wolves. The latter were very troublesome to one of the parties last season and delayed their work considerably. Three years ago one of the Canadian men shot and wounded a grizzly bear away up on a mountain side. The grizzly got mad about it and made chase, and the surveyor took to safety by sliding down a glacier, with the bear after him. Ever since he has been known as "Grizzly" Bates.

So it would seem that there is as much adventure and excitement, to say nothing of physical danger, in this search for a boundary line as in the usual Arctic exploration. It is fairly safe to say that it is the hardest piece of fence making that the world has ever seen.

For the next year or two the survey will run through open rolling country north of the Porcupine River. Then as the Arctic is approached majestic mountains rise again, and no one knows yet just how hard the last stretch of this international boundary hunt is going to be.

THE FLAME TO THE MOTH

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

THIS is mine anguish—long I lured men's souls
Into abysmal torments of mine eyes.
They saw my falseness clear of all disguise,
And yet sped to me over living coals.

And now—oh, grief!—to winged things of the air,
I shine a baleful earth-star. In my light
That draws them to me through the sultry night
They die, with the long hours, in my despair.

Oh silvery sheen'd flutterer! Till the breath
Of one most merciful my penance ends
Your nightly struggle all my being rends;
Yet must I beckon—I, who am Soul's Death!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier. After a long and arduous flight, she reaches Scouto, and finds Zeuxis, who is completely crushed at the sight of her. She demands his return, and he hesitates.

CHAPTER X.—Continued

"Suppose I promised you an amnesty," I hazarded. "If I tell you that you will not be molested—would you be willing to return to Paris with me and to give evidence which will save the Chevalier d'Yves from a shameful conviction?"

He peered at me as if not understanding, or suspecting treachery.

"Will you come back with me tomorrow in the aeroplane?" I continued.

Zeuxis uttered a scream.

"The aeroplane?" he cried. "Never! I should die of terror. I would go, perhaps, in a ship—if I were offered money enough," he said, watching me greedily.

I had been noticing that his eyes continually strayed toward a small chest which rested in a far corner of the room. It was evidently no part of the original furnishings, being comparatively new, while those were black with age; and from the manner in which the Greek's glance had repeatedly fallen on it I formed a conclusion.

"Zeuxis," I said briskly, "go over to that chest and bring me my bonds.

He started and leaped suddenly upon his feet.

"Mademoiselle, I have not your bonds," he stammered. "There is nothing there but carpenter's tools. I swear to you——"

I rose and strode over to the chest. The lid was locked.

"Come, open it," I said.

"Mademoiselle, I swear to you, by St. Christopher——"

"Then," I replied, "God pity you, for within four and twenty hours a French warship will be en route to Scouto."

"No, I will open it," he cried, in panic at my words. "But you will see that there is nothing there——"

He was fumbling in his pocket for the key. At my insistence he crossed the room, fitted the key and turned the tongue of the lock willingly. I looked inside. There was nothing there but carpenters' tools.

I took out an adze, a saw, and a hammer—a curiously fashioned hammer, for the haft was much too large for the head, and had evidently been fitted recently. I tapped it hard upon the floor and it flew off across the room, exposing a hollow space that ran clear through to the point of the handle. Inside were some papers, tightly rolled. I drew them forth with difficulty and glanced at them.

For the first time I held my cherished bonds, the cause of so many tribulations

Meanwhile Zeuxis had stood watching me with an expression of the utmost discomfiture. As I drew forth the papers he fell upon his knees and clasped my hands.

"Yes, they are yours," he pleaded. "Take them! Take them as the price of my liberty, Mademoiselle, and leave me. I have been harassed and persecuted for the sake of them; and what am I now? Once I roamed the boulevards a free man, rattling the money in my pockets—now I am a wretched fugitive, hunted like a fox, and all because I was overpersuaded by an unscrupulous rascal. Take them as the price of my liberty and go. Go, go, go, go!"

He repeated the word in a crescendo of wrath and fear. I drew back and looked down at him steadily.

"The price of your liberty is your evidence in Paris," I answered, and I saw his face turn green by the candle light.

Suddenly a compelling instinct made me turn my head. Behind me was the woman; she had emerged silently from the inner room and now stood over me, in the attitude of an avenging fury, as though about to strike. I sprang on her and twisted the arm that she concealed behind her back. A small knife, keen as a razor, clattered to the floor.

As I confronted her she broke into a torrent of furious words, incomprehensible to me, with frantic gesticulations.

At that moment there came a loud knocking at the street door, and without waiting for admittance a man, attired in the cassock of a priest, entered unceremoniously and advanced toward us. His keen eyes seemed to take in everything. Calm, benignant and authoritative, he advanced toward us, a dominating presence, and raised his hand solemnly. Zeuxis and the woman fell upon their knees. For awhile he spoke with them in Italian, in words which I could not follow. A few sharp, expostulating phrases broke from the woman's lips. Presently she began weeping noisily.

Then the priest turned to me and addressed me in bad French which came from his lips haltingly.

"My daughter," he began, "you have heard it said that 'the wages of sin is death'. Your husband has sinned against you grievously, and, had he died, he would assuredly have suffered that death of the soul which is the penalty for all who are cut off from the ministrations of the Church. But now, since he repents, I bid you take him back and pardon him."

My husband! Zeuxis? I was too astounded to utter a word. The priest resumed:

"Those ignorant peasants think you are an immortal. But I am a scientist and I know that you have flown from France in one of the new air-ships to win back the vagrant love of the man with whom you plighted your troth. Marriage is a sacrament, my daughter; it cannot be dissolved this side of the

grave. Mademoiselle Torlando has consented to relinquish him to you. Forgive him; he will return to France with you. Or, if he refuse——"

He spoke in Italian again and seemed to thunder forth some terrible anathema. The woman bowed her head and wept wildly.

I understood then. The good priest, knowing that Zeuxis had abandoned his lawful wife in France, imagined that I was she, and that the purport of my visit had been to win back the rascal's love.

Indignation overpowered me; then the humor of the situation came to my aid and saved me.

"You agree to accompany me?" I asked the Greek.

"Yes, yes," he muttered hastily. "But not in the aeroplane."

"And that will not be necessary," the priest replied, "for a yacht has just arrived in the harbor from Marseilles, and doubtless passage can be procured on it. I will recommend you," he added confidently.

As he turned to comfort the weeping woman I whispered to Zeuxis hastily:

"You will come, then? Remember, the Government guarantees you an amnesty, provided you give evidence. But you must tell all."

Zeuxis clenched his fists. "Aye, I will come," he muttered back. "And then—I shall seek out my enemy and with my knife—" He stopped to gather his thoughts. "On the yacht—yes, but not in the aeroplane," he concluded.

A roar of voices, rising and falling on the wind, interrupted his soliloquy. We started and looked through the open door. The cries grew louder, and suddenly a mob of men came running along the narrow street, gesticulating and cursing. They swerved toward us with a single motion, as a school of fish that veer in deep water, and, forcing the priest, who sought to bar the path, aside, burst into the cottage and surrounded us. And at their head was—Leopold Magniff !

Yes, that arch-traitor, to frustrate whose machinations I had made my perilous passage in the aeroplane—and here in Corsica ! Doubtless he had arrived in the yacht which, as the priest had told me, lay in the harbor. He must have learned of my movements from the newspapers and, shrewdly surmising the object of my journey, had chartered a vessel at Marseilles and sailed to forestall me.

But this conclusion was the result of subsequent cogitations; for at the moment seeing him there, I was overcome with horror and dread. At the very moment of victory he had circumvented me, raised the peasants against me, cutting off all chance of rescue. They thrust their faces in mine, baying me like a pack of hungry wolves.

"Ah, Madame, do not look round and think of your aeroplane," said Leopold mockingly. "It is destroyed; it lies, a heap of broken metal and wood, in the center of our market place." He turned to the priest. "I demand possession of my lawful wife," he cried, and flung a forged marriage certificate upon the broken table.

The good father glanced at it and, involuntarily, shrank back from me. He looked at me with trembling lips.

"It is false!" I shouted defiantly.

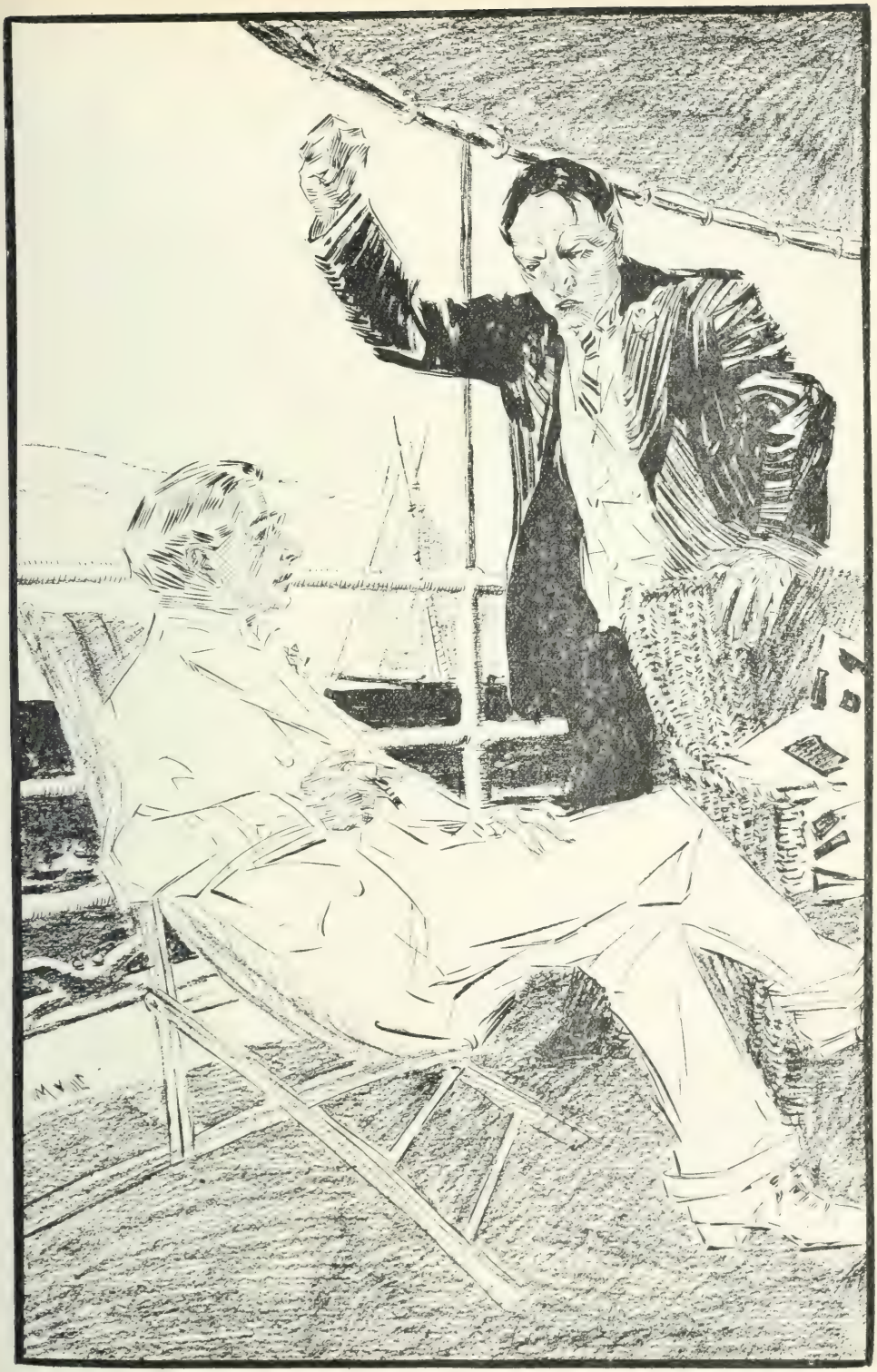
The priest made as if to speak; then, abandoning the effort, which proved beyond his power, turned away, muttering to himself and wringing his hands. I must, indeed, have appeared very much married to his eyes. What an abandoned monster of wickedness I seemed to the good man!

I understood now the frenzy of these good peasants against me. The runaway wife is not an object of sympathy in rural districts.

Leopold came to me with a sneer, pushing aside the men who stood in his way.

"Madame," he said, mockingly, "come! Our yacht lies in the harbor."

I looked round in desperation to see if aid would come from any quarter. I looked at the priest, but he was making his way sorrowfully toward the door. Zeuxis, cowed by this sudden appearance of his erstwhile confederate, had sunk to the floor and stared at him with a mixture of hate and terror. And all round me the peasants glared at me, waiting upon Leopold's word to tear me limb from limb, if he so ordered.



I HEARD THE VOICE OF LEOPOLD, COOL, CALM, PENETRATING, AND THEN THE VOICE OF THE GREEK AS HE RAGED ABOVE HIM

"Will you come quietly, Madame Magniff?" continued the fellow, "or shall these citizens carry you to our yacht?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and, since there was nothing else to be done, moved at his side toward the door. Only, as I did so, with a swift movement which escaped his notice, I thrust the rolled up bonds into the bosom of my gown. I do not think, to do the man some justice, that he thought of them then. I alone held the stage, and the triumph of possession had driven all lesser thoughts away.

He stepped down the long street beside me, the peasants keeping guard around. In the market place, as we passed on our way to the wharf, I saw the fragments of the aeroplane, and for the first time moisture dimmed my eyes. So ended all my hopes of saving Charles. Leopold had played his cards better than I and had conquered. Now there was nothing to do but——

At any rate, if the worst came, I would choose death rather than life with him. That was a comforting thought. I had been betrothed to Charles; nothing could remove that fact nor anyone usurp his place.

A tiny yacht, which was under steam, was moored to a little pier in the harbor. At the pier end my guard left me and we were received by three figures, ruffianly seafarers attired in picturesque tatters, evidently a bodyguard of my abductor, who watched me with impassive faces. I scanned them quickly. I read no hope in them. Had they been Frenchmen I would have thrown myself upon their mercy even then—but they were ugly-looking Levantines, the scum of the Mediterranean ports, and obviously beyond scruple. Whether my story were true or false mattered nothing to them; they had their pay; that was their end; no chivalry perplexed their souls.

They closed closely around me and indicated that I should descend to a small cabin amidships. The hold looked dark and uninviting; my heart pounded as terror swept over me, and I hesitated upon the topmost step. My abductor indicated the way.

"Have no fear, Mademoiselle," he said suavely. "These men obey my slightest word. Descend!"

I followed him in silence down the stairway and into the cabin. Then I breathed more freely again, for I could see the tumbling waters through the port-holes, and the room, lighted by electricity, was well-furnished and comfortable, while the ruffians halted at the door. Clearly I need apprehend no physical injury.

"Be seated, Mademoiselle," said Magniff, indicating a chair.

I made no answer but stood by the table facing him. He shrugged his shoulders and, sitting down in an armchair, lighted a gold-tipped cigarette.

"Those scoundrels speak no French," he said, indicating our impassive spectators. "But they are absolutely at my beck and call. All hope of safety by appealing to them, therefore, is merely foolish."

I drummed my fingers upon the table idly. Up on deck I heard a creaking, groaning sound.

"The windlass," said Leopold, following my thoughts. "They are hauling in the cable. To-night we anchor half a mile out at sea; therefore all hope of rescue from the shore is actually a chimera."

"Well," I said, breaking silence for the first time, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you alone, dear Anne," said Leopold, smirking odiously. "When the news of your gallant flight from Paris reached me it only increased the ardor of my love for you. You see, your cause is absolutely hopeless. Consent to marry me and I shall forgive everything."

"You—forgive!" I answered contemptuously.

I saw him wince through the cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Yes, my dear Anne," he repeated, "I shall forgive you even for the taunts you uttered to me at Clichy, for I know that, once you have transferred your allegiance to me, you will honor me as much as the traitor Charles, who, by the way, will be convicted on Monday morning, if he is not first lynched by an indignant populace. Marry me, Anne, and we will spend our honey-

moon abroad, cruising the deep together. Nothing can save your lover. Dismiss all thoughts of him. You will be kept a prisoner in this cage until you consent to be my wife."

Leopold rose from his chair and came toward me, greatly agitated.

"O, Anne," he cried, catching at my hands, which I withdrew from the contamination of his touch, "why will you not be reasonable? Has the Chevalier been as loyal to you as I, loved you as faithfully? I loved you from that moment when first I saw you on board the ship in New York harbor. All that I have done has been for you. Forget him, Anne, and be my wife. I will be true to you forever. If it is money," he added, ending his impassioned plea, "I have become reconciled with my father. I shall be his sole heir. We shall have millions; each wish of yours shall be gratified. You—you——"

"Let me answer you once and for all time," I replied, in tones scarcely audible, so intense was my agitation. "I would rather die a thousand deaths by torture than bear the contamination of your presence. I loathe you as I might loathe a venomous snake. You are the incarnation of all evil. You talk of love," I cried hysterically—"why, you do not know even love's alphabet. Love is noble; it begets sacrifice and selfforgetfulness and innoence. You can love no more than a toad can know beauty. These are my last words to you, whatever tyrannies and treacheries you may devise."

He staggered backward, and I felt, spite of all, a momentary pang of pity at the extremity of his anguish. For in some strange, warped way, this man did love me, I knew. I had always felt that he did, and it had never wholly closed my heart against compassion for him.

In a moment Leopold had recovered his self-possession. He uttered a few curt words to the guards in some Mediterranean dialect. They advanced and indicated by signs that I should follow them. I was conducted into a little cabin in the fore part of the ship, the door was locked on me and I was alone.

As I stood there in my desolation I felt the vessel begin to move through the water. Leopold was fulfilling his threat. We cast our anchor half a mile at sea. Through the port-hole I saw sunset faintly mirrored in the dark waves like a pale reflection of the cold misery in my own breast.

CHAPTER XI

THE ULTIMATE APPEAL

In which I snatch success out of the jaws of failure.

We lay at anchor half a mile outside the bay. All was silent aboard the yacht, save the monotonous tramp of the guard on deck above my cabin. My watch marked six o'clock in the afternoon and this was Wednesday. Five days remained—only five days of grace, and on the Monday Charles would stand condemned, while I was powerless to save him. I pictured him in his dungeon in the Paris fortress, ignorant of my whereabouts; I wept to think that my desperate flight to Corsica to procure the only witness who could deliver him had ended in my ignominious capture. Yet unless deliverance came from some unguessed-at quarter, hope must be abandoned.

I dared not go to bed but paced my tiny cabin in feverish despair. Outside, through the closed porthole, the sea tumbled in rising waves, and the yacht rocked and pitched as she strained at her anchor. So heart-weary was I, so hopeless, that my fatigue induced a period of merciful unconsciousness into which I glided by imperceptible degrees, to be tortured by nightmares. Now I was in Paris again, watching the condemnation of Charles. One by one the military judges arose and announced their verdict—guilty. I saw him led forth to the parade ground, to be stripped of his uniform, to have his buttons and epaulets torn from him and his sword broken, while outside the barriers a mob howled for his death. The intensity of my despair awoke me.

What was that low tapping upon the pane of the porthole?

I was upon my feet now, fully awake, staring with incredulity through the

dull, rounded glass, at a small boat that rocked perilously beside the yacht. I listened; the tramp on deck had ceased. The sentinel was gone, or sleeping upon watch. The tapping came again, and, looking out, I perceived the Greek Zeuxis, with a companion, seated in the little boat.

I strained at the porthole fastenings with all my strength. The rusty catch slid back and admitted the fresh night air. The head of Zeuxis was upon a level with my own.

Then I knew that his words had not been vain; he had come to settle his score with my captor, Magniff. There was no need of words; we both understood. I opened the porthole to its fullest extent. It was just wide enough to admit of the Greek's passage.

He stood up in the rocking boat, clung to the exterior of the orifice with both his hands, and then, heedless of the swaying of the boat, which rose and fell beneath him, raised himself and thrust his head and shoulders within. He caught at my too willing hands; a moment later and he had wriggled through and stood up on the floor of my cabin. He looked back, nodded, and the boat pulled slowly away. He had cut off his retreat, the single avenue of flight.

In his teeth was the sharp knife that I had seen him flourish in the cottage. I knew the mad determination which inspired him, the hate which had transformed the cringing coward into a hero. I knew the deadly purpose for whose accomplishment he had armed himself with that razor-keen blade. But now, with Charles's liberty at stake, and hope clutching me by the throat, what was the life of Leopold Magniff to me? Should I not in duty let loose this assassin upon the man who had shown me no quarter?

While I was struggling thus between two motives Zeuxis, still without a word, had crept like a cat to the locked door of the cabin. He wrenched at it; then, with a smile at the pitiful weakness of that defense which had seemed insuperable to me, he inserted the thin blade of the knife into the lock and forced back the tongue. A moment later and he had disappeared from sight, leaving me tremulous with alternating terror and hope. I heard his footsteps die away upon the carpeted floor without. I heard Leopold's voice, cool, calm, penetrating, and the voice of the Greek as he raged above him, pouring forth a torrent of accusations, threats, and objurgations. Then came a rush of quick footsteps, the crash of a falling deck-chair, and I pressed my fingers tightly to my ears.

Yes, but I could not shut out that awful cry that followed. I heard racing below, shouting and struggling, the slamming of doors. Oaths, maledictions, blows came to my ears faintly as I cowered there; the sound of falling bodies—and then a more intense and still more awful silence. I dared not stir.

That silence, that complete absence of sound, was far more terrible to me than had been the sounds and the shouting. Nothing occurred. There was no murmur in the air. I took my fingers from my ears, and, sitting up, waited. At last, hours later, it seemed to me, I heard the slow, uncertain tread of heavy footsteps without. A finger appeared round the door, groping uncertainly; a hand followed it, an arm—and Leopold Magniff entered and stood before me, his face convulsed with pain, yet wearing the semblance of a ghastly smile.

Blood dripped from his arms and breast, and there was a deep slash across his face and throat. He stood there, holding for support against the lintel, and, regarding me silently, he continued smiling. When at last he spoke his voice seemed hollow as a spectre's.

"See what you have brought me to, Anne," was all he said.

I came to my senses then. I rose to staunch the blood, to bind his wounds; but he waved me aside, and then, as though his sight failed him, he groped uncertainly for me and found my arms.

"Take me back to my cabin, Anne," he whispered. "I think I'm going to die."

Summoning all my fortitude I placed my arm round him. His grasp upon my shoulder made me wince. Slowly,

with staggering steps, I led him along the passage way toward his room, outside which a group of sailors clustered, terror-stricken, staring foolishly at one another and at us. One had a long cut across his hand; another a blood-stained head-bandage. And on the stairs that led up to the deck dead men were lying, hideously hacked and maimed. I looked into the face of the one nearest me. In those livid and twisted features I recognized all that had been mortal of the Greek Zeuxis.

Leopold waved back the men as they approached, and we entered his cabin. Inside, the table was overturned; pillows and blankets strewed the floor, and there were all the signs of a desperate battle. I placed Leopold upon the couch and sought to cleanse his wounds. But he declined all my efforts and beckoning to me to kneel at his side, spoke in low whispers.

"It's no use—I'm dying, Anne," he murmured. "I only want your forgiveness. Don't let me go down to hell without your pardon, Anne. My love for you was the one not wholly selfish act of my life. You knew that, Anne?"

I nodded, seeing him through a mist of blinding tears. When he began to speak I understood how my words of the evening had wounded him. I think that in my horror and hatred for the man I had overlooked the human qualities that lay buried, deep, but existent, in his heart.

"I am dying, Anne," he whispered, grasping for my hand and holding it fast in his, as though seeking to find some clasp upon that life which was slowly ebbing away. "Do you remember your words last night? That I could know love no more than a toad can know beauty? And that I seemed to you the incarnation of all evil? Well, I think you were right, Anne."

I made no answer but sat silently beside him, while his grasp tightened cruelly on mine. I knew the struggle that was taking place in his soul.

"I want to tell you something, Anne," he said after a while. "I was not quite so bad as you imagined me to be. You always influenced me for good. Are you glad to hear that, Anne?"

"Very glad," I answered.

"I always planned, when I had won you, to turn over a new leaf, as my father would have phrased it. I've been a bad lot, but I was playing for high stakes, Anne, and—and I've lost. And now I'm going to make amends. We must get you to Paris before the trial."

My hopes, so long abased, leaped up incredulously again. With Zeuxis dead I had not dared to think that anything could stay the fate which overhung my lover. But now—if Leopold should take the place of the Greek, if he should confess . . . .

He smiled weakly, as if in anticipation of my thoughts.

"Do you see that little cabinet in the corner, Anne?" he whispered. "Under that pile of papers near it you will find a key. Unlock the cabinet and bring me what you find inside."

I rose and obeyed him. I fitted the little key into the lock and, opening the cabinet, drew forth a bundle of manuscript. I placed it in Leopold's hands.

"These papers contain my confession, Anne," he said. "I wrote it once when under the influence of good thoughts—of you. Often I have been tempted to destroy it. But I felt that if you should escape me and carry out your purpose it would be but fair to give you the means with which to free your lover, the Chevalier. These papers will exonerate him completely, even after I am dead, for they contain an entire history of the plot to secure the treaty, and give the names of those who were behind us. No officer of the court could read it and condemn your lover. Now touch the bell, Anne."

I rang, and instantly two sailors reappeared from the passage without. They stood impassive and mute before us. Leopold spoke a few words to them in their own language.

"These men will take the yacht at full speed to Bon Martin," he continued to me, speaking now with a supreme effort of the will. "It is a little seaport near Marseilles, but not

too near. There you will charter a special train for Paris, using the money which you will find in the drawer of my desk. There are ten thousand francs; they are yours by all laws of war. As for the yacht, the men will take her out to sea again after they have set you ashore and convey her where she belongs. They have been amply recompensed for their work and know it.

"And now, Anne, grant me your forgiveness."

I stooped over him and pressed my lips to his forehead. I felt no longer any revulsion from this pitiful human being whose span was nearly run. I could see by the ashen pallor that spread over his face that the end was almost come. "I forgive you freely," I answered.

He smiled weakly, and, closing his eyes, lay back, his hand still holding mine. In a minute more he had sunk into unconsciousness. I sat there long; I lost all sense of time; I did not even realize that the anchor was weighed and that we were setting out to sea, nor did I hear the ominous splashes in the sea that marked the burial of the dead. I sat there till the grasp suddenly relaxed and the eyes opened. Then I left the cabin forever and went up on the deck.

I looked around me at the waste of waters over which we were speeding. I saw the silent man at the wheel, I heard the wind creak through the cordage; and in a sudden outburst of tears I found relief. Dawn was breaking in the east, and dawn in my soul. Too long I had been perplexed and harassed by this nightmare of circumstance; now my thoughts turned from the dead to the living, from Leopold to my lover.

All the next day we raced northward across the Mediterranean until, late in the afternoon, land upheaved itself across our bows, and I saw the wooded promontory of Bon Martin, with the white houses of the village nestling beneath the cliff. But the helmsman twisted his wheel and we veered away, running parallel with a white beach until we cast anchor not fifty yards from a low and desolate shore.

They had not spoken a word to me, these silent men. Whoever they were, or whence they came, I was never to learn. Now one of them let down the short rope ladder, and, standing on the bottom step, indicated that I should follow him.

At first his actions alarmed me; was it his purpose to cast me into the blue water? But a moment later I was reassured by an unmistakable sign; he wished me to mount upon his shoulders so that he could wade ashore with me. And in proof of his intention, he sprang into the sea, which did not reach higher than his arm-pits. Clearly this was the edge of a shoal; and, doubtless, the yacht had put in here to avoid notice.

With some misgivings I obeyed, and, clasping me tightly, the sailor waded ashore until he had deposited me high and dry above the sweep of the waves. Then, with a sweep of his cap, he was gone, and I stood upon the beach watching him.

He waded back and clambered aboard again. A moment later I heard the creak of the windlass, saw the anchor rise heavily out of the sea. There was a column of black smoke at the top of the funnel, the yacht began to back, swung round, and put out to sea once more. I watched her till she was no more than a speck upon the horizon.

Then, as if in a dream, I started along the beach in the direction of Bon Martin. As I trod the soil of France again my heart leaped in my veins with ecstacy. For in my dress, secure, I held my bonds and Leopold's confession. And in my hand I held the money that he had left me. I felt no shame in taking it; it would play its part in releasing Charles and it was all the reparation that Leopold could make.

And this was Wednesday evening! I should arrive days and days ahead of necessity. For I could reach Paris by Friday morning, which left me three whole days before the trial began.

After half a mile of tramping over the clogging sands I began to pass fishermen's cottages; then the white

houses of the residents appeared, strung out under the cliff, and the sand yielded to a firm road. Not far ahead of me I saw a little railway station. And, surest test of civilization, a little newsboy scampered along toward me, crying the latest edition of the Nice papers. I stopped him and purchased one, bidding him keep the change of the franc I handed him. Feverishly I opened it.

A moment later I was staggering like a drunken woman. For, in the large, black headlines before my eyes I read the fate of Charles and the uselessness of my journey. The trial was to take place on Friday morning.

The Government had hastened it by three days, to appease the outcries of the press and save the ministry. For, if I had left public feeling against Charles at red-hot heat, it was now white-hot and incandescent.

"By Friday evening the traitor must be on his way to perpetual exile on the Devil's Island, or the Government falls," was the terse telegraphic summary of the Paris correspondent.

What would I not have given now for the aeroplane that lay, a wreck of metal and wood, in Scouto marketplace!

"As to the female spy, who was released on bail," the message continued, "it is now believed that the woman who flew through France and evaded the authorities in so sensational a manner upon the Monaco frontier and at other places was not she, but merely a notoriety seeker. It is said on trustworthy report that the spy has fled to Belgium, to join her lover, an ex-officer of the German army, and has already placed herself outside the reach of the law."

I smiled weakly at this wildest of all rumors. Then I set off hot-footed. Five minutes later, breathless, with tumbling hair, I was interviewing the station-master at Bon Martin.

"A special train to Paris, Madame!" he ejaculated, when he had recovered from his astonishment. "It is impossible. It would cost you six thousand francs. It would disorganize the traffic over the entire system. Besides, no special train could reach the capital by Thursday morning. If you should take the night local to Marseilles and make the Thursday morning express, it would land you there by eight a. m., on Friday."

"But Friday will be too late," I cried, thrusting down the money upon the table of his office. "Here are seven thousand francs. Take them—only give me a train. You do not comprehend, Monsieur; it is a matter of life or death."

He rose, perplexed, and scratched his head.

"I don't see how it can be done," he faltered. "Under ordinary circumstances I could give you a special to Marseilles, where you could make your own arrangements, but unfortunately—why, the ex-Empress Eugenie comes from Nice to-night, and traffic must wait for her."

I glanced at him in dumb despair. Then my gaze wandered to a great map of the Southern Railroads of France, suspended from the wall, and an idea occurred to me. I walked over and placed my finger on it.

"But why not go through Lyon?" I asked.

He came over to me and followed the tracing of my finger.

"Why, yes, Mademoiselle, I could give you a clear road to Lyon," he answered. "But there you would have to wait for the express from Geneva, which has precedence of all traffic, for His Excellency the President of the Swiss Republic makes a ceremonial visit to Paris and—"

"And traffic must wait for him," I ejaculated, bitterly.

"Exactly, Madame," he answered, beaming. "Your perspicacity is like that of a man. I am sorry, but—"

"Give me a special train to Lyon," I interrupted brusquely.

"But it will do you no good, Madame," faltered the station-master. Then his glance fell upon the money; he shrugged his shoulders, looked at me whimsically as though it were useless to interpose further objections to my foolish whim, and became all at once the man of action.

"It shall be ready in fifteen minutes," he answered. "But, Madame, the

authorities will certainly not permit any special to follow His Excellency the President for several hours."

I made no answer but paced the station platform while the lumbering engine reversed itself upon the turn-table and at last came clattering up to its car and was coupled on. In less than half an hour all was in readiness. I stepped into my car, and, an instant later, we were off, really off, on the long road to Paris—or at least Lyon.

All through the night we raced over the vast plains, now sweeping by the Rhone, a breadth of dismal, wind-swept water, now winding among oak forests and fields of grain the scent of which came to me through the velvety blackness. I had not eaten since the preceding evening, and should not eat again till I reached Paris. I felt dizzy and weak—but the intensity of my resolution spurred me to fresh efforts; nor did I close my eyes until, soon after six, we rolled into the large station at Lyon.

Upon the platform opposite a train was standing, the engine puffing frantically, as though anxious to be off. I sprang from the carriage and raced toward it. A functionary barred my way.

"You cannot pass," he said sternly. "His Excellency the President of the Swiss Republic—"

"But I must see him," I cried wildly. "I must see the President instantly. I——"

Then I became aware that a stout, good-natured, fatherly-looking old gentleman, who had been pacing the platform, stretching his legs, had halted near by and was watching me intently. Though it was early morning he wore a full dress suit, across which a broad sash of many colors was draped. Instinct leaped to my aid. I cried to him:

"Monsieur le President!"

He hesitated and then came swiftly toward me.

"At your service, Madame," he answered.

"Take me to Paris in your train," I pleaded. "It is a matter of life or death. They will not let me hire a train. I must go, I must be there by evening——"

He bowed and offered his arm.

"You shall be my guest, Madame," he answered, and escorted me to his carriage as though I were a princess, leaving a line of gaping functionaries behind him.

That age-long journey is only the faintest memory to me now, for, once the train started, my pent-up feelings found vent in a hysterical outburst which sorely repaid the good president for his courtesy. I remember how he and his suite crowded around me as I lay in the sleeping car which he had perforce relinquished to me; how someone discovered that I was starving and fed me with milk and whiskey; how, overcome by the potency of the liquor, I babbled something of my story—at least enough to reveal my identity. Then the romance of it gripped them and they constituted themselves my servitors. Towns rushed past us and were swallowed up in the plains, night followed day, and at last, after an eternity of torment, we rolled into the terminal at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday.

Next I remember a wild ride in a cab, with the Secretary of the Swiss Legation seated beside me, trying to calm me as I brandished a bundle of papers; a halt at the fortress gates; a sudden message that sent orderlies scurrying in all directions; finally there comes to mind the picture of a court room, of the grave judges, of Charles, erect in his uniform, regarding me at first stonily, then with a cry of amazed joy. I recall, most faintly of all, thrusting down my documents before the presiding officer. Then blackness encompassed me and, as my senses failed, I felt Charles's arms encircle me, and fell into that haven as a shipwrecked sailor casts himself on the sustaining breast of the land.

To be concluded

CANADA

BY NINA A. FLOWER

THE lands of our fair Dominion
Are stretched out far and wide,
From where the wide Atlantic rolls
To the calm Pacific side.
And the sons of all the cities,
And the sons of all the plains
Are doing their best
From East to West.
To further the Country's gains.

Thousands are coming across the sea
To prairie, ranch, and town,
Making us look away ahead,
To a country of great renown.
They are people of every nation,
And have energy, never to lag,
They have come to stay,
And to pave the way,
For the power of the dear old Flag.

There is work for the masses of unemployed,
That come from other lands,
There are none out of work in Canada,
If they choose to use their hands.
This is the Land of the Future,
And every tongue shall sing,
Of "The Golden Sheaf, and the Maple Leaf,"
And Loyalty to the King!

There are people of every nation—
English and Scot and Jew,
Irish and Welsh and Doukhobor,
German and Austrian, too.
But this is a nation all its own,
And one day will change the score;
They all will claim
The same good name,
Canadian! evermore.

When Annie McDougall Was Young

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS

By Mae Harris Anson

WHEN Annie McWhinney said "Yes" to young David McDougall, his sole possessions were a pair of horses, a good wagon, and a reputation throughout the Indian country of the Canadian plains as a man who knew no fear, a trader who gave a square deal, and a friend worth while in time of adversity. In the spring of 1871, David and Annie McDougall started on their honeymoon trip across country, nine hundred miles to old Fort Edmonton.

To-day, Annie McDougall's brow is unlined; her hair is barely touched with silver; she looks as if her life had been spent in sheltered places, as if all ills and worries and hardships had been warded from her. Yet for the first fifteen years of her life in the west, whether she was out on the trail with her trader-husband, or keeping store alone at the trading post on the Bow River, where Calgary now stands, there was scarcely a day but Annie McDougall faced situations harrowing enough to have lined her face deeply, and turned her hair white as snow. And in all the stirring years from 1871 until the coming of the Canadian Pacific railway founded towns and fostered civilization along its right of way, Annie McDougall played her part with a man's courage and with all a man's resourcefulness, in the blood-stirring incidents that inevitably came to them in the Indian country, where frequently only a hair line divided safety from direst peril.

The year 1870 marked the greatest tragedy in the whole history of the Indians of western Canada, a tragedy that not only worked a change for evil in the attitude of the red man toward the white, but also made possible the support of Louis Riel in his absurd pretensions to a red man's government in the west, independent of Canada. For with the New Year of 1870, the dreadful scourge of smallpox fell upon the Northland, and not the greatest devastation of the great scourges of history were so fatal in proportion as that which followed in the wake of this terrible disease among the Indians of the Canadian northwest.

The smallpox came in with the white man. It is, to this day, called the "white man's disease". The buffalo also literally faded away from the prairies at his advent. So, with their ranks, cut down two-thirds when the scourge had spent itself, and famine pinching the remnant, a new hatred was born among them all for the white man, and everything that belonged to him.

It was into this atmosphere of hostility that David McDougall took his wife.

At first, Mrs. McDougall traveled with her husband, as he went among the Indians, but as success came to them, David McDougall built a

trading post at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, and there alone, or with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John, Annie McDougall kept store during her husband's long absences in the north. Until years later, even after the North-West Mounted Police had clamped law and order firmly upon the North-West Territories, the Indians lived in the hope that sometime they could terrorize the "white squaw" of David McDougall and obtain the biggest end of the bargain, if not the whole store as loot. And in the lodges of their sons and grandsons to-day, there is many a tale told of the unbreakable courage of the two women, and many a chuckle is heard over the story of the times without number when Annie McDougall's wit and sourcefulness availed, where mere strength or skill as a marksman would have been as nothing.

"I never turned my back on them," Annie McDougall says simply, in telling the story of the old days. "We had a storeroom to which there was no entrance except by a small trap door below the counter. When the Indians came in to trade, I merely opened the door, and shot the skins in, without so much as taking my eyes off the Indian on the other side of the counter."

"Were you ever frightened 'half to death'?" I asked, remembering the assertion of a famous woman pioneer of British Columbia that she never had feared anything,—drunken Indian or miner, sullen Chinaman or rattlesnake.

"Frightened?" said Annie McDougall indignantly. "Wouldn't you be frightened if an Indian six feet tall came in and stood where you couldn't get away, and began to demand all kinds of impossible things in trade, and you could fairly see murder in his eye?"

She had stood behind the counter, conscious that she was trapped like a rat, with the shotgun peacefully reposing behind the door of the house some distance away. Apparently, she held her ground bravely. In reality, she could not have lifted one foot from the ground, and literally held herself upright by her grasp upon the counter.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" Mrs. John kept saying under her breath.

"Do?" said Annie McDougall without a quaver in her voice. "We'll just have to do the best we can. You go home and get that shotgun."

While she was gone, Annie McDougall still too frightened to stir, matched her keen Scotch-Canadian wit against the cunning of the Indian, and kept him from making any hostile move or demanding something that she could not let go in trade for the single buffalo skin that he had brought. But when Mrs. John returned with the gun, Annie McDougall found her troubles multiplied, for with every choice of the Indian, Mrs. John would wail,

"Oh, don't let him have that!"

No matter what it was,—cloth, beads, tobacco, flour, groceries, dishes, —Mrs. John's perspective never changed, and always came her agonized cry, "Oh, don't let him have that!"

Finally, when the Indian had asked for, and been refused, nearly everything in the store, he pointed to a huge china platter. This time, when Mrs. John cried, "Oh, don't let him have that!" Annie McDougall said,

"Why not? What good is that old platter to us, anyway?"

But the Indian no sooner found that the white squaws were willing to let the big platter go than he decided that it was not enough in exchange for his skin. His manner of conveying his belief soon became unbearable, and finally, danger or no danger, Annie McDougall decided that he must be brought to time. Lifting the gun, she cocked it, and then calmly, but with the telltale light of battle in her eyes, she told the Indian to leave, or she would shoot. And although he was a savage of the wilderness, he had already acquired civilized man's fear of firearms in a woman's hands, and without further parley, he left.

In after years, when all danger of trouble with the Indians had passed, with the establishment of law and order, many an Indian told David McDougall that times without number they had gone to the trading post on

the Bow River, in his absence, bent upon massacring the women and looting the store. And always, the courage of the two white squaws, or some incident that spoke to their own superstitious minds, had prevented.

One day, a single Indian appeared at the post, and after a little half-hearted dickering, left. Annie McDougall scented mischief, and for once her stout heart quailed. For once, she fully realized their helpless position, —two women alone, hundreds of miles from the nearest white settlement. But that night, Dr. John returned unexpectedly. They had not thought that he was within many days' journey of the post. As they sat around the supper table, telling him of their fears, there came a sudden warwhoop, followed by the trampling of hoofs, and before they could rise from their chairs, the door was burst open, and a horse's head and hoofs pushed in.

Ironhanded Dr. John caught the animal by its bridle and forced it out, and then, between the surprise of finding him here at all, and his vigorous defence of his fireside, the Indians suddenly lost all their courage and raced away, pulling up only when they knew that they were safely out of range of the guns in the post. They lingered about, however, and a few hours later, when a furious storm of wind and rain broke upon them, they came back and asked for shelter. Dr. John was at a loss to know what to do, for the Indians were heavily armed. But, finally, as the fury of the storm increased, he told them that they might come under his roof, if they would give up their arms. At first, the Indians refused peremptorily. But as the fury of the storm increased, they finally agreed, and filing sullenly into the warmth of the living room, they lay down to sleep.

All night, the three white people stayed awake, keeping guard over the stack of arms, and keenly watchful for treachery, dreading the dawn, for with its coming, the arms must be returned, and then what might happen, they foresaw only too well. When daylight came, it revealed the fact that in spite of the shelter that had been given to them overnight, the Indians were sullen and anything but grateful. What might have happened there is no telling, for Annie McDougall says that in case the worst ever had come upon them, she would have put fire to a keg of powder and so prevented the horrors of captivity for them all,—but by one of the providential coincidences which marked the life of the whole McDougall family among Canadian Indians, a large band of friendly Stoney Indians arrived, and taking matters into their own hands, drove the troublesome band away.

If the Indians were sober, they were not hard to handle, but with everybody in the North-West Territories, except the best class of traders, helping along the smuggling of whiskey across the line from Fort Benton, Mont., the Indians managed to get almost as much whiskey as they wanted, and a good deal more than worked for the safety of the settlements. Fortunately, David McDougall succeeded for a long time in enforcing the law against whiskey-trading at his post, and the two women had no trouble on that score. Shortly before one of David McDougall's long treks into the heart of the Indian country, however, an old half-breed, named Kishawasis, settled outside the fort in an old shack. He had no visible means of support, but he gave no trouble, and David McDougall started off with a mind at ease.

One day, a band of thirty Indians came to visit old Kishawasis, and when they left, the two women at the fort knew only too well how the old man made his living, for the thirty of them were ragingly, murderously drunk, and possessed of an insane desire to shoot up the little settlement. All houses meant more whiskey to them, and knowing that they had drunk old Kishawasis dry, they fell in a body upon the store of the trader, and with brutal menacing directness, demanded more whiskey from the trembling women.

Annie McDougall told them that she had none, that there never had been any in the fort. Still they demanded it, and when she persisted in her denial, they began a "rough house,"

in their determined search for it. Finally, Annie McDougall's wit came to her rescue. She told them that if they would wait peacefully for a little while, she would get some whiskey; that it was not in the store, but she would get it, if only they would leave her husband's stock alone. Drunk as they were, they took a brutish satisfaction in the thought that for once they had brought the "white squaw" to terms, and the band settled down to wait, in drunken squabbling.

Had they been less befuddled, they would probably have thought it strange that Annie McDougall's whiskey was brought to them in pails and pots,—and piping hot! As it was, they received her with whoops of joy and drank the liquor greedily by the quart. Alack and alas! Within fifteen minutes they were the sickest creatures that ever wore the semblance of human beings. They rolled around upon the ground, they struggled to their feet, only to reel and fall again, and in their suffering, they called upon the Great Spirit to have mercy upon them and permit them to go at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds in the Great Sand Hills.

Annie McDougall, you see, had brewed some strong tea and doped it with so much New Orleans molasses that even the stomach of an ostrich would have rebelled. Then while her knees still shook with fright at the situation, she made her way to the shack of old Kishawasis and by the time she had a little more than half expressed her indignation at his having given the Indians whiskey, he was trembling himself in fear of the consequences that those terrible McDougalls might bring upon him. Mumbling all kinds of apologies and promises, he went back to the fort with her and after heroic efforts finally succeeded in getting the Indians mounted and safely out of the district.

As the seventies drew to their close, the haughty spirit of the Indians began to break. The buffalo, their mainstay, had already practically disappeared. They knew not how to till the land, even if they had had implements or the desire to live by the sweat of their brows. At length, the time came when famine stalked abroad in the land, and in their suffering, the Indians instinctively closed in upon the white traders for sustenance. Sometimes they begged it, frequently they took it as their right from those whose presence their unenlightened minds held responsible for the evil that had come upon them.

Hundreds of Indians, remnants of many different tribes which had been spared by the scourge of smallpox, gathered about David McDougall's post on Bow River, all tribal animosity swallowed up in the misery of their suffering.

To them, Annie McDougall gave all the meal that she could spare and, in addition, she opened freely to them great sheds full of dried buffalo meat and pemmican, giving them unstintedly what would represent thousands of dollars to-day. No other starving band, self-quartered upon a trader, fared half so well, yet never a meal prepared in the kitchen of the post for the family was safe from their thieving hands. They often stole the meat that was cooking on the stove.

"But what did you do? What did you have to eat when they did that?" I asked.

"We did the best we could," was the characteristic reply, "but often we had to go without meat ourselves, when they stole ours. Above all things we did not dare to say or do anything that would anger them, for they were desperate and sullen."

When the railroad came to Calgary, it worked a total revolution in the commerce of the prairies, and sounded the knell of the old trading post days. The winding trail of steel put the western prairies in touch with the civilized world, and with the Indians finally tamed and subdued to a life upon well-defined reservations, David McDougall's wandering trader life came to an end, and no more did Annie McDougall have to brave the perils of the Indian frontier alone.

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE HERE—IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF PORTAGING

On a Little River

By Sara H. Birchall

Illustrated with Photographs

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the
Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

—Rudyard Kipling.

BEHIND the dark chimneys of the city the September sun was setting in tawny gold, reflecting its dusky glory upon the river. The great bridge swung slowly as the tug Rita McDonald puffed and strained at the huge Cuyahoga, outward bound for the Great Lakes. Traffic on the roaring street ceased for a moment, waiting for the boat to pass. A little cool wind blew down the river and cast a drift of her smoke across our faces.

That was all. Yet instantly the go-fever was upon us, the vision of open water and open sky swept before our eyes, the scent of pine-woods and camp-fires was in our nostrils, and in our hearts leaped the desire of the trail.

Deeply we pored over maps and geological survey charts; thoroughly we overhauled our fly-books; energetically we collected grub and duffel; intently we studied time-tables spread out on the floor of The Roost; and nearly tore the blue-print map in two with vigorous argument. Next day we were gone to Arcady where telegrams were taboo and office-boys were seized as contraband at the border.

When we dropped off the dusty local at the little town that was our jumping off place, and spudded through a brisk rain to Captain Merriam's tiny cottage, we were firmly determined to have a birch-bark canoe, a real birch, Indian-made and smelling of pitch. The sixth sense of the horse-swapper probably betrayed this to the Cap'n, for he regarded us with speculative interest from behind his evil-scented Doormat Perfecto and our fate was sealed, stamped and tied with a blue ribbon from that instant.

It took many relightings of that mysterious cigar and a good hour of story-telling before business began. I wish I could repeat those tales. They were of an interest.

There was the picturesque account of an old gun loaded to the muzzle that blew off a right fore-leg and left hind-leg belonging to an unsuspecting deer which thereupon ran half-a-mile and died—probably from heart-failure.

"He cud run, ye see," explained the Cap'n with a twinkle, "but he cudn't guide himself. I don't know where the old gun went to. She blew herself clean out o' my hand, and nigh took the hand along for company. But we had venison steak an'—go 'way trouble! Give me venison steak, br'iled jus' right, with lots o' gravy!"

There was the vivid tale of how Injun Charley tried to head off a bear swimming from an island to the mainland, how the bear had turned on his canoe, and the half-breed had barely escaped with his life.

"Injun Charley took the island. The bear cud have the whole mainland and welcome, by Godfrey!" finished the Cap'n, trying to relight his cigar again. The butt burnt his fingers, and he dropped it.

"By ginger, I've been tryin' to get my money's worth out o' that smoke," he ejaculated, shaking his hand. "Guess I'll take my old pipe for good solid comfort."

With the lighted pipe tale followed tale again, the Cap'n's keen blue eyes twinkling through the smoke as he added incident to incident with the wary air of a chemist experimenting with a new compound, seasoning the stories with picturesque oaths, and seldom going beyond a dry smile at the funniest. His tired, colorless little wife moved about the kitchen with an air of having heard it all before and we sat by the stove and rocked with laughter.

At last he elaborately remembered the subject of canoes, put on his oil-skins, and rowed us across the lake to the bank where a long, pinkish-yellow, birch-bark canoe awaited a possible purchaser.

We took her out, and she handled beautifully, swinging up into the wind with infinite grace, riding light and paddling easy. Our eyes glistened, and Captain Merriam noted that glisten.

"O' course she leaks a little," he admitted with a beautiful assumption of candor. "Them Indian canoes is mighty likely to leak a little. But I'll pitch her up fer ye. She's a fine canoe."

We glanced at each other and conferred. She was no new canoe, and the price was more than we thought her worth, but she was the desire of our hearts, and we could fix her up when we got her home.

"What's the difference, five dollars more or less? The Cap'n's worth the price, let alone the canoe. Let's take her," said I.

The Indian, who is my general boss, grinned indulgently. "All right, Kid," she assented. "Let's do."

And we did.

All that trip we handled her tenderly as a sick baby. The first thing we did whenever we made camp was to haul her up, dry her out, heat the pitch-can, and patch up cracks. We got used to that. Every time she bumped a tree lying across current she sprung a new one. We got used to that, also. When

she didn't leak in the bow she leaked in the stern, and when she grew tired of that amusement, she leaked along a lacing just back of the middle brace. We didn't even bother to use purple adjectives when we discovered a new one, but merely hitched our feet up out of the wet, and bailed. We learned all the intricacies of birch-bark, and took a post-graduate course in the cussedness of that particular specimen. Incidentally, when we got her home, gave her a thorough going-over with pitch and basswood bark lacings, we could have sold her for any price we cared to name. I never saw a better handler in a heavy sea or a swift current, and she carried twice the weight of a canvas canoe.

But we didn't know all that when we said good-bye to the Cap'n, and capped his magnificent yarns with one of our own concerning a friend who had ducked a bull-moose by the nose in the waters of Lake Temagami and escaped to tell the tale. We left him less confident of our innocent girlishness, and struck out along the little Lonesome River.

That river furnished plenty of healthful excitement. It was small and quick and tricky. After a mile or two of struggle with its bends and currents, we made camp in the gathering twilight of a rainy day.

The Indian made our shelter between two big pines while I squatted over a pile of birch-bark and pine-twigs in the endeavor to start a blaze. Making a camp-fire after rain is not such an easy task as it might be. It means lots of birch-bark and dry twigs. It means careful coaxing of your match, and prayerful coddling, and patient relighting. It means more work in rustling wood and more dry light stuff to keep your big logs going all night. But when your grub-pack is finally opened up, and your potatoes peeled, and your kettles simmering on their cross-piece above a crackly, leaping, husky blaze, you have comfort unspeakable.

The woodland was cool and sweet and still, full of the scents of wet leafage and blotched with the dancing shadow-lights of the fire. The tall figure of The Indian moved vaguely among the dimness, and occasionally I heard the ring of her axe and the shuddering, swishing fall of a young tree. At last I spread our tarpaulin cloth, dished the cakes and bacon on our plates, stood up, and sent the supper-call echoing among the pines.

The Indian caressed her plate affectionately.

"Ginger! This is comfy," said she. "Aren't you glad you aren't under a nice, dry city roof, listening to the street-cars thunder along Fortieth Street?"

"Um-m!" I assented. "Have some more bacon?"

She held out her plate. You always hold out your plate in the woods.

"And the town's going on all the same as ever," she continued dreamily between bites. "I'd be fussing over the cafe menu and not wanting anything to eat, if I were there. You'd be catching a car by the skin of your teeth and wishing you were dead. And I s'pose if you took a census of all the people that rush home about six o'clock there'd not be five hundred that would change with us."

"I'm glad I'm an Injun," said I placidly. "Don't care whether the fish or the mosquitoes bite."

"Nor I," murmured she, flicking an inquisitive bug from her coffee. "Where's that flapjack-batter?"

It rained all that night, a steady persistent down-pour. When we awoke at last the first chill grey streaks of dawn glimmered through the trees, and the camp-fire was almost out. Down the back of my neck a cold rivulet was trickling. Breakfast was a silent sort of meal, but at last the hot coffee and fried mush put good-humour into us, and it was even with laughter that we repacked and set out once more, to struggle with the river's curves and eddies. Every few rods we swung around a bend at the speed of a healthy freight-train, wondering how hard we were going to hit. We never quite hit, but we did some mighty unprofessional things in the matter of dodging. Usually we had to do it as a particularly beautiful bit of woodland offered itself for our inspection, or a

long, blue-gray crane rose angularly from the reeds and flapped away. Occasionally we saw ducks. Turtles plopped off logs at the margin. Sometimes a musk-rat swam hastily away in a long pointed furrow of ripple. Squirrels chattered. Blue-jays expressed their unflattering opinion of our appearance with freedom and fluency. Cat-birds whined in the undergrowth and warblers fluted their crazy little hearts out in a mad ecstasy of song. Once a deer, drinking at the margin, jumped and scooted in alarm. Swiftly the river slipped past us, talking to itself in the eddies, nosing mysteriously about a sunken root, waving a long streamer of foam from the end of a log, rushing on dark and rapid to join some secret conspiracy, chattering frankly through riffles, ever-changing, ever-hurrying, seizing our light canoe and sweeping it along like a mischievous child with a bit of thistledown.

The sun came out and warmed us, drying our wet garments. The Indian fished an apple from her pocket and handed it over on the blade of her paddle. We finished the most difficult stage of the river, making good time. Life began to have attractions once more. Then came the cataclysm.

Very casually The Indian spoke. "Did you take down the blue-shirt roll when we packed, Kid?"

"No," said I placidly, biting into my apple between strokes.

"Then it's hanging up in the roof of that shelter, and all our money's in the pockets." There was tragedy in her voice now.

Without a word we swung the canoe into shore, unloaded her, cached the packs, and back-tracked through wet underbrush to our two hours old camp. Without a word we took down that blue-shirt roll an hour and a half later, and started down-stream again, wading knee-deep, waist-deep, breast-deep, with huge strides, until at last The Indian turned cautiously, a nervous smile on her lips, and a swirl of dark foam rippling fan-wise from her waist.

Bracing, I stretched out my paddle, and slowly, with infinite labor, she crawled up-stream the ten feet she had made in two strides a moment before to find no bottom ahead for her questing paddle. Painfully we crept to the bank against that vicious water, and breathed a sigh of relief as we felt solid ground under our moccasins again.

When at last we reloaded the canoe and swung off, we still said nothing. Feminine language has limits, and we were considerably beyond them. It was perhaps half an hour afterwards that I twisted around to change the position of the rods, and caught The Indian's eye. For a second we regarded each other with a deep, confidential gaze, and then we both laughed until the blackbirds flew out of the bushes in dismay. The incident was closed. But we never, never, ne-ver left anything behind in camp again.

About noon the sun came out for good. We stopped for lunch. I spread the kit out to dry on the short turf of our pasture. The Indian perched herself on a pine-stub and began casting for trout. When I put the coffee in the kettle, I raised a yell,

"Any luck?"

The Indian jumped from her stub. Tall and free-limbed as Brunnhilde she strode across the velvet of the sun-lit pasture, her slender fishing-rod shining in the sun like a spear, two sizable trout and one tiny one wriggling on her string, and the free wind of the open ruffling her hair. Long afterwards I reminded her of that day.

"D'you want to know one of the most exultant moments of my life?" she inquired. "It was when I cast across those riffles and that unexpected little trout bit. 'Just about so gross," she added, measuring with a slim forefinger, and we both laughed.

That night we made Point-d-Pines camp on a slim, pine-crowned crescent of land that swept far out into the silver widening of the river. Neither of us will ever forget that night beneath the molten silver of the great harvest moon. Before our eyes the world was bewitched, silver of sky and silver of river mingling with the whisper of the wind in the pines and the soft grieving of a distant whippoorwill to enchant the mortals who had set their red coals aglow on Titania's haunted hill. It was only luck that the elves

did not mischief us that night, and indeed I am not quite certain that the sudden four-o'clock-in-the-morning squall that woke us by blowing camp-fire coals across our blankets was not brewed by some witch of the Little People, to punish our temerity.

Even as we cleared away the fire, the sun rose behind the distant hills, and we made ready for an early start. Noon brought us to Gill's Landing, a fisherman's haunt kept by an old-timer who told us many tales of the Klondike and California, Old Mexico and Montana, drawling under his ragged moustache of the camps of half a continent. After dinner we reluctantly set out once more, promising over our shoulders to come up again in the spring when the white bass were running.

Again we made camp at Fremont opposite a fishing sand-bar, where we stayed two long lazy days, and indulged in much majestic cookery, making war on an old pickerel between meals. We got him at last with a frog, and very good stew-basis he made. Thereafter I went frog-hunting and returned successful, explaining to The Indian's admiring wonder that I got 'em by putting my feet on 'em, illustrating with a thrust-out sandal, whereupon she doubled up with unseemly mirth. We made a bucket of crab-apple sauce, and stole some rhubarb, and cleaned the revolver, and straightened out our fishing tackles, and did all the pleasant little things of a day camp, just missing idleness by a shade.

THE BANKS AFFORDED PICTURESQE VISTAS

At the beginning of the third day we broke camp with regret. Rosy dawn above the tree-tops, grateful sunshine of the day, glow of red woodlands, single yellow-eye of camp-fire peeping from the ashes as the dawn grew to opal, all had been sweet to us, and we were very silent as we paddled away.

The rest was work. There was a headwind, a long stretch of river, and three treacherous lakes to negotiate. We crawled through a piered and jettied lumber camp at the head of the Narrows, The Indian clinging to the canoe's stern and striving to keep her from bumping on the logs, I roosting on a skeleton wharf and clawing her along beneath me with frantic wagglings, while the keen wind of the marshes played tag in my hair and dragged my skirt out like a sail. Presently the lumbermen assisted us, wherefore we were grateful.

"Can we get across the Narrows?" we inquired.

The old lumberman at the bow turned his quid in his cheek.

"Kin ef ye pull," he conceded.

We pulled. Crossing a shallow lake in a gale is one of the most exasperating things I know. No two waves take the canoe alike. The wind whips your hair into your eyes and makes you vicious. Your arm aches. Your shoulder throbs. Also your objective point never seems to get any nearer, and you don't have time to look around and compare distances.

The Indian handled the steering paddle. Long ago she had counselled me, "Whatever happens, keep your stroke so I can rely on it. Don't stroke hard. Don't stroke fast. Just keep going evenly, and I'll do the rest." So I dug my paddle in to a sort of mental one-two-three, and tried not to gulp when a big wave hit us sideways.

"I'LL FIX HER UP FOR YE," SAID THE CAPTAIN CHEERILY

We spent the afternoon cuddled under the lee of a big stump while the Narrows momentarily grew rougher and broke whiter. At last The Indian rose up, squinted at lashing water and clear sky where the wind swept by over miles of marsh, cheerless and cold, and shook her head.

"It's going to freeze to-night, Kid. Let's get a square up at the hill farmhouse, and start early to-morrow when the lake is quiet."

"All right," I agreed. I was tired, and so was The Indian.

That night we slept in a feather-bed, after a magnificent supper. Just before we turned in, The Indian lifted the curtain and looked out.

"There's a lovely moon," she announced. "Come and look at it, Kid."

I grunted from the blissful depths of the feather-bed.

"Ugh!" said I. "Don't want to see any more out-doors—ever!"

And then it was morning and the farmer was calling us to breakfast.

Down the Narrows we paddled through long strings of ducks that rose skittering from the water and trailed away before us. Through the fog came the faint sound of guns, and here and there a sneak-boat slid through the grasses. We were a little doubtful of our course in the marshes, and presently hailed a motor-boat as it passed.

"Where's Lonesome River?" we shouted, and the steersman shook his head.

"Can't hear you!"

We raised our voices still more.

"Where — is—the — Lonesome—River?" we vociferated.

Again he shook his head and bellowed "Can't hear you!" across the riffled water. We gave it up, and began paddling. He reversed his engines, and stopped dead.

"What's the matter?" he yelled after us.

"Nothing!" we yelled back. "Only wanted to know where the —Lonesome—River—was!"

I believe if we had been a rod nearer he would have heaved the wrench at us. He grew almost apoplectic. We waited.

"Lord! You're in it!" he exploded at last, and the motor-boat sped upstream once more.

Trout Lake, Lossaquid, another bit of Lonesome River, all were overpassed. At the head of Lake des Morts we held counsel, sheltered in a reedy cove.

"What d'you say, Kid?" inquired The Indian. "Wind's freshening a bit. They told us at the Landing to go across and follow the south shore, or else take the steamer to town."

"No steamers for me," said I candidly. "I want to go to town by myself. The south shore's well-sheltered, and this isn't."

"It's going to be a tough pull," mused The Indian aloud. "But I believe we can make it. Paddle up, Kid."

Now I go wherever The Indian says she will go. So I paddled up.

The wind kept freshening. What were ripples, dimples, light riffles, became little waves. Then we came out from the shelter of a reedy point, and the bow of the canoe went into the trough with a splash.

The fun began.

We crossed. I have no idea how long it took to paddle those two or three miles. I know we were both wet with perspiration through our sweaters, and I know that the remaining six miles to the town that was our objective point we shoved the canoe through the reeds. Once I suggested a short cut from one point to another. The Indian grunted.

I wouldn't go out into this lake again if there was a hundred dollar bill waiting for me in the middle," she said with finality. And we continued through the reeds.

After that, it was civilization again, and people in fresh white shirt-waists and immaculate skirts who regarded our old sweaters and battered shoes with polite astonishment. Tired we were, sunburned, sore, and oh, so loath to quit the trail! So unwilling to put the canoe into the baggage-car! So shrinking from the collar to which we had been strangers for seven long sun-lit days!

Trim, spotless, gloved, white-folks once more, we waited at the boulevard corner for our car. I saw The Indian's eye fixed speculatively upon the smooth ly-fitted coats of the other city people. I questioned her with my eyes. She smiled.

" 'Et ego in Arcadia vixisti," she quoted softly. And that's all.

THE ROBIN IN THE RAIN

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

When the day is dark and gloomy,
Don't be glum;
If the rain comes down in torrents,
Let her come.
Keep a stout heart and be happy,
Smile again,
There's a robin singing somewhere
In the rain.

If hard luck is chummy with you,
Never kick;
Don't go fretting or get mooning,
Sort of sick.
Buckle in and show your mettle,
Bear the strain;
Keep a-looking for the robin
In the rain.

Aristobulus Flanders

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"YOU don't have to believe in kiboshes ner hoodoos if you don't want to. I don't, musself, but some people do have streaks o' luck one way or the other that does beat all common sense, an' that's no lie."

The Old Circus Man smiled a grim little smile to himself, and his eyes had a faraway look.

"What started me I don't know, but I bin thinkin' all this evenin' about a feller 'at useta be with the organization, by the name of Risterbullus Flanders—Bullus fer short—that never had fat an' lean luck at the same time, but all one kind or all the other, till it would change all to wunst. The' was times that if he fell overboard in the middle of a river he'd come up with his hat an' his pockets fulla fish, or if he was throwed out a thousand mile in the desert of Sarah he'd turn up with a contract to haul sand. 'Nother times when two an' two wouldn't count up more'n one, no matter how hard an' close he'd figger to make it at least three. The luck did certainly run lightnin' change acts on old Bullus.

"He wasn't old neether, but ye couldn't a bet his age. Say—he had a boy's face, as free of hair as my thumb nail, but it was all criss-crossed with little fine lines, like he was eighty, only no wrinkles. Jest little lines 'at you couldn't see ten feet off. He musta had a big shock o' red hair wunst, but all the' was left of it was a forelock with a cowlick to it, an' a big mustach at the back of 'is neck that he useta comb the ends of up over 'is ears. His hands was soft, but they looked like a paira hardshell crabs stickin' out of 'is sleeves, an' his feet was sensational, they was so long, an' so wide, an' so goldarn thick. An' he was awkward. He'd kick things over that was at the other end o' the car, an' he couldn't git a knife-load of peas from the plate to his mouth without spillin' 'em all over his vest. An' cheerful! Nawthin' couldn't make 'im stop laffin'.

"The first time ever I seen old Bullus he was leanin' up against the side of a store, in a alley, wipin' his eyes with laffin'. I was out ahead with the paper an' we was coverin' the town with our biggest print'n', fer it was a three-day stand, an' the show was doo there in two weeks. The' was a stairs goin' up the side o' that store, an' he was behind 'em, tryin' to have his laff out privately, all by himself, an' I mightn't a seen 'im at all only he let out such a explosion jest as I was passin' the alley that I dug 'im out an' ast 'im to let me in on the gag.

"'Gag,' says he, 'Gag? I guess it is'.

"An' he mops 'is face again an' swallers another laff, and leads me out to the street.

" 'See that sign?', he says, pointin' to the fronta the store.

" 'I ain't blind,' says I.

" 'Read it,' says he.

" 'It had a first name that begun with a A, an' A don't stand fer Risterbullus, but maybe it was jist a stall. I can't remember the way that name was spelt, but it come out Risterbullus anyhow when you heard it, an' the last name was Flanders. Under the name it said 'Hats an' Caps.'

" 'That's my name,' he says, 'An' this is my store. Me an' my wife has got two rooms at the back where we thought we was goin' to live. This,' he says, 'is my openin' day. Opened up this mornin' fer the first time,' says he, 'an' my last hundred is in that stock, except what I got on commission, an' here's where I—'

"An then he started laffin' again.

" 'Excuse me, mister,' he says, when he'd laft 'imself outa breath, 'but of all the jokes on me—', an' once more he 'most choked over it.

"Well, anyhow. I got interested in 'im, an' little by little I found out. He'd made a killin' with the ponies three years before—pushed 'is luck one day when he had a hunch an' won the first race an' then let 'is winnins pile up from one race to another, without holdin' out a single iern man, fer the whole afternoon, pickin' the horses by shuttin' 'is eyes an' pokin' a finger down on the card. He got one hundred-to-one shot an' odds in nearly every race 'till he had the bookies standin' up in puddles of their own prespration, an' cashed out at the enda the day with about seven thousand dollars. He'd won every race. 'Ye see,' he says to me, 'I jest couldn't lose. It was my day to win.'

"The' was a little six-wagon country show draggin' out a existence about that time, an' this show worked a circuit where Bullus's town was the big stand. It was called Charley De Vere's Mammoth Quincuplexal Aggregation, an' of all the skate print'n' ever I see—Say!

"That management never got out a single color-piece of its own. Jist lay around the printers' fer old stock or bad orders an' picked up whatever it could, no matter whether it was circus stuff or patent medsin, so long as it was pictures; an' covered the original type lines with banners or border strips of its own at the top an' date strips at the bottom. Fake, from one end to the other, an' livin' on its press agent work. Had a menagerie too.

"The' was a mildewed old elephant that had rheumatism so bad it could creak as loud as it could trumpet, an' a giraffe that had the mange an' a curvature of the neck, an' a old tiger that had to have a package o' killick-kenick smokin' tobacca mixed in a pinta gin before he'd roar, an' a bear that woulda let ye put him on the enduva stick to wash the chariots with, an' a few raccoons an' sich. The press agent useta have stories fer the noospapers about these left-overs, an' he called them the wonders of the animile kingdom. I guess they was, too, seein' 'at they was alive at all. But the show was strong on its band, an' it had a lot o' gurls an' wimmin that done acts, solo an' in tabloos, with dissolvin' view effects on a stage, an' these with a ham clown fer the ring an' a black face troupe that done a olio, was what drew.

"Risterbullus had a bad crush on a gurl that useta have a turn on the voilin in that olio, an' posed in the tablux of The Home of the Fairies in the Bower of Ferns, that was the big feature. He got acquainted with her through thinkin' he could play the cornet an' volunteerin' wunst to do a duet with her on the voilin, an' he'd follered the show fer a few towns free grattis fer nawthin. They played 'Awft in the Chilly Night', so bad it made a hit because the public thought it was a clown act an' the gurl was a feeder fer his funny breaks. He'd go as far with 'em as he could without losin' his job o' clerkin' in a drug store, or as long as his money'd last, an' then he'd come home an' wait till the Quincuplexal Aggregation come round again, an' then go to it fer another round. She wasn't a bad gurl neether, only she was a fool.

"Well, when he'd made this killin' he says to himself, 'one-two-three-the

"I SAYS THE FEED AIN'T WORTH THE MONEY, AN' HE SAYS NEITHER IS THE PIG, AN' SEEIN' AS HE'S GOT ME, I COMPROMISE"

world-is-mine', an' jumps his job in the drug store and catches up with the Quincuplexal show an' marries the gurl, an' goes to chicken farmin' on the aidge o' this town where he lived. But the chickens wouldn't lay aiggs ner hatch settins, ner do nawthin but git consumption an' pip an' other things, an' die. The chicken sharps useta sell him all kindsa bum birds at awstritch prices, an'—what could y' expect? The chicken farm faded out —blew—busted.

"Then he went inta reel estate, an' lost some more. They could unload anything on 'im. Then he got up a invention fer gen'ratin' lectristy by firin' two cannons into each other with one cannon-ball, the force o' the shot joltin' the lectristy outa the back enda the cannons. He spent a lot o' money trying' to make them cannons load theirselves like autytomattums when the cannon-ball was travelin' from one to the other, so's to keep up a quick action, because he found out that waitin' to load them himself took up so much time the lectristy would git lost. They had a nice little house, but his wife was too busy practisin' on the voilin to take care of it er do anything else. She said she was devoted to her art an' he couldn't expect her to spile her career fer any of his nonsense, an' this was so funny to him he useta laff till she'd take the broom to 'im. He laft the air into waves when he told me about that. Said she certainly knew how to hold a broom handle.

"By the time he found out how hard it was to make a cannon load an' fire itself at the same time an' in pairs, he was runnin' short o' money, an' he'd got himself lamed by gettin' between them cannons while they was busy, so he give it up. Said he guessed he was in wrong anyhow, because the Bank of England an' the Standard Oil an' the Rawthchilds had spies on 'im all the time, an' if he'd pulled it over they'd a jockeyed 'im outa control of his own invention same as they done to everybody else, an' he guessed he'd fool 'em by quittin'. I suppose all them financial magnets is grittin' their teeth about it yet.

"After that him an' his wife tried sevrul things an' none of 'em come acrost, but every one cost more money, till finally one day she waked up out of 'er art trance long enough to spring a bright idee. She said they oughta go into somethin' that wouldn't spoil an' everybody had to have, an' hats an' caps fer men an' boys was that

thing, fer a lot o' reasons 'at a blind man could see.

" 'All right,' says Bullus. 'We'll put our little stacka reds on a hat store.' He was a dead game sport, an' the idee of runnin' a hat store caught 'is sense o' yumor. 'I'll cover the heads of all these men an' boys,' says he, 'with things that'll make this town look like the capital o' freakland.'

"So he got a line o' goods from back east on commission, to be accounted fer as an' when sold, an' blew the last cent he had into advance rent an' fixtures, an' opened up that mornin' I was tellin' you about. Him an' his wife had moved into them two back rooms the day before.

"The' was a fambly lived on the next floor, an' the stairs in the alley led up to it. The store hadn't bin opened more'n half an hour an' he hadn't sold nawthin yet when they was a tramplin' overhead an' a doctor goes up them stairs three at a time, with a bag in 'is hand. Mrs. Bullus couldn't stand fer that. She had to go up too. In five minits she was down again, chalk white an' tremblin'.

" 'Whaddya think, Bullus,' says she, a-gaspin. 'The's a new baby upstairs, an' it ain't got no head.'

" 'I knew it,' says Bullus. 'I knew it! The day I opened a hat store!' An' then he went outside an' was laffin' fit to die, under the stairs, when I come along.

"He said it couldn't a happened to nobody but him that as soon as he got ready to sell hats people begun to get born without heads. 'Not,' says he, 'that mosta their heads is good fer anything only to wear hats on. But I can see a joke,' he says, 'no matter if it is on me, an' this is the funniest ever.' An' off he goes into another roar.

" 'Wait,' says he. 'When it turns, they'll all have two or three heads apiece. It'll come my way jest as hard as it's goin' the other way now—an' it'll be jest as funny. Life's a circus,' says he, 'an' I'm the clown'. An' he mops that queer face o' his.

"I runs acrost that Quincuplexal string o' junk again when their circuit cuts ours the next year, an' the first thing I see is Bullus, doin' the ballyhoo—standin' on a blue box, barkin' like I never heard any ballyhoo man do before ner since, an' laffin' at 'is own jokes so uproarious he has all the hicks laffin' too. It was coin fer the Quincuplexal, my son. They're sellin' tickets so fast the lightnin' artist in the ticket booth is shovin' out short change to every man, woman an' child that hands in a bill, an' they're all blinkin' so hard from laffin' that they never notice. When ye git 'em laffin', my son, you got 'em comin'. An' that rule goes fer everything under this green sun.

"I meets up with Bullus after the performance, an' he tells me what's happened. He has traded out that hat store fer a bunch o' pigs with a farmer that has a boy he wants to make a merchant outa, an' this farmer don't know nawthin' about the hoodoo, but jest goes on an' puts his boy in there, an' they're doin' business. They has run in a line o' boots an' shoes an' gents' furnishin' habergashery, an' millinery fer wimmin. I ast Bullus why he hadn't thoughta that himself, but all he does is to laff an' say if he had they'da got born without feet an' left off wearin' shirts an' ties an' collars.

" 'Ain't you noticed,' says he, 'mosta these reubs ain't got no collars on already? An' halfa the wimmin ain't wearin' no hats, on accounta some new fad that it's good fer their hair. They'd make a hoss laff, let alone me. I ducked that kibosh all right,' he says.

"But it seems them pigs was a bad play too, fer they didn't do nawthin' but eat except get sick an' die, an' so he swapped halfa them off fer corn to feed the other half, an' when he'd sold what was left all but one shoat that he thought he could teach tricks to, he had that shoat an' a barn fulla corn to show fer all his time an' his seven thousand dollars. He left the shoat to be took care of with a Dutchman that had some pigs of his own, an' seein' as him an' his wife wasn't built to be corn-fed, he had to git out an' hustle to provide the eats.

" 'We always had three meals a day,'

he says. 'Oat meal, corn meal, an' starch.' An' it made 'im laff to think of it.

"But when it come to a point where they couldn't see much prospect fer any other kinda vittles, she connects up with De Vere's Mammoth Quincuplexal Aggregation again, an' the result is she signs on fer her old job. But De Vere wants Risterbullus too, so't he can reestore that voilin an' cornet turn to the olio, an' this time he gits them both fer one salary. Bullus has to do his black face turn, double in the band, go out in procession, eat in the mess tent, an' sleep on the lot, but it means cakes fer both an' nine a week between 'em, only she cops out the pay envelope to make up fer his disturbin' that career of hern by marryin' her when she mighta done so much better with dozens of men she'd threw down with all o' their money, jest to throw herself away at last on a wrinkled up bag of empty laffs like him. That's what Bullus said she said.

" 'Nemmine, Bill,' he says to me when he tells me this, 'she's the reel thing, an' she sticks to me even if things is runnin' against me. She's true blue,' he says. 'Blows me up, but she's got a right to, an'—say,' he says, 'she does make sech funny cracks at me about my face an' my hair an' the way I play the cornet that sometimes I jist have to lay down on the ground an' roll. One night we're playin' sumpn in waltz time, an' I'm half a tone off, an' it gets sech a scream that De Vere makes us play it that way every performance now, an' the joke gets her so hard that she laffs till she cries every time, an' the cornet is so much softer'n my skull that I'm figgerin' where to get the price of a new one.'

"I seen his face a workin', an' I ast what's the answer.

" 'That price,' says he. 'I thought,' he says, 'I thought I'd sell that shoat to that Dutchman to raise it,' he says, an' the next time we're here I makes him a offer—cheap, fer such a smart shoat. Whaddya think he does? Ups an' rounds on me by showin' me how the shoat's growed into a pig on stuff what he's paid fer, an' wants me to pay him fer that feed, er he'd keep the pig. I says the feed ain't worth the money, an' he says neether is the pig an' I says it's my pig anyhow, an' he says he knows it is, an' he's only claimin' pay fer the feed an' keep, an' seen's he's got me I compromise. I tell 'im that if he keeps the pig six months longer he can have it. An' say!' says Bullus, 'he jest snapped me up on that—O, my!'

"An' he swats me on the shoulders so hard I shake in my shoes, an' he yowls. 'Don't tell me I can't beat the Dutch,' he says.

"His luck was sure changin', fer De Vere has raised the salary to twelve dollars the week before because the business jumped so when he took on the ballyhoo. An' when the Own an' Only Greatest opens, a week or so later, an' Danny Grogan is cleaned outa pop corn—Danny was our boss candy butcher then—an' couldn't git no fresh supply, what happens but the barn where Risterbullus has got his corn stored catches fire an' burns down, an' it turns out that every ear of it is poppin' corn, an' it all pops in that fire. The's a young mountain o' pop corn, right where it's wanted, an' Bullus gits a wad o' money as big as a hay-rick. When he got that corn, he didn't know what kinda corn it was. The farmer had rung it in on him because poppin' corn was a drug on the market that year, an' he couldn't sell it. Wish somebody'd trade on my ignorance that way. But it was Bullus's luck, an' only the beginnin' o' the turn, fer before two weeks goes by, his wife dies.—Say!

"I don't see Risterbullus fer nearly six months after that, an' then he comes to where we are an' wants my pull to git 'im into our organization, because he's got some new invention fer a tank act with high divin', an' he wants to git on the inside to work it out. Says salary's no object, fer he's made two big trades, an' he's got money enough to stuff a church, an' nobody to take care of only himself. When he's finished this invention he says he's goin' to buy a mine out in the mountains an' live there all by

himself, an' enjoy life. He's fulla poetry then too, but his mind don't seem to centre jest exactly right about wimmin, fer sometimes he reescites a piece about 'em that says they're

"'Creachers of sech frightful mane
That to be pitied needs but to be seen,'

an' the next thing I hear is somethin' about owin' fer a lodgin' in some grass widder's nest.

"Them two trades he makes is buyin' a wagon load o' books at a auction, unsight unseen, an' findin' out they're catechisms. He thinks it's another joke on him till a big camp meetin' starts up an' a feller swaps him five barls o' whiskey fer 'em before he finds out it's a dry town. The feller ain't no more'n sold them catechisms to the camp meetin' than the lid's took off the county an' the tavern keeper paid 'im about two hundred fer one fer the whiskey over what he give fer the books, an' the feller he swapped the books to gits the grand rah-rah when he tries to sue Bullus fer the difference.

"The next town he lights in the's a convention er somethin' goin' on, an' the only room he can git in the the hotel is number thirteen.

"'Thirteen Hoodoo avenue,' says Bullus to the landlord. 'Nix on the thirteen sum fer little me,' he says.

"But it's eether that er the hayloft, an' the hayloft itself is fillin' up pritty fast, because nobody else don't want no thirteen room, an' Bullus takes thirteen, reluctant.

"That night the house is gone through by a buncha burglars, an' every room but thirteen is looted—cleaned out. Them professionals was onto the hoodoo theirselves, an' wouldn't touch it. They'da got away with the stuff too, only fer a josh Risterbulius has run on a green Irish gurl that worked in the dinin' room.

"She's awful nervous because everybody in Ireland has told her the houses on this side o' the puddle burns up nights about every week, while the people is asleep, an' she's seen three er four fires since she's come. Bullus says it's all true, an' takes an' shows 'er the ropes they has fixed up in the rooms o' this hotel to throw one end of outa the windows an' slide down in case of a alarm, an' he tells 'er everybody rehearses these ropes nights when the rest is asleep, an' the house is pritty sure to burn any night now because it ain't burnt fer more'n a year. So what does she do that night about two o'clock, but throw the rope outa her window an' begin to practice slidin' down an' climbin' up, right past Bullus's window, that's open an' bein' a oneasy sleeper he sees 'er, an' makes a grab, fergettin' all about the josh an' thinkin' it's eether a robber er a ghost. An' the gurl screams like she was a paid opry singer, an' lets go of the rope an' they both goes down in a lump, an' breaks their fall by droppin' all spread out acrost them burglars jest at the vurry minit when they're makin' their getaway through a window below. Bullus was so tickled he let out a roar o' laffter that astonished the wind into blowin' backwards, and the gurl kep' up her screamin' an' one o' them burglars' guns went off. In a minnit the people in the house was swarmin' out like hornets when the nest is shook, an' lights come, an' the next ye know them burglars is tied up an' the gurl is huggin' Bullus fer savin' her life. He don't know nawthin' about the burglary up to that time. It's all a josh fer him.

"Well, Bullus gits the credit fer the hull thing, an' they make 'im up a purse of five hundred bones. An' he has to make a sneak outa that to git away from that arrah gurl. She said he was a bigger hero than Brine Barroom, whoever that was. When Bullus was tellin' me this he reescited some more o' them verses about the dangers of lettin' wimmin go as far's they like

"'Seen too awft,' says he, 'formiliar with
their face,
We first endoor; then hate 'em, then
embrace.'

"'I bin married wunst,' says he. 'The's a Jew feller in a story I read that said "Too much is enough",' says he, 'an' I ain't so young as I useta was,' he says. 'I can make a better runnin' single,' says he. 'But,' he says, 'ain't I a divvle among 'em, fer

all o' my shrinkin' vo let ways?' An' he laffs all over his entire system.

"Well, I gits 'im on with the Governor, an' he's so fulla good nacher an' quick comeback that he coulda signed on fer the ring, but that wasn't what he wanted. He got in as a kinduva general handyman fer the executive staff, an' he was all over the lot before three days goes by. They rigs him up a pole an' a tank like he wants, an' he makes the trial dive himself, an' the next he knew somebody was sayin', "take a swaller o' this". It was brandy, an' when he'd coughed it out of 'is throat an' eyes, he finds his head in a woman's lap, an' he wants to know in a weak voice who'd put the dynamite under that tank. They didn't know what he meant first off, but when he found out he'd dived wrong an' tried to ram 'is head through the bottom he bust out laffin' an' nearly choked. 'If I'd a bin anybody but me,' he says, 'I'd a bin killed. Instead o' which,' he says, 'I git blowed to a jigger o' brandy.'

AN' THE GURL SCREAMS LIKE SHE'S A PAID OPRY SINGER, AN' THEY BOTH GOES DOWN IN A LUMP

"The lady shakes 'is head out of 'er lap, an' says, 'a fool fer luck!'

"The Old Man shut down on any more experiments with the high dive, but Bullus was always sayin' so many funny things an' made friends so easy, he got it into 'is head to turn 'im over to the press agent. That was where the run changed again.

"Poor old Risterbullus got lots o'

HE MAKES THE TRIAL DIVE HIMSELF, AN' THE NEXT HE KNEW SOMEBODY WAS SAYIN', TAKE A SWALLER O' THIS

stuff in the noospapers, an' funny stuff too, but it was all true, an' first thing y'know, the clergy an' the Sabbath school people an' the Y.M.C.A., begun to come round askin' questions. Old Risterbullus couldn't lie, an' he couldn't keep a joke, an' he would talk, an' he had money of his own to spend with them noospaper fellers, an' they didn't do a thing to the performers an' some o' the big acts an' sensations until the whole organization was roarin' mad, an' the Old Man had to call 'im off. He dropped outa the payroll too, but that didn't make no diffrunce to him. He was happy with the lights an' the smells, an' he wanted to stay on. But some o' the things he'd give to the noospapers was like cowhage down the backs o' soma the people, particularly some o' the workin' staff, an' one night Bullus didn't turn up. The next mornin' he was found in the back room of a holdup booze joint about two blocks from the lot, with a dent in 'is skull an' not a cent in his clothes. When it was reported to the Old Man he had 'im taken to a hawspital with instructions to send the bill to him. An' before we left that time I went up there to see him.

"Whaddya think? That there green Irish gurl had trailed 'im, an' had put it up the way the Irish know how, to git herself in to nurse 'im. They wouldn't have that, o' course, but she hired out fer housework with 'em, an' when I was there I found out about it an' told him. He grinned a few more wrinkles into his face an' said he guessed he could stand it if she could. An' it pleased him so much that anybody could take such interest in a joke like him, that he played up to it. Nobody couldn't do nawthin' with 'im ner for 'im only her, an' so she had her way as much as the rules allowed.

" 'Goodbye, Bill,' says he to me, when I'm goin'. 'You bin a good friend to me, an' I'll laff every time I think of ye,' he says, 'an' when I'm outa this,' says he, 'I'll load up again with money an' join the show wherever y'are. The laugh's on me this round, I guess,' he says, 'but I got a lot more comin', says he.

"It was five years after that before I seen 'im again, an' I often wondered

what was become of 'im, till one day when I'm ahead again with the paper in that same old town, somebody drives up to the walk in a big shiny automobile, an' says 'Hello *Bill!*' an' roars out laffin'.

" 'Bullus Flanders!' says I. 'Is that you?'

" 'No, Bill,' says he, 'I'm a imitation of a graduated circus man, retired on 'is money an' tryin' to be good enough fer 'is wife.'

"I was as took aback as if I'd got a quick wallop in the commissary.

" 'Whaddya mean, that about a retired circus man an' his money?' says I. 'Whose cart is that yer drivin' there?'

" 'Mine,' says he. 'I made a new invention sence I seen ye,' he says, 'an' I got money enough out of it to stoke a liner crost the Atlantic,' he says.

" 'Whaja invent?' I asks.

" 'A bunghole,' says he.

"Say! I thought he was throwin' it into me, but he wasn't He'd noticed how beer barls always got the stave busted where the bunghole was, because it was jest bored in the wood, an' he invented a iern ring thing to set in it tight, so't knockin' out the bung wouldn't hurt nawthin', an' saved the stave. An' he was gettin' a cent a bunghole wherever they used one. Whaddya know about that! Thousands a year he was makin'. Owned the opry house, an' half the town.

" 'How's Hannah ?' I asks, when he explains this to me.

" 'Hannah who?' he says, kinda puzzled.

" 'Hannah that rehearsed the fire escape an' come to the hawspital to nurse ye,' says I.

" 'Oh!' says he. 'She married the Dutchman that was janitor there,' says he. Then he threw back 'is head an' let out a colyum of a laff about a mile high, so't it tore a hole in a cloud. 'Did you think I married her?' he says when he got 'is breath back again.

" 'Well,' says I, kinda peekt, 'if it wasn't her, who was it? You spoke about yer wife jest now," I says.

" 'Why,' says he, proud like, but grinnin', 'I married a artist.'

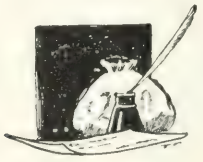
" 'What artist?' says I.

" 'The queen o' the air,' says he. 'The lady that done the double trapeze act, that said "take a swaller o' this" that time I made the high dive.'

"I wish I was outa the business an' as well-heeled as Bullus is, but I s'pose I'll keep on till I die. It's a hard grind too, my son—all work an' worry —no 'magination, ner romance, ner fun, ner nawthin' like other people has. Nawthin' but work, an' standin' fer press agents."

With the Main Guy

By Florence Randal Livesay



THE Stairs watched them go, creaking as ever a protest against the heavy tread. For the last time the Staff went noisily down the dingy five flights leading to the Meteor's editorial rooms. Many a man had gone down who had never come back, yet others came in his stead. But this was different—for the hurry and bustle and confusion, the crazy office furniture lumbering down, meant migration.

The forsaken stairs were divided into landings and breathing-places, with sharp, surprising turns mocking even the accustomed footfall—"Excelsior", the men called them—and the editor, as he rose to receive each panting conqueror, smilingly agreed to the gasping complaint. "They are pretty bad, sir, I'll confess—but we're going to move soon."

In his heart he loved the Stairs, for they were grim and forbidding guardians of his precious freedom from interruption. It was urgent business—not to be smiled away by the blandishments of the ground floor business office—that made a man attempt that ascent.

For some the Stairs had a fascination. There was no elevator in the building, and each of the flights had its habitues. Always then there was the chance of a meeting, or it might be pursuing footsteps sounded—and grew familiar—and one paused for breath, which of a startling suddenness came short. Some of the climbers were a feeble folk who loved to dally on the stair, while others were quick of ear to catch a faint footfall ahead and fleet of foot to match it.

They were dirty stairs even after the washerwoman had scrubbed her black way down from the fifth story: the wall alongside was marked and defaced by loitering telegraph boys: they were altogether unlovely, but none could deny that they were interesting. They could tell of strange descents made with scant ceremony—of men who went downhill and out of memory as they went down the steps. An erstwhile managing editor, very popular with his men, and lonely for his kind, was long remembered for his pleasant habit of inviting the whole staff over to the nearest hotel, and then and there was clattering down with jest and quip and much alacrity. It was a blue day for them when they faced the necessity of paying for their own beer.

A strange thing happened once on the Stairs. The Printer's Devil, whose custom it was to take down cuts in a handsled, had grown to delight in his expert steering. But one day the box fled too fast and the hand that strove to check its speed slipped beneath the sharp edges, which shore off two fingers. Alack, the grim old stairs wept blood that day.

Yet they had their moments of sentiment, moments which eluded the

haunting feet of Time's slaves, in their treadmill of errands night and day. Once they trembled to a brief and secret joy, when the sporting editor, six foot and sturdy, laughingly swept the little society editor into his strong arms and bore her down regardless of protestations. And no one knew. O happy miracle of the Stairs.

At night they were but dimly lighted, and sometimes they listened in mocking, leering silence to sounds of men groping in the dark and cursing long and loud. They were connoisseurs in oaths—those Stairs.

But now there is an elevator, and the Stairs are sidetracked and deserted. They have no more stories to tell, so I, who have known them in their palmy days, when history was a-making, must perforce be silent too.

I think it was the New Office that drove the city editor from home. Drink was no longer a solace, and his stained fingers rolled cigarettes listlessly, for these seemed to have lost their flavor.

In the old office the Telegraph and City Editors shared a room and all visitors were welcome at any time apparently: and when the Society Editor and the Stenographer perched on the table and window sills at four o'clock, when the frenzy of the evening paper was long over and even scoops were savorless, their advent was undoubtedly hailed with delight. The thin board partitions, vainly attempting to indicate privacy, were pasted over with clippings and posters in which "The Red Girl" and others of that ilk figured large. To the visitors the room had a delightful atmosphere of Bohemia, with the hints at mild naughtiness, with the ever-drifting clouds of smoke, with the "shop" jokes which always seemed and frequently were, funnier than any the paper ever printed. Perhaps the staff was a bit weak on discipline, perhaps its members foregathered too much in the long, narrow room where a badgered city editor wrote heads in Bedlam—but they were good comrades, always ready to lend their last envelope to the one most in need of a meal, and withal loyal to "the old sheet" on which they let their light shine.

The new managing editor was a great disciplinarian, but he bided his time. Was not the architect of the building-to-be under his thumb?

So in course of time the New Office came into existence—a cheerless conventual abode fit for monks or condemned prisoners guilty of treason, stratagems and spoils. The rooms were divided into such small compass that while every man had his dwelling-place none had much room in it. The doors were decorated with much embroidery of rank and title. "Telegraph Editor", forsooth, in yellow paint on ground glass: "City Editor" in trappings of black on white: while in the rotunda, where sat, like good little boys at school, the chastened and subdued reporters—outcasts all—the walls were tinted a delicate green and the pillars a bronze guaranteed impervious to scribbling.

It was a piteous sight to see the sporting and market editors in such unwonted surroundings. The latter said that the only place on which he felt he could strike a match was his teeth. The city editor, as I intimated before, never recovered from the shock of his environment. The society editor half heartedly put up a few pictures, but never even took the precaution of pasting them on the wall. She lived at the other end of the world, so to speak, out of dropping-in distance of all her former friends. And to this day the collection is melancholy, lacking all timeliness and life.

There have been a few attempts, spasmodic and ill-devised, to hang up innocuous calendars in the rotunda. To put it mildly, the room does not lend itself to decoration. Notices to the staff are typewritten and pinned on a green baize board, and any remarks added by the wit who dies so hard get but the meed of a solitary and fleeting smile, and next day the paper mysteriously disappears. We can never laugh together over our silly vaporings: even our telephone humorist has suffered an office change and is morose with the still giddy and expectant

Central. Ah, it is dull weather if it be indeed the spring!

In the Main Guy's room in the old office there was much comfort if there was much shabbiness. The contents of the shelves (dignified by the name of a bookcase) were in all stages of erectness, some showing a disreputable leaning towards the floor and all covered with dust. The stenographer had a squeaky office chair too low for the desk, so that she usually sat on a wooden box placed inside the chair. It was not very comfortable, although she felt it a trifle to the dignity of the office, sadly impaired in the sight of visitors. But no one else minded: most of the others used the dictionary in turn to raise their physical as well as mental stature. And while the cane in the Editor's chair was propped up with successive layers of paper the stenographer felt that complaint for herself was out of the question.

The Main Guy was of an absent-minded disposition, a lover of his pipe and in charity with all men. Unconsciously he was a public benefactor as he kept the staff in tobacco. The drawers of his desk were never locked and by the law of cause and effect his tin of tobacco was never full. They called it "The Widow's Cruse."

Occasionally he would remark to his secretary that his tobacco was disappearing strangely, and she, being a discreet young woman, would laughingly tell him that he smoked far too much for his own good. As she was in addition a privileged person she would then take occasion to mention that his absent-mindedness was growing upon him, and that a house-cleaning day in his desk department was long overdue. This never failed to make him as clay in her hands and he went on spending his substance in riotous buying.

But it was when they were in the new office that the secretary noticed the phenomenon of the cigar, following the unaccountable behavior of the Main Guy in relation to his tobacco. For he actually hid the latter. His previous attempts at concealment proved him amateur and the detectives of the staff were at heart disgusted with the guilelessness that left them no scope for their undoubted talents.

But with the new desk and its cunningly devised departments came something like a child's delight in a plaything and secret—and he hid the tobacco so thoroughly that for a day he could not find it himself. The Market Editor every morning badgered and tried to bribe the secretary for the precious secret but though she would never admit it she was as ignorant as he. It was incredible, preposterous, but true. The Main Guy had "got wise."

All this is rather a long preamble to lead up to a lonely cigar. But that cigar puzzled the secretary not a little. It lay on a corner of the bookcase for three days, and never a nicotine fiend touched it. The point was this—the Main Guy, known to be absent-minded even with "smokes" had left it there and forgotten it. The Hunters of the Night must have seen and handled—but they had never carried it away. Was it to avert suspicion—did they think the Main Guy, elated over recent triumphs, was trying to set a trap for them?

"Can that be a cigar I have seen before me for three days?" said the secretary, finally.

The Main Guy smiled somewhat sheepishly. "Yes, it was given to me. I—I—left it there for some of them to carry off—but they've the finest brand of connoisseurs in this office I have ever come across. I tell you I'm proud of them. They can smell the good stuff like a bloodhound on a man's trail but you can't palm off a poor cigar on any man-jack of them. They're a set to be proud of, as I say. I confess I would have been a bit disappointed if this had gone"—handling it reflectively.

"But wasn't it a little marked?" I don't think they deserve much credit when you hide your tobacco and make a cigar display. In vain in the sight of the bird"—

The Main Guy chuckled.

"I'm a bit absent minded, I'm

afraid, sometimes, but of course leaving good cigars out would be overdoing it. Yes, I don't wonder the boys were suspicious."

A puzzled look came over his face as he felt in the empty bowl of his pipe. "I had some tobacco once," he said. "It's tiresome remembering the various caches. The last I think was among the envelopes in your desk. Ah, thank you."

And the secretary at last understood why her best friend wrote to ask her if she ever smoked cigarettes.

FISHERMAN'S SPRING SONG

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Here at the street-end the drawbridge is turning,
Here in green water the lake-steamers churning
Call to me, beckon me, set my heart yearning,
Tell me the brush-fires up north are burning,
Coax me away with the spring!

You that have been there, you know? you remember?
When did we meet last time—'long in September?
Same Ananias Club—oh, I'm a member!
Same old fish stories down to the last ember.
Say! You remember in spring!

Same leaky birch hid away in the hemlocks,
Same white-ash paddle, same portage across rocks,
Same fallen tree and the chute down at Marlock's,
Same old blind outlet to hunt into South Fox,—
Let's go on back, for it's spring!

Coffee at twilight and red embers glowing,
There have I been and it's there I am going,
Where the dark rivers run swiftly south-flowing,
Where the elm-keys on the current are snowing,
Where there's a six-inch fin turning and showing—
Give me the river—it's spring!

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

WINDY March many-weathers is here with her lambs and birdlings and promise of flowers and fruit. Proverbs circle about March like winter sparrows about the crumbs. "February makes a bridge," says one, "and March breaks it. "There is no great amount of comfort to be extracted from that saying. The proverbs do not vary, but the weather does. The very phrase "many weathers" serves as a formal notice that we must be prepared for anything in the matter of climate and surprised at nothing. Tennyson's observant phrase, "the windy gleams of March," suggests a more normal and constant weather-type than is referred to by any of the ancient proverbs. March is also accustomed to borrow three days from April; but they are usually ill days, or perhaps April would not be so ready to make the advance. Anyway she returns the compliment by borrowing for her own occasion three days of March, also usually ill days; so that whatever may be thought of the morality of the transaction, the meteorological rate of exchange is fairly maintained.

At all events that grim back of winter has been broken. The birds have packed their Saratogas down south and some are already on the way to the great breeding places of the north land. A few have already arrived though they left their music behind and are merely prospecting before they send for the bride-elect and prepare to begin the honeymoon. The shore-larks, in their hurry, got here as early as February, while the large hawk family is arriving on every aeroplane. The robin, whose first delicious notes lift the heart and fill with heaven-sent inspiration the mind of the poet is not yet with us and we must remain content with the cheerful cheeping of the city sparrows. But all nature is stirring and thrilling—as are our hearts—with love and hope and renewal.

For, lo, the winter is past. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.

. . . . . .

PAPER BAG COOKERY

WE bought them with smiles and hope—big brittle bags for roasts, medium bags for chicken and the like, and little bags for hash, since a little of

that goes a long way. Our results would have been ludicrous had they not been so unfortunate. The bags burst, the gravy ran out, and the contents were not of appetizing complexion. Cook sneered, and Mary frankly laughed. The man of the house went dinnerless and took it out on his pipe, and the lady of the house took it out in tears, M. Soyer went spinning through the kitchen with his book and fell behind the ice-box and remains frozen there to this day.

And yet, the newspapers write columns of humorous advertisements about paper bag cookery. Magazines feature the bags and print their photographs alongside the theatre beauties. Even reviews sing their praises in heavy-handed phrases. Somebody must be paying somebody else a great deal of money. Lady journalists rave in paragraphs over the juiciness of what comes out of the bags until your mouth waters as you read about how the stuffing "permeates the fibre" of the turkey, while Irish stew loses none of either national flavor or gravy. Poets sing the praises of the bag in stanzas many enough to fill a column of the Woman's Page and so lighten the cares of the editor; while the answers to correspondents columns simply burst with enough juiciness to baste fifty Fat Boys and serve them in fifty tureens of sauce and some to spare.

Are we then the only paper bag failure? Why should our steak turn out pallid and of frightened mien instead of brown outside and light pink in the middle? And why should the chicken taste of carrots and the carrots of onions? Why should M. Soyer lie frozen under the refrigerator and a poor devil of a Pedlar be reduced to the crumbs of yesterday's ham sandwich which gather in the bottom of his pack?

A bas M. Soyer! A bas papier mache bags! Aux armes, citoyennes! Let us dance the Carmagnole and send M. Soyer a la lanterne!

. . . . . .

THE POOR DEAR CONSUL

THE ball was given in a big town in Ontario and the foreign Consul is not unknown to fame, which is as far towards revelation as a writer may permit himself to go. The Consul was little, and the Consul was stout, and his evening clothes were not of the latest pattern. With a snap which everyone near heard but him, something went and the small clothes of the Consul crept out of hiding and took a peep at the scene. The little man tilted up and down on tiptoes, his foreign order decorating his breast, totally unaware of the discrepancy between the bottom of his waistcoat and the top of his waistband. He presented a ludicrous figure and made an amiable old lady so nervous that she dropped and broke her lorgnon, as she whispered the story of a French lady to her neighbor.

This lady, it appears, had a beautiful figure whose beauty she sought to increase by tight lacing. (This happened in days when corsets were corsets, and waists wore a waist line.) When Madame was going out at night she used to lace before dinner because she couldn't do it after. So she used to lace and then eat sparingly as she was compelled to, and one night when she had got herself down particularly fine she was going to dine off a dozen raw oysters which she thought would be at once satisfying and nourishing. But, hungry as she was, she soon found that she could not eat them all. She managed to eat eight of them, essayed a ninth and tenth, and the eleventh looked so alluring sprinkled with tabasco and dusted with cayenne that she ventured on it. It proved to be the straw that broke the staylace! There being

SHE MURMURED "LOVE, HONOR GO GAY" AFTER THE BISHOP

nothing else left to do, the lady gracefully fainted—"And, my dear," went on the storyteller, "if somebody doesn't tell the poor dear Consul that the last oyster was too much for him we shall have an expose before royalty itself."

It was just here that "My Uncle Toby," the poor dear Consul, becoming aware of his condition, retired hastily, and that the narrator providentially broke her eyeglass. The very obvious moral of this tale is that every gentleman should patronize his tailor at least once in ten years.

after the Bishop. Some gentlemen of the cloth have progressed so far in modernity—that bane of Rome—as to aver that the humble little word is of no significance, and there is a grain of truth in that, for generally miladi goes the way that is most agreeable to her after marriage, while persuading him that she is acting in accordance with his wishes. Besides, what right-thinking man would demand obedience from a timid, shrinking little woman? I think the sole reason "obey" was ever invented in the marriage service was to flatter the vanity of man. If

ARE WE HERE THE ONLY PAPER BAG FAILURE? WHY SHOULD OUR STEAK TURN OUT PALLID INSTEAD OF BROWN OUTSIDE AND LIGHT PINK IN THE MIDDLE?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

TO obey or not to obey—that is the question in regard to the marriage service, which is agitating some good souls and clerics. It was an Irish girl that slipped the question when she murmured "love, honor and go gay" that poor creature imagines any woman regards it as binding, he is sadly undeceived before the honeymoon has ended. Woman obeys only as the horse obeys the whip-lash—when it would be dangerous to do otherwise. Of course we all know there are times

when patient long-suffering woman takes the bit between her teeth and upsets the applecart. Then it is the man that obeys the laws of gravitation and falls down. It is rather odd to read that no one—not even the shepherds of the flock—seem to know who put "obey" into the marriage service. The proper word is, I believe, "submit," but of the two I prefer the former. I believe St. Paul is blamed for it all. When in doubt ask that much quoted Apostle. You know how it goes;—"As St. Paul says," and you prepare for something final—and difficult. I often think we father too much on that good Saint.

As to "obey", you can be very well and soundly married—tied in a gordian knot indeed, without saying it. There is no ne temere decree standing over the word with a whip.

PERSIAN LAMB AND PERSIAN LOVE

EVER since the young American, Morgan Shuster, who went over to Teheran to assume the duties of Treasurer-General of Persia was turned down by the Czar," writes a Canadian friend living in Paris, "everything Persian has become the cri de moment here. Persian teas and Persian lamb divide the honors with Bordovi of the Theatre Capucines and Polaire's green tulle hat crowned with those hideous worsted flowers. The thing to do is to give a Persian tea and engage a Persian raconteur to tell tales of the hareem. Of course you do not have to vouch for either the truth of the tales or the honesty of the raconteur. I heard him the other day on the topic of Persian flirtations. It seems that the intrigue forms half the life of Persia just as it does of Paris, with this difference that with the Persian one cannot discuss his womenfolk. To ask a Persian about his wife is, it seems, a grave breach of etiquette. The most you can do is to ask about the 'mother of his son!' If he has only daughters he does not mention them. They are a misfortune to be suffered in silence.

"The man never sees his wife until after the marriage ceremony—you should see the interest expressed in the eyes of the elderly girls present when Astrabad told us that! Here was a chance! But the wife, on her side, always has to remain in seclusion in order that she may remain faithful—hence springs the love of intrigue. Astrabad related the sad tale of a Persian lady who met a traveller, a white man, in a jeweller's shop in Teheran. She let fall a branch of jasmine, he picked it up, dropping a white flower from his coat as he stooped. The lady seized the flower. Two days later the flower, stained crimson, was returned to the traveller at his hotel with a polite intimation that he had dropped something. And the stain on the flower was made by human blood."

SHE LET FALL A BRANCH OF JASMINE

A GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

HAVE you read the great books of the year? Arnold Bennett's

"Hilda Lessways", Margaret Deland's wonderful "Iron Woman", Lucas Malet's weird story of "Adrian Savage", and the greatest book of all—perhaps barring that peculiar one known as "The Dangerous Age"—"Jennie Gerhardt" by Theodore Dreiser. This is said by the critics to be the finest American novel ever written. This, too, with in mind "The Scarlet Letter," Norris' wonderful books, the works of James Lane Allen, Mrs. Wharton, Weir Mitchell and "Uncle Tom's Cabin". This, the verdict of the best living critics, including William J. Locke and Arnold Bennett, seems to a humble scribe who has just closed the pages of this master-book, a very fine and true verdict. "Jennie Gerhardt" stands all by itself, a lone masterpiece—a grim, gaunt, strong book, the most impressive piece of art ever given on this continent in prose fiction—a stark tale of absolute realism, an interpretation and a criticism of life that we know to be as true as it is sombre.

There are books that are unfit for any woman to read—the books of Sudermann and Mirabeau and some others. It is to laugh when, remembering that there are such books, some little reviewer tickets "Jennie Gerhardt" as an immoral tale. It is on the contrary the everyday story that you read in your morning paper when so pleasantly munching your crisp toast and sipping your coffee. Every police court is haunted by such tales. If there be such a thing as that called by every editor a human interest story, "Jennie Gerhardt" is that—for it is the story of a girl who has fallen by the way, who recovers herself only later to pay bitterly for the folly of the ignorant girl, since through her fall, the eyes of the soul are opened, the sensitive spirit awakened and a being who in earlier years had not, perhaps, the finer perceptions, had not the great capacity for either joy or suffering, experiences as only a sensitive soul can, the pain of love's loss, the facing of the long empty years—"Days and days in endless reiteration, and then—"

Jennie Gerhardt, is a poor working girl. A United States Senator sees the girl scrubbing in a hotel and is charmed with her freshness and beauty. He promises her marriage but dies and leaves her with the little child, Vesta. Later she goes as maid to a wealthy family and attracts Lester Kane, the son of a millionaire, with whom she lives,—somehow you never blame Jennie for what she does—under promise of marriage until he hears about her child. He leaves her because of his father's will and on her own entreaty—as always it is the woman who sacrifices self for love's sake—and he marries another and dies. But not before he has sent for Jennie and told her that old, old tale "she is the only woman he ever really loved."

And Jennie lives on, her child dead, facing the "days and days of endless reiteration—" a better woman at the end of the chapter than she was in the beginning.

That sounds a bald tale enough, doesn't it?—and rather a cheap tale, and assuredly a tawdry one—but the art in the telling! The strength and power and gripping interest of the book despite its topsyturvy morals is what makes it the greatest book. It is no worse and no better, as its morality goes than the story of Little Emily so exquisitely, so tenderly told by Dickens, or than Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or even Bennett's "Hilda Lessways." It is the story of the morning paper and the police court, but it is told with such barren simplicity, such a lack of theatrical emotion, such accuracy and insight, that for long after you have closed the covers you are haunted by the stark and tragic figure of the woman who has loved and lost, and who sees only stretching out before her the empty years—"the days and days in endless reiteration, and then—?"

. . . . . .

A GREAT CANADIAN

AS some one—Robert Barr, I think it is—puts it, the door of the House of Commons at Westminster has closed on the last of the great gentlemen who for so long dictated the policy of England, and a vigorous,

hard-headed strong Canada Scot holds the reins of power. Mr. Bonar Law is the first politician who has been able to send Lloyd-George to the mat. He can hit hard, as the big little Welshman knows. He is, according to the Saturday Review, "steeped in the lore of dock warrants and weight notes, of port dues and discounts." His make-up contains such elements as reason, philosophy and figures. He is what is commonly called a "walking encyclopaedia," and his craze is accuracy. Winston Churchill fights shy of him, Mr. Asquith is frankly in fear of him, and T. P. O'Connor is looking attentively at him over the edge of his wise spectacles.

IT IS THE EVERYDAY STORY THAT YOU READ IN YOUR MORNING PAPER WHEN SO PLEASANTLY SIPPING YOUR MORNING COFFEE

A man of Macaulay-like memory, Bonar Law is independent of notes. He never uses them, but he always carries them. His fad is making quotations which are accurate to the very hind-marks. If a debater challenges Mr. Bonar Law on any one point, the Conservative leader claps his hand in his pocket and out comes the verifying quotation. He is absolutely the right man in the right place for Canada. He is Canadian first and Scot second, or rather a splendid mixture of the two. More, he is a Blue Nose. He comes from that part of the Dominion which has produced our brainiest politicians. Moreover he is comparatively young,—strong, and bursting with vitality. He has a fine face, a cavernous penetrating eye, a firm jaw. His dominant expression seems to be one of restraint and reserve, it is also a melancholy if not a sad face. Patience is marked on it, and indomitable perseverance. His height and the spareness of his figure deepens the ascetic cast of the whole man. One could imagine him fervent without being fervid, never flowery or emotional, always "captain of his soul." He has never been known to commit an epigram. There is nothing acid in his oratory; he is always calm and gestureless, lucid, trenchant, and quick. He is, in fact, a sort of iron man, or perhaps steel would be the better word to use.

And one thing more; he is an admirable chess player. The Scot in him gives him his strength, reticence, caution and fine reasoning powers, while the Canadian side of him is expressed in his splendid business

capacity, his quickness of speech, his cool and unembarrassed manner, his mastery of himself.

It is the Scot in Bonar Law that plays such a fine game of golf, but it is the Canadian in him that makes him such an admirable chess player.

. . . . . .

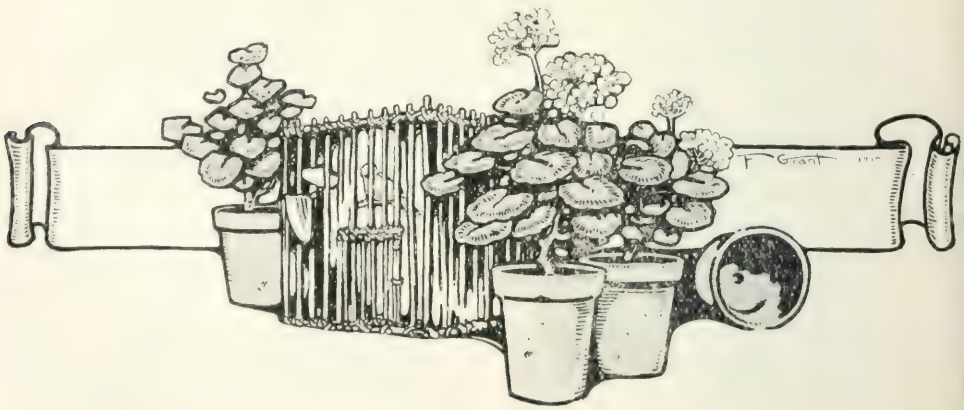
THE SHAMROCK FOR EVER

THIS is Ireland's month. At home they will be weaving little wreaths of shamrock and crowning the Virgin and Saint Joseph with them in the roadside village chapels. They will drink one another's health in a "St. Patrick's Pot," and talk of the woes and struggles of old Ireland in the centuries past but not forgotten. What memories Irishmen have! The famine year and the rebellion year are as near to them as last night. How is it that in the deep country villages where so many can neither read or write, the history of Ireland, her wrongs and oppressions are matters of common talk? You will hear a countryman who could not put two and four together if his life depended on it, talk fluently about the heavy taxation "put on poor misfortunate Ireland"—I do not think there was ever a man piked in the "bad" year but is remembered by somebody in some nook by the bog. The "Informers" will not have any "good health" drunk to their "sowls" I can tell you, neither will Castlereagh be forgotten in potations consecrated to Hades. And Robert Emmet—poor glorious Emmet!—will be remembered in his un-named grave, and Lord Edward, and the rest of that gallant band of true patriots. There will be talk of Home Rule and disputes between the Shinn Feiners and Nationalists; and there will be cat-cornered fights and heads rapped, and many a brawny shoulder will hit the mat.

But every man will wear the shamrock in his hat, and every colleen on her breast, and here's to it! The green immortal Shamrock! God bless it!

> I wear a shamrock in my heart,
> Three in one, one in three—
> Truth and Love and Faith,
> Tears and pain and death;
> O sweet my shamrock is to me.

An Irish story which came my way this week may not be amiss here. The Royal Dublins were making a good deal of noise in one of the barrack rooms the night before they left for Cork. The sergeant-major who slept just off the room in which the shouting and singing were going on, opened his door, and in a loud voice called out, "Stop that noise!" The tumult ceased at once. Amid the absolute stillness which followed the clarion voice of the S-M. rang out once more—"See here; I'll have nothing but silence *and very little of that*!"



For the Sake of the Children

By Louise Glasgow

Illustrated by

C. A. MacLellan

MARIAN put a few clean hickory sticks in the grate when she came back from the telephone; then she sat down again and watched the flames curl up around them.

"I suppose Delia would stay in with the children," she said half aloud, "but I could not go to a play to-night. It is just like dear Gregory though—he is so kind, so thoughtful, so anxious to do something for my happiness all the time! Surely, surely, it must be the right thing for me to marry him."

Marian had kept the wood fire blazing in her little sitting room and had sat alone before it many nights during the past two years—since the divorce. The cheerful little fire had helped to rid her of the old soreness, and the old bitterness had long ago passed away in the glow of the leaping flames.

"Maybe it was a strange thing for me to write to John", she half whispered again. "I wonder what he said when my letter reached him this morning—he must have had it this morning How will he answer it? I suppose he is writing now, to-night! I couldn't go to the theatre with Gregory, remembering that all the time. And yet why should I bother him? He doesn't care for me, nor for the children; not for any of us!"

The telephone rang again.

"Yes," Marian answered. "This is Mrs. Stinson.

"Oh, yes, I know the voice—I know who is speaking."

Then hesitatingly, "Why yes, I suppose so.

"Oh yes, come right away."

She put up the receiver, but she could not sit down quietly before the the fire as before.

John here, instead of answering her letter! Writing was one thing, but

seeing him was another. And he was in town and coming to see her in a few moments.

She almost wrung her hands as she walked nervously up and down for a few seconds; then she glanced around, remembering how intolerant he had been of anything like disorder. She hurried about the room, straightening a chair here and there, putting the magazines in neat little piles. There was Jack's school bag! She hung it in the closet where it belonged; and Helen's Teddy bear—how had the child gone to bed without it! She threw it in the closet, mentally vowing to remember its hiding place when Helen should ask her in the morning, as the child surely would after a vain quest for Teddy in his accustomed haunts. Then she ran to her bedroom and put a beauty pin in her collar and pulled her hair so it looked a little fluffier at the sides. There was no time to do more, for then the bell rang.

She opened the door and greeted him with the correct cordiality which she gave to her men friends. He came over and sat in the other big chair beside the fireplace. Marian's heart gave a foolish throb at seeing him there. Just so they used to sit when that fireplace was new, when she had come a bride to the house and John and she had seen castles in Spain pictured in the glowing embers. It had been in front of that fireplace that she had once buried her face in John's shoulder and told him that one day there would be baby hands at her breast. The memory of that night thrilled her through, and she caught her breath with a sharp little sound. Did John have memories, too, she wondered. He was very silent, sitting there in the familiar old chair. But when he spoke his tone was matter-of-fact.

"I got your letter," he said after a little while." "What do you want me to do about it? If you want to marry Harrison, why don't you go ahead and do it? I've looked him up, and he seems to be all right." His tone was so even that Marian could not tell what it presaged. She answered him as evenly, however.

"There was no one else to advise me, and your judgment was always so accurate."

"Well, I have met Harrison, and I think he is a very decent fellow. I daresay you might get along together all right." His voice was very calm, his manner entirely judicial.

Marian looked him over and seemed to see care and age about him.

"Are you quite well?" she said suddenly, and there was the faintest flicker of a tremor in her voice.

He took the poker and turned one of the blazing sticks.

"Oh yes, thank you," he said, "quite well, quite well. Children all right?"

She moved a little uncomfortably. "Oh yes indeed, they are quite well, too, thank you, and growing so big!"

"Could I,—" he began, and then he showed uneasiness for the first time, "do you think—couldn't I see them?"

"Of course," she answered. "You would hardly know Jack, he has grown so the last two years. When—when we were left alone, he took it upon himself to be head of the house and 'mother's man,' and you should see how he shouldered the responsibility of everything—burglars, and stray chickens, indiscriminately. He—he looks very much like you."

She had chattered along hastily, hardly knowing what she said, but into the man's eyes came a gleam. Jack, valiant little man that he was, had never told his mother of his father's command to take care of her, to be, as she had put it "mother's man." John Stinson nodded his head approvingly. Jack had kept his trust—there was the right stuff in him, then. And she had said the boy looked like him. He stole a glance at the woman who had been his wife, with whom the memories of his youth and his first serious struggle in the man's world were bound up. She was older, undeniably. There were gray threads in the brown hair, and while she was still pretty and unwrinkled, there was a new seriousness and sweetness about her that the impetuous girl-wife had lacked. He smiled as he recalled the foolish things over which they had quarrelled. After all, they had been two hot-headed children themselves—nothing more.

She looked up at him quickly, with a half-smile.

"What are you thinking about—John?" she flashed at him. "That I am getting old? It seems to me I've grown about ten years in the last two."

"No," he answered, startled to find that he had been staring at her in his reverie, "I was thinking what children we were, to have two youngsters. Are they where they used to be?"

"The same place," she answered. "I haven't changed things around much."

Marian rose; her hand trembled a little as she switched on the light in the passage. He followed her to the children's room.

She turned on the light and showed them, the boy with his ruddy muscular loveliness, and his sweet towsled little sister, each in a little white bed, flushed and rosy with sleep and health.

He leaned and stroked the cheeks and forehead of the boy and ran his fingers through the crisp fair hair. He moved to the girl's bed and sat down for a moment, then dropped his face in the pillow beside her.

"John!" Marian cried, wonder, amaze and joy all blended in her tone.

He sprang up and laid a hand on each of her shoulders.

"Marian!" he said "Marian, tell me why you wrote me that letter!"

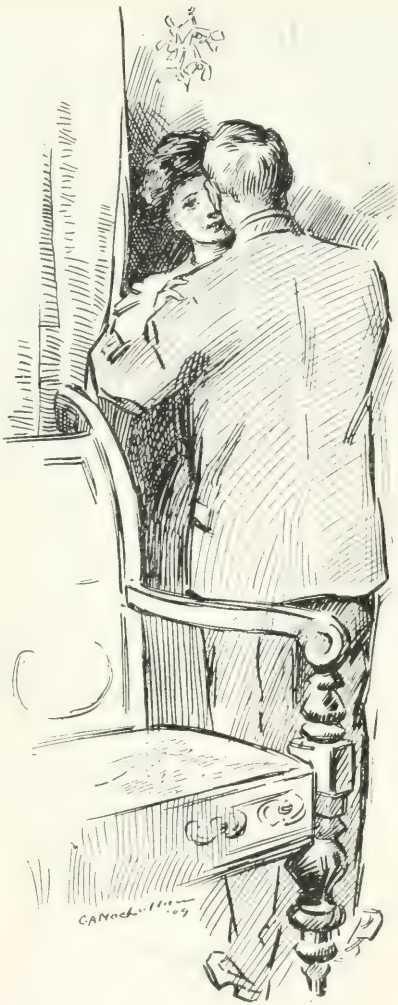
"I don't know," she answered, her head drooped and her eyes cast down.

Just so she had looked nearly ten years ago; just so she had answered when he asked her an old, old question.

"I don't know."

John smiled, a happy smile. Just so he had smiled nearly ten years ago, but just so he had not smiled for years.

He put his hand under her chin and raised her face to his.



"MARIAN," HE SAID, "MARIAN, TELL ME WHY YOU WROTE ME THAT LETTER"

"I know why, sweetheart," he said; and like a weary child she put her head on his shoulder, and his arms closed around her.

A MARVELLOUS STORY

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

HER hair was wondrous fine
And brighter than spun gold,
An aureole divine
Of graceful coil and fold;
Heaped high upon her head,
Or bound within a net,
Or, glinting gold and red,
Wound in a coronet.

Such hair as poets sing,
Such hair as artists paint,
In loop and strand and ring,
In curls both odd and quaint—
The sunlight came to play
Amid its glossy strands
When it she would array
With her bedimpled hands.

But it is not of this
We started out to write;
The point of all we'll miss
If 'tis not kept in sight.
The wonder of her hair
That all so richly shone
And was beyond compare,
Was—it was all her own!

THE FINAL REFEREE

AN ambitious grade teacher made it a point to give talks on modern topics to her children, and had mentioned the Ultimate Consumer.

"Now who can give me a definition of the Ultimate Consumer?" she inquired. One hand went up.

"Please, teacher, I guess it's our goat," was the reply.

PATENTED

SHE was engaging a cook, and the cook was Irish.

"Did you stay long in your last place, Mary?" she enquired.

"No'm. I never stay nowhere long enough to be discharged, mum, I'm one of these here fireless cookers."

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

"THE barber told me a very interesting story this morning as he shaved me," said the City Editor to the Rewrite Man.

"He did?"

"Yes. He also illustrated it with cuts," added the City Editor, fingering a bleeding chin.

CANDOR IN THE MINORIES

"AN' just to fink, Mrs. Jowles, as your Bill by now is 'ittin' 'is 'arp wiv the hangels!"

"Not 'im. 'Ittin' the hangels wiv 'is 'arp is nearer 'is mark."

ALSO WITH GLOVES

ASSISTANT Editor Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.

Editor—Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.

REJECTED HIM

JACK—Was that your sister I saw you with yesterday afternoon?

Tom—Not then, but she was before I left her.

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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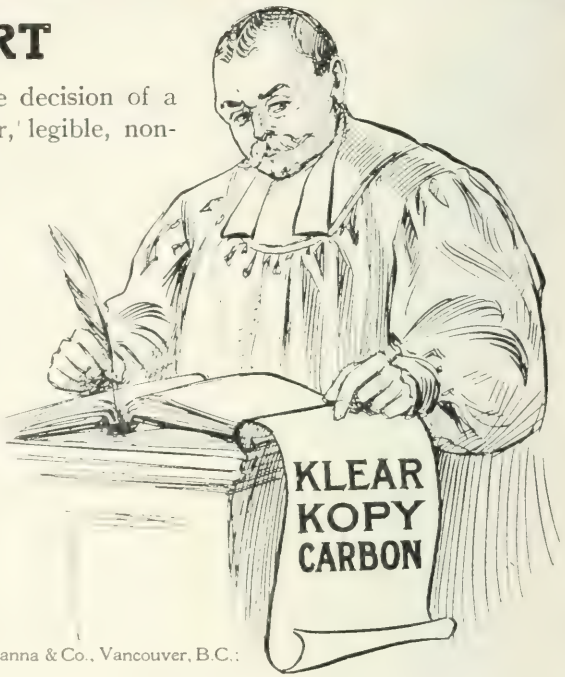

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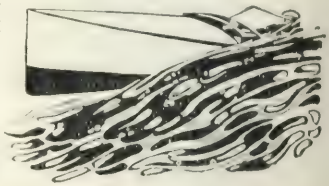


APRIL

BY THOMAS A. DALY

April,
Irish through and through,
Here's my caubeen off to you!
Look you! now my head is bare,
Drop your tears upon my hair.
Weep your fill upon me, then
Warm me with your sun again.
Here's my heart, O! make its strings
Populous with linnets' wings.
So your holy birds are there
Not a ha'porth do I care;
Mute with sorrow, wild with glee,
So they make their home in me.

April,
Dead, forgotten days
Tremble in your dim blue haze;
All the glories of the race
Flicker on your mobile face.
Heroes panoplied for fight
Glimmer in your golden light;
Martyrs, sanctified by pain,
Murmur in your silver rain.
All your smiles and all your tears
Voicing now our hopes and fears,
April, Irish through and through,
Here's my caubeen off to you!

FORBES ROBERTSON ABOUT TO GIVE THE FIRST OF THE THREE SIGNIFICANT KNOCKS THAT ANNOUNCE HIS ENTRANCE IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK". NOTICE THE DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS THAT WERE TRIED BEFORE MR. ROBERTSON GOT A SATISFACTORY EFFECT

To accompany "Smile!"
See page 403

VOL·XI
NO·6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
APRIL

THE DIRECTOR

"Smile!"

"PUT SOME GINGER IN IT — SMILE AS YOU WOULD IF YOU WERE SEEING ME HUNG!" SAYS THE STAGE DIRECTOR, AND THOUGH FRIENDS MAY HAVE VANISHED AND THE PRICE OF SILK STOCKINGS GONE UP, THE CHORUS HAVE TO DO IT

By
Robson Black

Illustrated
with photographs

AND HIS SLAVES

SHOULD you ever attempt to "go on the stage", read up a good work on disguises. Do not under any circumstances try the feat by the regular stage-door of a playhouse, and carefully avoid the garments of a common-place tax-payer. Borrow from a burglar or advise with an usher as to the best means of effecting admission to the mysterious world behind the scenes but—I repeat—beware of the stage door as you value life and dignity.

That night when the Artist and I struggled up a laneway to a tiny incandescent light at the rear of the theatre, we went at the job as we would a civic reception or a delegates' tea—depending on our letters of introduction, our respectable clothes, our correct faces and a personal manner that was quite as nonchalant as a king in a coal hole.

I warn and expostulate against regular stage doors because I take it that all will be guarded as mine was—a bulge-eyed, malignant misanthrope. I shall neither forget nor forgive him.

"Well, what d'ye want? Well, he ain't here! —naw, and y' can't send me with a message. Well, come inside and wait—and y' ain't allowed to smoke

either. Put out that cigarette"——

We had come inside, thus cordially received. The Artist was visibly disturbed by the introductory etiquette to stage-land, for he had never been thus far before. While we awaited the manager's approach he conned the "No Smoking" sign with positive fascination and investigated the laundry advertisement much as an antique dealer sniffs at a dusty miniature. Thus by slow degrees and with some pain to our vanity we edged further and further inward. And in the fullness of time I hitched my chariot to the popular "star", leaving the cad-

averous Corot to say his prayers between the electrician's switchboard and an overhanging precipice.

When we speak of "the stage", we chirp the language of what our schoolmasters used to call the Greatest Common Denominator. Who is there unwitting enough to admit in skilful company that he or she is quite ignorant of what lies northeast of the footlights? Who has not some smattering, however trivial or inane, of the dressing room, the "how" of make-up, the cue, the set

cottage, the centre-right, the act in one, the proscenium, the apron, the property man, the tormentor, the first character woman, or the leading juvenile? These technical trifles are flipped about the average theatre audience as promiscuously as "adagio", "allegro" or "modern French school" are dispensed in a fashionable music hall.

Ah, but we are not behind the scenes to-night to hark to the ding-dong of a dramatic pedagogue. We have come to the one remaining "story" in the world whose bones have not been thoroughly bleached by newspaper publicity—into a land where illusion blinks before our staring eyes, where peasants play the emperor, and kings answer the doorbell, a fraudulent, sophisticated community of disbelieving believers.

From where we are, there is no audience visible; only a series of canvas defiles and hide-and-seek caves. Twenty hand-painted chorus girls trip down the iron stairs and prance over to where we are standing. In a moment they are to shuffle into view of the audience. Meanwhile they stare at the artist and me as if we were a pair of Belasco's inspectors or a contribution for the Zoo. Some are children, many of them matrons, a few pretty, but *all*—all beyond the mark of twenty-two years—have a curious cynical turn to the lips, a tense muscular pull to the features, mute testimonies that tell of heavy labor, abnormal ambitions and growing disillusionment.

There stands George Hobart, the librettist and stage director. This is his thirty-eighth musical comedy, he tells you. Now watch him! He and the show have been only two weeks on the road. Some of the scenes and dances need revamping; they ache for the pruning knife; the comedian's flirtation with the soubrette creaks and groans like a gravel wagon. Hobart is there to fix up all these metaphorical wrongs.

"Now, girls," he whispers, "remember that step!"

The orchestra catches somebody's cue on-stage and bristles into a ragtime. A "broiler" aged eighteen sticks her tongue out at the comedian as she

prances out with the others. And he, a dolorous Jaques, (for half the salaried side-splitters are sad rascals) merely looks bored and gives his putty nose a slight alteration to the left. Hobart meanwhile was amusing himself in the prompt-wing, beating time with a lead pencil and nervously following the turns of his beloved chorus.

A buxom woman, rigged out in a German mother-hubbard, conversed blithely with the property man about a bargain in window blinds at a local departmental—yes, married eleven years; quarreled twice, with a legal separation each time; ultimately pined for her beloved property-man and took him back with tears—there you have their life story in tabloid.

Here comes the soubrette, the name being a synonym for the village cut-up. What her exact office is in musical comedy is perhaps recognized from the fact that she has a singular faith in her vocal ability, and a solemn pity for all other soubrettes. To her is usually given the familiar duty of singing a duet with the throaty tenor. Where these duets originated probably only the zebra and the hippo in Noah's ark could explain.

"Ah, signoreetah," says the man, obviously preparing for a song, "I have dreamt in my dreams of the be-oo-tif-ool isle of perpetual summer."

"Perpetual summer", being a music cue marked on all orchestra sheets, causes the first violins, cellos, and woodwinds to make a strange noise that finds its closest human analogy in the burrowing of a tame bee.

The tenor retires to a bench where he throws his right leg carelessly over a pine knot.

"Beautiful isle where lotus lingers," contracts the soubrette.

"Lot of slingers," obligatos the tenor.

"Never a care for me," she further antagonizes.

"O never a care for thee, for thee," he crescendos amicably, "surely where lot of slingers deer, thar snevver a care for thee."

Not a care? No, not until she reaches the wings and snappily complains to the stage director that life is too brief to stand for an orchestra where all the violins are cymbals and the leader ought to be librarian of a barber-shop quartette. But the stage director, practiced diplomat that he is, soothes her with the assurance that the entire theatre staff shall be dismissed that very evening. When her back is turned he winks at the electrician, mutters "awful stuff, these temperamental women" and goes off about his business. Somehow he forgets to do that firing almost every third night.

When you get back of scenes the usual attitude is of awe-inspired scrutiny, as with a reporter taken into the close confidence of a public magician. You can but feel that what was a perfect garment of illusion has been turned inside out, microscopically exposed, with the bastings, the ragged threads, the shining jewels transmuted back to tin plate; the whole business of imagery sorted into a junk heap.

And yet it is sometimes the case that we gain by losing. In a church scene of "The Piper," a bald-headed actor with a jolly dozen of young women and men chant the Libera of the Roman Catholic Church out of sight of the audience, while the property man stands by to guard his church treasures against theft or removal by the "hired congregation." And yet the beholder of this semi-ludicrous church scene does not feel that it mocks religion nor destroys the dignified bearing of the Libera upon the high emotionalism of the situation.

Standing in the wings of "The White Sister" we see the Monsignor Sarascinesca reproving the impulsive young lover for his jibes at the customs of the church, while the lieutenant hurls defiance back and taunts the priest with cowardice. We stand within three feet of them; the beads of paint are plainly evident upon the hero's eyelids; like a concertina his chest heaves with the burden of his grief. Across the stage and hidden from the people "out front" Viola Allen chats gaily with a sister actress, then at her cue marches dolefully on stage and renounces her lover's claims. She is going to a leper colony as a nurse, she says. To a leper colony? Bless your

A REHEARSAL OF RALPH HERZ' NEW TROUBLE-CHASER, "DR. DE LUXE". SING ONE OF THE MUSICAL HITS OF THE

heart we see her leave the stage through the chapel door and skip off to her dressing room. Leper colony be hanged!

But what is that in the corner of your eye? A tear? Fie upon us for forgetting that nun, priest, hero, chapel, love, remorse, passion, resignation, are mere names, mere pieces of antiquated furniture polished up every season to sell at a dollar and a half. Nevertheless we have been deluded into a tear. We cannot forget that.

It is untrue that to the actors in the wings and dressing rooms the "carryings on" of their comrades is of no concern, for to none is acting more earnest and vital than the actor. They bathe and bask in their own or another's distinction. Take an actor to dinner and fifty chances to one he will trap you from soup to finger bowls in a whirligig of his own miserable concerns. If he is what is called a "big" actor, that is an intellectual scholar, not an emotional egoist, he may eschew shop, and parley over the most infinitesimal and interesting details of his observation and experience. He will handle conversation as he handles his make-up for the evening's performance: spread the ground color smoothly and etch in the character lines with millimetre strokes. And under all circumstances it will be found that he prefers to do the etching himself.

We are back of scenes at Richard the Third. An audience of two thousand people awaits in rapture the great Richard Mansfield in his own unShakesperean and sometimes execrable depiction. The stage manager—the most energetic and resourceful human machine I ever set my eyes upon—darts from side to side, marshalling the supers used in the armies, correcting the electrician for shedding an Arizona sunset on a mid-England drawing room, or imploring a brace of stage hands to cover a bare platform with a brown floor-cloth. The lights on the stage grew dimmer; the unnatural silence of half a minute was split by a sudden command spoken in the unmistakable eloquence of Mr. Mansfield. I saw the stage manager stop an instant on his way across the back drop and speak a word of encouragement to a sick player who had joined the company only a few hours before. Scarcely had

OBSERVE THE IMPROVISED DOGS TO WHICH A ROW OF PRETTY GIRLS SEASON IN THE "DOG-HOSPITAL" SCENE

the greeting left his lips than he turned like a frightened deer, listened to a cue being given on stage, and with his hands clasped before his mouth, gave forth the weirdest and uncanniest cry of human anguish that I hope ever to hear. Does any reader recall his shiver of horror at the screams of the murdered princes in Richard Third?

Here on a Christmas eve, the fortunes of a wandering profession have brought us into the No Admission temple of the show-house, where a hard-worked and ill-appreciated Hamlet troupe keeps on its pay roll the best Polonius of the age. True, he is playing with a second-rate company at a third rate salary, but that is because the archangel of Shakesperean fortunes is away fishing. We cannot expect to keep Shakespeare and George Cohan to ourselves at one and the same time.

Out come the actors for the third act, pouring through the door from the dressing rooms like a passing dream of the court of Elizabeth. Afar off follows one, Polonius. We shake his hand, compliment him on his make-up, bid him farewell while he finishes a scene with the Queen, compliment him again as he exits—and enter briskly into a conversation of motor boat engines, debating whether a hydroplane type would give more satisfaction than a V bottom. Meanwhile he posts himself near a curtained door through an opening of which I could barely see the gyrations of Hamlet as he turned the knife of remorse in the conscience of his faithless mother. Not paying much attention to the acting, however, I chatted laughingly with my friend until the sound of a line flashed like electricity upon his hearing. His smiles were instantly gone.

"What wilt thou do?" gasped the Queen, "thou wilt not murther me? Help, help! Ho!"

Polonius, standing by my side, drew in a deep breath and motioned me to stand back. "What ho! help, help, help," he cried in echo.

I heard Hamlet dash over to the velvet curtain behind which we hid. "How now!" he gasped and I was conscious of an ugly rapier-point flashing through the arras and past my knee, "How now! a rat?" and he thrust viciously again and again, "dead for a ducat! dead".

THE AWKWARD COSTUMES OF "CHANTECLER," IN WHICH MAUDE ADAMS IS PLAYING MODERN CLOTHES. MISS ADAMS' PIQUANT FEATURES ARE

The suddenness of the action and the extreme violence, more real to me for the moment than to the audience out in front, was destined to be turned quickly into a ludicrous unreality. Polonius pressed his fists against his mouth and wailed piteously: "O I am slain". And at that instant two burly stage hands standing at his side dropped two sacks of sand upon a padded quilt——

Were you ever startled in a theatre by the thud of a falling body?

It is hard for me to forget a night when the now sanctified James O'Neill was playing priest parts and lent his services to the melodramatic lines of "The Count of Monte Cristo". If memory serves correctly it was Act Three or Scene Three—most interesting things on or off stage usually occur in the third year division, lap, or deal—and to my younger imagination, the winds of the briny ocean howled and hissed across the troubled billows. The wreckage of a merchant ship lay strewn about the jagged rocks and above the topmost reach of all the waves loomed the figure of the desolate Dantes, his gesture of desperation illumined now and again by an angry flash of lightning. The sea rose higher and higher and dashed its jealous strength upon his stubborn resistance. How old and helpless and abandoned he looked! What was that horrible object yonder? A man-eating shark? No, only a log lashed by the fury of the storm. And poor Dantes holding his own against the fiendish elements!

THIS SEASON, ARE NEVER MORE GROTESQUE THEN WHEN COMBINED WITH PEOPLE IN HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE UNDER HER CUMBROUS HELMET

Five years later I saw O'Neill from "behind the scenes". Fourteen supers or extra men, representing bank clerks, college students, coal heavers, stevedores, printer's devils and all other strata of calling were told off and paid fifty cents apiece to play the part of waves. That is, they crawled underneath a huge sheet of blue and green painted canvas that lay upon the floor of the stage. Some were on their knees, others standing. By their upheavals and twists and turnings, a very fair imitation of moving water was given in the dim light by which the audience saw it.

Up went the curtain. Mr. O'Neill in an outrageously torn shirt and a pair of workman's trousers stood heroically upon his wooden rock defying the winds and waves with extended arms. Lightning bolts were bubbling past his head on a copper wire and spending their force in a pail of cold water. Rolling thunder growled and pealed every time a stage hand sent a wooden ball down a rickety trough. The stage manager clicked his switches and high heaven was illumined as with the sudshine of day. Those piercing chilly blasts of foam-filled gale emitted themselves regularly as a perspiring laborer turned the crank of a silk-covered barrel that rubbed on the end of two shingles. Rain emptied from the great above when Willie Wagle, the property boy, revolved a drum covered with buckshot.

"The world is mine," screamed Edmond above the billows' roar.

Perhaps it was with that possessive opinion in his mind that the stage manager, ten seconds later when the curtain had fallen, approached Mr. O'Neill with the request: "Will you order a new wind machine for the Chicago run, sir?"

"Is it not possible," replied the fabulously rich Monte Cristo, "to purchase a yard of silk and patch it?"

It will always remain an inexplicable thing to many, how players remember their long parts and pass through so many performances of quick-fire dialogue without missing a line or a cue. And yet one loses half his amazement at the function of the memory in the intellectual order when so many thousands of mediocre persons can master in brief time from ten to seventy "sides" or pages of typewritten copy, eight or ten lines to a page including the cue and the speech that follows. Some actors find the utmost difficulty in committing speeches accurately to memory. I have in mind Thomas Mead, of Sir Henry Irving's company, whose heavy bass voice could never lower to a whisper. All his mutterings and self-admonitions were invariably given loud enough for half the theatre to hear. In the play then under rehearsal, Mr. Mead had a line something like: "Her soul is bathed in dragon's blood." This the actor persistently and annoyingly rendered as "Her soul is bathed in dragoon's blood", Mr. Irving correcting him again and again. But Mr. Mead sinned once more and had to receive yet another warning from his chief. "Kindly be careful at the performance this evening," urged Irving, "it is the fourth time you have been corrected, Mr. Mead."

Notwithstanding all that, old Mead's evil angel followed him to the theatre that night, for when he came to the ticklish line he plunged boldly into the mistake declaiming that "her soul is bathed in dragoon's blood". Instantly he stopped, lifted a solitary finger to his chin and halted himself with an audible grunt, exclaiming: "No, by George, it's dragon's blood. Fourth time you've been corrected, Mr. Mead." And he went on with his part although his friends in the wings and in the audience rocked themselves with laughter.

Something along the same line, Mr. Robert Mantell one night during the sickness of a minor actor commandeered the property man to do the part of the poisoner Lucianus in the great play—scene of Hamlet, Act Three. It is an extremely solemn moment as the poisoner bends low over the sleeping monarch and pours the treacherous fluid into his ear. And these are the lines to accompany the deadly deed:

> Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing;
> Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
> Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected,
> With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

with some more of a similarly difficult phraseology. For many weary hours the property man blinked over those heart-rending syllables, trying hard to get them into his memory.

"Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing." Over and over he repeated it. Then on the eventful night he walked on in the scene with trembling knees and thickened tongue. He bent over the sleeping king, with every eye and ear in the theatre focused upon him.

"Thoughts black," he gasped, "hands black, drugs black, face black, every blessed thing has turned black," and while the audience roared with mirth, he ran for the wings and hid himself from Mr. Mantell by climbing to the fly gallery.

Such incidents might be multiplied to the million. Indeed the stories of the "unexpected" stage occurrence supply half the anecdotes of the laughing world. I could repeat them to no end: how a company called the Frost Stock Company—actual name—played 'Way Down East in the City Hall of Kingston, Ontario, and an Italian stage hand stationed on the rafters up above came tumbling through the rickety framework in the middle of a tearful scene, followed by his clothes-basket full of paper "snow"; how a noted actor, wearing through carelessness a pair of crumpled and dusty duck trousers, begged of his stage fiance: "I am perplexed, dearest; what shall I do?"

only to hear a waggish voice in the gallery cry: "Take your ducks out for a swim"; how the lieutenant in "Shannon of the Sixth," while tripping down a Himalayan slope to save the life of his sweetheart in the valley below, abruptly fell through the mountain and landed with a crash on the hard floor fifteen feet beneath; how when Macready was playing Richard he delivered the line "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse"; when a smart young man in the audience piped out: "Wouldn't a donkey do as well?" and Macready instantly retorted "Certainly; come right round to the stage door".

Actors will while away hours with these yarns of their own profession, for no class has a saner sense of the irony of human experience, or a fonder appreciation of the foibles of men and women; the humor that penetrates between man's ideals and his attainment. Any actor in the blossoming circumstances of coffee and cigarettes will unfold a veritable treasure trove of stories, telling of some time and place wherein the art of the player, the solemnity of the scene, the perfect illusion of the mechanics were flipped over into the column of the ridiculous by an untoward accident which no human power could have foreseen.

On the stage of a New York vaudeville house recently, it was claimed that every form of entertainment existing in the modern theatre was represented on the playbill. There were circus acts, ballet dancers, a grand opera singer, a one-act tragedy, an acrobatic team, an elocutionist, a pianist, a hypnotist, an ex-preacher, a baseball player, a troupe of trained seals and an educated giraffe. In that heterogeneous mass is represented a line of employment strictly isolated from any legitimate function of the theatre and the art of the drama. True it is, the "legitimate" actors and actresses now and then fill their purses with a two-a-day engagement, but inevitably and almost invariably they suffer a loss of "caste". The description given by a member of Sir Henry Irving's last company of his adventure into vaudeville is luminous if embittered:

"I was sandwiched between two laughing acts," he said, "and was obliged to wait clumsily in the wings for a dancing team to quit their perspiring antics. When my act was over, I had the pleasure of meeting a barbarian with four trained seals, on his way to amuse the same audience at which I had aimed my impersonation of an Emperor."

One of the little known features that form a back-eddy to all vaudeville bills is the cruelty involved in many of the "strong man" acts, the contortionists and the acrobats. These performers are in a shocking percentage of cases afflicted seriously with heart-disease as a direct consequence of their feats. Old heads in the business have told me of seeing whole "families" of skilled acrobats stumble off the stage when their act is finished and lean against a wall as weak as kittens and with dangerous symptoms of heart failure. Animal circuses too, often shown at vaudeville houses, are so much wanton, deliberate cruelty which is usually brazened over by the assumed smiles of the trainer, and his pretended affection for his money-earning pets. It is generally true that "tricks" are taught with "licks". In the puppy days a cut of the lash is the single incentive to the terrier or the monkey to stand on hind legs or balance a pile of cubes on the nose. Beatings during the training period, beatings during travel, and close confinement—and we pay our money and giggle about it. But after all it is because we do not know.

The weekly vaudeville habit, when unchecked and undiscriminative, poisons the individual's taste for the better uses of the theatre and an advancement in the really creditable knowledge of its art. Vaudeville is not art, nor does it often ask a spectator to exercise deeper faculties than a sense of melody and an appetite for the ridiculous. It moreover accustoms the patron to take entertainment in "chunks", thereby injuring in time the capacity and desire for sustained attention during two or three hours of connected and intelligent drama.

If you want color and what the reporter with the dog-fight-item would

call "human interest", join me behind the scenes of the musical comedy.

In all this merry world of ours there is no more disappointing experience than to come to know a musical comedy company well—that is to know them as men and women out of their veneers by virtue of which they fascinate the public and cause the miracle of the money-flow. Fancy, ye young women who would frisk your life away, fancy your tenderly-nurtured and respected self being classed on the company's books as a "broiler" if you are young and comely; or a "flapper" if you are tall and stately; a "squab" if you are beneath five feet—while at rehearsals, if you do not entirely please the stage director, he may call you anything that first occurs to his tongue.

Let us forget, for the purpose of frankness, the laughing troupe of fairies that rollick out of the wings with handmade smiles every time the soubrette speaks a chorus cue. Let us forget, for variety's sake, the line of maidens who caper across the stage, nodding their poke bonnets and crooning lullabys to the moon for seven encores—and look at the matter like an Anna Held or an Anthony Comstock.

The rank and file of women in the musical comedies is neither more nor less than the shop-girl of the stage. Their purpose in life is chiefly to lay hands on a regular supply of bread and butter and lodging and having done that, the world's debt to them is almost satisfied. I have seen statistics quoted which would attempt to indicate that a percentage of chorus women are college trained and out of cultured homes, but I frankly question the former and allow the latter in about five per cent. of cases. Education would wilt and perish in an average comedy chorus, and I believe the chorus as an institution of the theatre would similarly disappear if all needy girls tested their employment from an educated point of view. As matters stand, the King's English is tortured in the chorus room on a red hot griddle.

"Mamie," calls out Della Dempstead to her hilarious comrade on the other side of the dressing quarters, "cut the comedy, sister, and slip me over my powder puff".

Mamie retorts by asking Della to understand that she desires no imputations of borrowing or appropriating, particularly from a Dempstead.

"When you've sang with such people as I have and when you have put the emotional stuff over in a Belasco Broadway, then, Della Dempstead, you can hand it to me and I'll be there with the white flag."

Partly from the uniformity of make-up, the likeness of costumes, and the strong tendency of chorus experience to reduce faces to a dead level of bold outline, the women of musical comedies range into a series of steel-like moulds. Should number four fall sick, number five steps up one pace; that's all. Should a broiler sprain her ankle, another broiler with an ankle that is not sprained fills the gap and does equally well or ill. Women in the big spectacular shows are hired not for individual talent, not because they assist in the music, but purely for the half-pernicious possession of more or less physical beauty. What becomes of them? Whither go the chorus women when Youth makes its farewell tour at twenty-eight or thirty-five. Nobody with the statistician's queer nose for exactness has ever turned to this field of effort. Perhaps it is as well, for the study of the life-long server in the chorus, the confirmed spear-holder, is pathological rather than artistic. She comes out of youth; she passes into age and obscurity —and the interim usually works mischief to character and coarsens even the most correct morality. The speed at which chorus life is run owes itself to the most natural of laws, gravity. Whatever be the mediocrity of the back row of a musical comedy, there are other backrows of other comedies infinitely more mediocre, infinitely more sordid. Gravity leads commonplaceness forward only as it leads downward. One night I watched from the wings of a burlesque theatre the women of the company in their mechanical prancings and studied smilings out on the limelighted boards. One little creature with haggard cheeks was point-

ed out who was to leave the troupe the next day. She had joined just eleven weeks before in order to pay the bills of her husband, then seriously ill in a Detroit hospital. With a salary of eighteen dollars a week, she scraped along on seven dollars, remitting the balance regularly for her partner's upkeep. The husband recovered, the little lady rejoined him, and together they worked in a vaudeville circuit where prosperity soon rewarded them.

That incident illustrates one of many redeeming marks of even the lowest rungs of the amusement ladder: a capacity for fidelity and sacrifice; generosity; good nature—these are to be met with all levels of the profession of entertaining and are coupled with quite as much moral rectitude as distinguishes the lives of other people in a parallel social and educational level.

But at best, the life of the mediocre member of a theatrical company of any kind—and I refer more particularly to women—is handicapped more seriously than that of a puny-waged factory hand. Conscientious morality is wide-spread in the theatrical profession as in any other, but in the musical comedies, the burlesques, and in that narrow line where shine the Broadway stars, morality must wage a hard fight for recognition. The disease of selfishness, with the germ in every dressing room, too often makes slaves or fretful children of the best and wisest of them. Delicacy and what we call "goodness" is harassed incessantly and with much cunning. Yet despite these obvious disadvantages and dangers the stream of feminine life pours into the mill with increasing eagerness year after year.

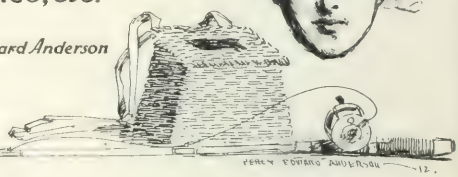
Stage life is attractive because it seems to answer that inherent emotional call—as with the explorer—for the hazardous and the unknown. That it should exist and prosper, it must forever remain a life *apart*. In the higher ranks of the theatre's personnel, plays and players lose their bloom when the acquaintance of the public becomes cousinly. Unreality with them must hold its status; romance cannot submit to the scalpel; nor can the personality of the players or the secrets of the playhouse ever be stripped of their make-believe. Were it so, the tired-businessman would quickly turn misanthrope. Than the policy of silence, there is no other wise alternative for the present ugly practice of "writing-up" or "exposing" the private lives and thoughts and actions of the popular artist, the silly trifles of favorite cold creams and hair tonics. Such inquisitive publicity is a sure robber of the actor's basic stock-in-trade if he but had the wit to know it. Someone took Santa Claus from Christmas once, and ever since I have been drawing vacuums. Take mystery and make-believe from our regard for the theatre, and we deal thereafter ouly in the meatless shells of satisfaction.

The DREAM GIRL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Common Law," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

When Louis and his chum Ferris came to Clover Cottage to fish they came for solitude, and had gamekeepers stationed at the upper and lower ends of the big preserve to enforce it. No other foot was allowed to tread their summer woodlands, no other gun to take shrewd aim at a grey side seen dimly through dappled leaves, and especially no other rod was to dangle its parti-colored flies across that choice water where the sea-trout lay. Ferris, Louis, Solomon, a flame-colored Egyptian ibis that Ferris had imported from Cairo for his chum on account of Louis' fondness for Red Ibis flies, and Howlett, their English servant, composed the household, and they were bent on bachelor contentment.

So when Louis cast across the riffles of the west reach of the river, where it was always silent, snagged his line in something that wouldn't give, and finally hauled up a shoe, slim, small pointed and marked "Besnard—Paris" he was startled, and presently began to speculate on the owner.

"Young? Probably. Slender? Probably. Pretty? The deuce take the shoe!" But that coquettish slipper has no intention of letting go his attention yet, and presently he is musing again.

"Now perhaps," he reflects, "this little shoe has tapped the gravel of the Luxembourg, patted the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, brushed the lawns of the Bois—ah me! ah me!—the devil take the shoe! I'll throw it away."

But in the very act of hurling he is halted, and brought to attention, his cap held against his stomach, the shoe in his hand. Above him, perched on an overhanging tree-trunk, clad in leather shooting-coat and kilts and dangling one slender, silk-stockinged foot, is the owner of the little silver-buckled shoe, very much more at ease than he.

Young, slender, and most assuredly pretty, Mademoiselle claims ownership and Louis clambers up the bank to restore her property. The silver buckle is not easily buckled, for the tongue has become bent and needs straightening, and before it is adjusted he has told her most of his life history, after the manner of men, learned that she has taken possession of the only other cottage in the preserve, the deserted farm of the White Moss Spring, and lives there with an "aged and fierce" housekeeper. Then she tells him of her childhood in Rouen, the duel—"something about Mama"—in which her father's superior officer was killed, and the flight of father and baby daughter to Canada, where later the father also died and left Diane alone. "I am nineteen, and very reckless," she told him. "I have never loved, but I think it is time that I did. I should like to be a heroine in a romance."

And then a pretty pastoral of the Court of Versailles in the time of Louis Quinze begins, where the Marquise Diane and the Comte Louis played at love and found the play becoming real under their hands.

The action of the story is rapid, and the development of the quaint love-idyll comes before you realize it has begun, as it came to the lovers themselves. Through it all runs the curious thread of mysticism that now and again crops out in Chambers' stories, the hint of the unseen that lies just a stone's throw out from our everyday pathway, the mysterious grey bird with the dark eyes that flitted ahead of Louis on his incursion upon the Silent Land, and moved before the lovers as they descended the cliff together. What meaning the Spirit-bird had to Diane and Louis, let Mr. Chambers himself tell.

PART II.

"Where the mischief have you been all day?" demanded Ferris that evening as we sat on the verandah after dinner.

"Well," said I, lighting a pipe, "when you had your fit of sulks I went off for a brace of trout."

"Did you see anything worth seeing?"

"I saw no trout," said I.

"Unfortunate, eh?"

"Oh not very," said I, looking at Solomon.

"Not very?"

"Look at that ridiculous bird, Ferris."

"Swallowed a frog the wrong way," said Ferris, watching the solemn contortions of Solomon; "he looks like a little Jew in a crimson overcoat with a stomach ache. What fly did you use, Louis?"

"Everything; couldn't raise a fin."

"Oh, you've been trying that old devil down by the west woods! I should think you'd let him alone; it's useless," yawned Ferris.

"I'm going to try for him every day till I get him," said I, trying not to to lie more than necessary; "of course you'll not infringe?"

"Infringe! Not much! You can have the whole west side woods to your own sweet self; but you're an idiot!"

"Not at all," said I, thankfully; and in a burst of confidence I confessed that I had used a Silver Doctor.

There was a momentary gleam of triumph in Ferris's eyes, but he was very decent about it and asked me most politely for the loan of a Red Ibis. Oh men of the busy world, learn courtesy from the angler! There are other things you need not learn from him.

"My dear fellow," said I, more touched than I had been for a long time, "I haven't a Red Ibis left. I shall write Conroy to-night before I retire. If you really do want an Ibis I will catch Solomon and pluck a plume from his tail feathers."

"I don't want it enough to inconvenience you or hurt Solomon's feelings," said Ferris, laughing.

After a long interval of silent smoking Ferris rose and yawned at the moon.

"Do you know what a spirit-bird is, Ferris?" I asked, rapping my pipe on the arm of my chair.

"Spirit-bird—the French one—the Oiseau Saint-Esprit? Yes, I've seen one—in the Vosges.

"Grey—with slim wings and big dark eyes?"

"That's the bird," said Ferris; "why?"

"Well, I thought I saw one to-day. Of course that's impossible."

"Of course," said Ferris, yawning again. "I'm going to turn in; good-night, old chap."

"Good-night," said I, tapping nervously on the verandah with my pipe.

Howlett came out a few moments later with my wading-shoes which he had been oiling.

"Well," said I, "are the hob-nails all right?"

"Seving 'ob nails is h'out, sir," replied Howlett, holding up the shoes for my inspection.

"Put them in as soon as they're dry. Did you oil the bamboo? Good. Is my lamp lighted? Put it out—and you need not sit up, Howlett; I'm going for a stroll."

"Thank you, sir," said Howlett,—"and Solomon, sir?"

Now it was one of my delights to see Howlett house Solomon. The wily ibis loved to snoop about in the moonlight, and he was always ready for Howlett when that dignified servant came to round him up.

I looked at Solomon who stood gloomily brooding among the water-lilies.

"He ought to be in bed," said I.

Howlett descended the verandah steps with arms extended, but Solomon sidled out into the pond. Howlett pleaded earnestly. He flattered and cajoled, but Solomon was obdurate.

"Nothink I say do move 'im, sir," said Howlett, stiffly; "he is vicious to-night, sir."

"Then take the boat," I said.

Howlett in a boat chasing a sulky ibis was one of those rare spectacles that few are permitted to witness. Once a week Solomon turned "vicious" and then, at Ferris's and my suggestion, Howlett took to the boat. A terrestrial Howlett was solemnly ludicrous, but an aquatic Howlett was impossible. Of course Ferris and I never laughed—that is, aloud—but we usually felt rather weak after it was over.

In the course of half an hour Solomon, mad, wet, rumpled, was cornered by Howlett and clasped to his stiff

"WILL YOU SING TOO, DIANE? SOMETHING VERY OLD, OLDER THAN THE LUTE"

"I LEARNED A SONG THIS MORNING BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WOULD CARE FOR IT. THAT IS WHY I DARED TO BRING MY LUTE INTO THE SILENT LAND"

shirt front, muddy, bedraggled, and kicking.

"Are you not mortified, you bad bird?" said I, as Howlett passed toward the kitchen.

"A vicious bird, sir; good-night, sir," murmured Howlett.

"Good-night, Howlett; breakfast at seven to-morrow," said I, and sauntered out into the moonlit valley.

I had been walking almost half an hour when it occurred to me that I should be in bed.

"What the deuce am I sprinting about the valley at this hour for?" I thought, looking around.

Over the shadowy meadows the night mist hung, silvered by the moonlight, and I heard the meadow-brook rippling through the sedge. Slender birches glimmered among the alders, and all the little poplar leaves were quivering, but I felt no breath of air.

Where the dark forest fringed the meadow I saw the moonbeams sparkling on lonely pools, but the depths of the woodland were black and impenetrable, and the forest itself was vague as the mist that shrouded it.

For a long time I stood, looking at the stars and the mist, and little by little I came to understand why I was there alone.

I knew I should go on. I wished to, but I lingered in the moonlight staring at earth and sky until something moved in the thicket beside me. I followed it, knowing it was the Spirit-bird.

When I entered the forest I could scarcely see my hand, but I felt a trodden path beneath my feet, and I heard before me the whisper of soft wings, and presently I heard the river, rushing through rocks of the western forest, and when I came to the wooded bank the moonlight fell around me.

There was a narrow strip in the forest, overgrown with silver birch and poplar and lighted by the moon, but I searched it in vain, up and down, up and down, always with the whisper of soft wings in my ears.

At last I called "Diane," and before I called again, her hands lay close in mine.

"I came," said the little maid, "because you were coming."

"Who told you I was coming?"

"Told me? No one told me. Rose is asleep. Why did you come?"

"Why did you come, Diane?"

"I? Because you came. How did you find my bower?"

"Your bower, Diane?"

"It is yours I know; I call it mine; I call it the Silent Land."

"It is very silent," I said.

"It is always silent—no birds, not even the noise of the water. Do you think it is sad? There are times when sounds,—the song of living creatures and the countless movements of things that live, trouble me. Then I come here. There are flowers."

"The air is very sweet, too sweet. What is the perfume? The trees are heavy with fragrance. Ah!—are you tired, Diane?"

"No—it is the odor of blossoms; I sleep here sometimes."

"Your hair is loose—how long it is! Is it the perfume from your hair—is it your breath——"

"The blossoms are very sweet; the moon is gone."

"There is a star,—how soft your breath is."

"I do not see the star; where, Louis?"

"It is there;—clouds are veiling it;—there is a mist over all——"

"It is my hair—over your eyes."

. . . . . .

"Howlett," said I, one warm afternoon, "Solomon is unendurable: he follows me everywhere, and I wish you to see that he minds his own business."

"A hobstinate bird, sir," said Howlett, "and vicious when crossed,—which I scorn 'is h'anger,—beg pardon, sir,—for 'e's took to biting w'en 'is vittles disagrees."

"Has he bitten you?"

"Twice, sir,—which 'appily my h'eyes is h'uninjured, though h'aimed at by 'is beak."

"This is intolerable," said I; "you must punish him, Howlett."

"'Ow, sir?"

"Tie him up when he bites. Have those flies come from Conroy's?"

"Nothink 'as came, sir."

"Where is Mr. Ferris?"

"Mr. Ferris is a-whipping of the h'Amber Pool, sir, with three sea-trout to the good and a brace of square tails. Solomon followed 'im, sir, and is h'observing the sport."

"Then I can get away without that red-feathered Paul Pry tiptoeing after me," I thought, and sent Howlett for my rod-case.

"Tell Mr. Ferris, when he returns, that I may not be back until dinner," I said, when Howlett brought the case.

I selected a four-ounce split bamboo, pocketed my fly-book and a tin box of floating flies for dry fishing, picked up a landing-net, and walked away toward the western woodland, whistling. I had not fished for three weeks, although every day I went away into the western woods with rod and creel. Ferris laughed at my infatuation for the long pool where the great fish lay and jeered at me when I returned evening after evening with no trout, although the river, except the western stretch, was full of trout. He had never come to the pool,—I should have seen him from the Silent Land if he had,—but Solomon sneaked after me on several occasions. Once I caught him craning his neck and peering into the bower,—our bower—and as I did not care to have him pilot Ferris thither, I hustled him off.

The woods were fragrant and warm, stained by the afternoon sun; the quiet murmur of the brook came to me from leafy thickets as I walked, and I heard the river rushing in the distance and the summer wind among the pines. White clouds shimmered in the blue above, sailing, sailing God knows where, but they passed across the azure, one by one, drifting to the south, and I watched them with the vague longing that comes to men who watch white sails at sea.

I had turned my steps toward the long pool, for I had decided to fish that afternoon, wishing to redeem my words to Ferris—at least in part; but as I stepped across the trail I heard the sound of wings, and a shadow glided in front of me toward the forest. It was always so from the first, and now, as always, I turned away, following unquestioningly the Spirit-bird. The noise of the river ceased as I entered the Silent Land. For an instant the grey bird hovered high in the sunshine, then left me alone.

I threw myself full length upon the blossoming bank and waited, chin on hand. And as I waited, she came noiselessly across the moss, so quietly, so silently that I saw her only when her fingers touched mine.

"It has been a long time," we said; and, "Did you sleep?" and, "When did you awake?"

Then we asked each other a thousand little questions which are asked when lovers meet, and we answered as lovers answer. We spoke of the Spirit-bird as we always did, wondering, and she told me how that morning it had tapped upon her window as the day broke.

"Rose did not hear it," she said, "but I was already awake and thinking."

"I awoke at sunrise too," I said; "for a moment I thought it was a swallow in the chimney that fluttered so—"

"The Spirit-bird flies swiftly when Love is dreaming,—that is a very old proverb of Normandy. What shall we do, Louis—there is so much to do and so little time in life!—I brought my lute—ah! you are laughing!"

"The lute is such an old-fashioned toy; I didn't know you played. Will you sing too, Diane? Something very old, older than the lute."

"I learned a song this morning because I thought you would care for it. That is why I dared to bring my lute into the Silent Land. The song is called, 'Tristesse.'"

Then the little maid sat up among the blossoms and touched the soft strings, singing:

"J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis et ma gaiete;
J'ai perdu jusqu' à la fierte
Qui faisait croire à mon genie.

Quand j'ai connu la Verité
J'ai cru que c'etait une amie;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en etais deja degouté.

Et pourtant elle est eternelle
Et ceux qui se sont passes d'elle
Ici-bas ont tout ignore.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui reponde;
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleure.

"That is all," said the little maid.

"Sing, Diane," I said, but I scarcely heard my own voice.

She laughed and bent above me with a graceful gesture. "Not that," she said, "for you at least are not sad. There is a chansonnette,—shall I sing again?—then be very still, here at my feet. Do you not think my lute is sweet?

"Je voudrais pour moi qu'il fut toujours fete
Et tourner la tete
Aux plus orgueilleux;
Etre en meme temps de glace et de flamme,
La haine dans l'ame,
L'amour dans les yeux."

"You, Diane?" I whispered; but she smiled, and the mystery of love veiled her dark eyes; and she sang;

"Je ne voudrais pas a la contredance,
Sans quelque prudence
Livrer mon bras nu
Puis, au cotillion, laisser ma main blanche
Trainer sur la manche
Du premier venu.

"Si mon fin corset, si couple et si juste,
D'un bras trop robuste
Se sentait serre,
J'aurais, je l'avoue, une peur mortelle
Qu'un bout de dentelle
N'en fut dechire."

She looked at me with soft unfathomable eyes and touched the lute. When I moved she started from her reverie with a gay little nod to me:

"Quand on est coquette, il faut etre sage,
L'oiseau de passage
Qui vole a plein coeur
Ne dort pas en l'air comme une hirondelle,
Et peut, d'un coup d'aile
Briser une fleur!"

"Sing," I said with a changed voice.

"I have sung," she said, and laid her lute in my hands. But I knew nothing of minstrelsy and lay silent, idly touching the strings.

She had fashioned for her fair head a wreath of sweet-fern twined with clustered buds, white as snow and faintly perfumed.

"So I am crowned," she said, "a princess in the Silent Land. Where I step, all things green shall flourish; where I turn my eyes, blossoms shall open in the summer wind;—am I not a queen?"

"Will you not sing again, Diane?"

"No, it pleases me to hear a legend now. You may begin, Louis."

"Which—the Were-wolf or the Man in Purple Tatters or the—"

"No, no—something new."

"The Seventh Seal?"

"Begin it."

"'And when he opened the Seventh Seal there was silence in Heaven—"

"Dear Saints, have we not silence enough in the Silent Land? Tell me about battles."

"'And the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle!' I could not tell you about battles, Diane."

"Tell me,—don't move your arm,—tell me of battles, Louis."

"'There was once a King in Carcosa,'" I began. But the little maid was already asleep.

I thought I heard a step in the undergrowth and listened.

The forest was silent.

When we awoke it was night. Down from the dark heavens a great star fell, burning like a lamp. Above the low-hanging branches, sombre, drooping, heavy with fragrance, a misty darkness lay like a vast veil spread.

In the stillness I heard her quiet breathing, but we did not speak.

Silence is a Prophet, unveiling mysteries.

Then, through the forest, we heard the sound of wings, and as we moved, stepping together into the shadows, the moon rose above Lynx Peak, gigantic, golden, splendid.

So we passed out of the forest into the star-lit night.

. . . . . .

The skies were leaden, the watery clouds hung low over the valley, and a wet wind blew from the west, ruffling the long pool where Diane stood. Kilted and capped in tweeds, creel swinging with every movement in the rod which swayed and bent with her bending wrist, she moved from ripple to shallow, wading noiselessly while the silken line whistled and the gay flies chased each other across the wind-lashed pool.

We spoke in a low voice, glancing at

each other when the light cast struck the water.

"Under the alders, Diane—" I said; "have you changed the Grey Dun for the Royal?"

"No, what is your new cast?"

"Emerald and Orange Miller—I shall tie an alder-fly in place of the Miller. Do you think the water warrants a cast of three?"

"It is rough; I don't know,—Louis, was that an offer?"

"I think it was the spray from the rapids. Shall we move up a little? Do you feel the chill of the water?"

"I am cold to my knees," said the little maid, "the river is rising, I think —ah, what was that?"

"Nothing,—you touched a floating leaf in the swirl."

"Splash!" A great fish flopped over in the pool, a trout, lazy, unwieldy, monstrous.

"Oh! he missed it!" cried Diane, turning a little white.

"Cast again," I whispered, tossing my rod onto the sandy beach and unslinging my landing-net.

Trembling a little with excitement she cast across the swirl, once, twice, twenty times, but the monster was invisible. Somewhere in the dusky depths of that amber well the fierce fish lay watching the lightly dropping flies, unmoved. Then we changed the cast; I emptied my fly-book, but nothing stirred except the hurrying water, curling, gurgling, tumbling through the rocks. Finally I broke the silence.

"Diane, it was the spinner that he rose to. He's after something redder. Have you got a Scarlet Ibis?"

"No—have you?"

I almost groaned, for Conroy's flies had not arrived, and I hadn't an Ibis in the world.

After a while she reeled in her silken line, and we waded to the sandy beach and sat down.

"Oh, the pity of it," sighed Diane; "never have I seen such a trout before. I suppose it is useless, Louis."

I sat moodily poking holes in the sand with the butt of my landing-net.

We spoke of other things for a time, sinking our voices before the roar of the water. Presently a sunbeam stole through the vapour above, lighting the depths of the dark pool. And all at once we saw the trout, hanging just above the pebbly bottom: we saw the scarlet fins move, the great square tail waving gently in the current, the mottled spotted back, the round staring eyes. The swelling of the gills was scarcely perceptible, the broad mouth hardly moved.

For a long time we sat silent, fascinated; then something stirred behind us on the beach and we slowly turned. It was Solomon.

"Ciel!" faltered Diane. "What is that?"

"My bird—an Egyptian Ibis," I whispered, laughing silently; "he has followed me after all."

Solomon ruffled his scarlet plumes, blinked at me, scratched his head with his broad foot, pecked at a bit of mica, and took two solemn steps nearer.

"Diane," said I, suddenly, "I'll get a red fly for you; don't move—the bird will come close to us."

But Solomon was in no hurry. Inch by inch he sidled nearer, dallying with bits of moss and shining pebbles, often pausing to reflect, but gradually approaching, for his curiosity concerning Diane was great.

"He looks as if he had stepped off an obelisk," murmured Diane; "I have seen hieroglyphics that resembled him. Oh, what a prehistoric head—so old, so old!"

"His name is Solomon," I whispered. "'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I'm going to have a small bit of Solomon's glory —sh—h! ah! I've got him!"

It was over in a second, and I do not believe it was painful. There was a flurry of sand, a furious flapping of flame-colored wings, a squawk! a smothered laugh—nothing more.

Mortified, furious, Solomon marched off, shaking the river sand from wing and foot, and Diane and I, with tears of laughter in our eyes, tied it close with a thread from my coat, and whipped it firmly to the shank. I looped the improvised fly to Diane's leader, and she shook the line free. The reel sang a sweet tune as she drew the silk through the guides, and presently she

motioned me to follow her out into the rippling shallows, and I went, swinging my landing-net to my shoulder. She cast once. The fly struck the swirl and sank a little, but she drew it to the surface and the current swept it under the alders. For a moment it sank again; then the ripples parted, and a crimson-flecked side rolled just below the surface of the water. At the same moment the light rod curved, deeply quivering, the reel screamed like the wind in the chimney, and the straining line caught through the water, moving up the pool with lightning speed.

"Strike!" I cried, and she struck heavily, but the reel sank out like a whistling buoy, and the fish tumbled into the churning water under the falls at the head of the pool.

"Now," said Diane, with a strange quiet in her voice, "I suppose he is gone, Louis."

But the vicious tug and long, fierce strain contradicted her, and I stepped back a pace or two to let her fight the battle to the bitter end.

The struggle was splendid. Once I believe she became a little frightened, —the rod was staggering under the furious fish,—and she spoke in a queer, small voice: "Are you there, Louis?"

"I am here, Diane."

"Close behind?"

"Close behind."

She said nothing more until the great fish lay floating within reach of my net.

"Now!" she gasped.

It was done in a second; and, as I bore the deep-laden net to the beach, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a figure among the trees on the bank above. Diane was kneeling breathlessly on a rock beside me; she did not see the figure. I did, for an instant. It was Ferris.

Dinner was over. Ferris and I lingered silently over the Burgundy, and Howlett hovered in the corner with a decanter of port until Ferris shook his head.

It had been a silent dinner. Ferris tried to be cordial, and failed. Then he tried to be indifferent, with better success. We exchanged a word or two concerning a new keeper who was to be stationed at the notch in the north, and I spoke to Howlett about cleaning the lamps.

Neither of us mentioned rods or trout, although Howlett had served us a delicious sea-trout that evening which had fallen to Ferris's rod, over which we ordinarily should have exulted.

Ferris of course knew that I had seen him among the trees on the bank above the long pool. It was my place to speak; we both understood that, but I did not. What was there to say? Suppose I should go back to the beginning and tell him—not all, but all that I was bound in honour to tell him. What would he think if I spoke of the Spirit-bird, of the Silent Land, of my long deception? An explanation was due him—I felt that with a vague sense of anger and humiliation. For weeks I had abandoned him; I never thought about his being lonely, but I knew now that he had felt it deeply. Oh, it was the underhand part of the business that sickened me, the daily deceit, the double dealing. Ferris was no infant. A word would have been enough. I had never by sign or speech spoken that word which would at least have set me right with him, and which I could have spoken honorably. And moreover, if I had spoken that word,—no, not a word even, a look would have been enough,—Ferris would never have entered the western forest belt.

We sat dawdling over our wine in the glow of the long candles while the fire crackled in the chimney place; for the evening was chilly, and Solomon brooded sullenly before the blaze. Howlett, noiseless and pompous, glided from side-board to table, decorously avoiding the evil jabs from Solomon's curved bill, until Ferris woke up and told him he might retire, which he did with a modest "good-night sir," and a haughty glance at Solomon. A half hour of strained silence followed. I leaned on the table, my head on my hands, watching the candle light reflected on the fragile wine glasses. Myriads of little flames glistened on the crystal bowls, deep stained with the red wine's glow. The fire snapped and sparkled

on the hearth, and Solomon slept, his wizened head buried in the depths of his flaming plumage.

And as we sat there, there came a faint tapping at the curtained window. Ferris did not hear it, for it was the Spirit-bird.

"I must go," said I, rising suddenly.

"Where?" said Ferris.

I looked at him stupidly for a moment, then sank back into my chair.

Solomon stirred in his slumber and I heard the wind rising in the chimney.

Ferris leaned across the table and touched my sleeve.

I looked at him silently.

"I must speak," he said; "are you ready?"

I did not reply.

"Sadness and silence have no place here, between you and me. Shall I tell you a story I once read?"

"I am half asleep," I muttered.

"This is the story," he said, unheeding my words. "'There was once a King in Carcosa——"

My hand fell heavily upon the table. "'——And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies—"

"For God's sake, Ferris——"

"Yes," he said, "for God's sake."

We sat staring at each other across the table, and if my face was as white as his I do not know, but my hand trembled among the glasses till they tinkled.

"I was born in France," he said at last. "You did not know it, for I never told you. What do you know about me after all? Nothing. What have years of friendship taught you about my past? Nothing. Now learn. My father was shot dead by an inferior officer in Rouen. The assassin escaped to Canada where—I found him. He died by his own hand—from choice. I did not know he had a child."

"I MUST SPEAK," HE SAID; "ARE YOU READY?"

The dull fear at my heart must have looked from my eyes. Ferris nodded.

"Yes, you know the rest," he said; "the shame and disgrace of the suicide drove the child away—anywhere to escape it—anywhere—here, into the wilderness the woman fled where she hath a place prepared of God."

The Spirit-bird was tapping on the window, I heard the noise of wings beating against the pane.

"I must go," I said, and my voice sounded within me as from a great distance.

"Vengeance is God's," said Ferris, quietly; "I am guilty."

"I must go," I repeated, steadying myself with my hand on the table.

The noise of wings filled my ears. I knew the summons.

"Do you not hear?" I cried.

"The wind," said Ferris.

Then the door slowly opened from without, the long candles flared in the wind, and the ashes stirred and drifted among the embers on the hearth. And out of the night came a slender figure, with dark eyes wide, and timid hands outstretched—outstretched until they fell into my own and lay there.

"I came from the Silent Land," she said; "the bird led me; see, it has entered with me, Louis."

"It is my wife who has entered," I said quietly to Ferris, and the little maid clung close to me, holding out one slim hand to Ferris.

There was an interval of silence.

"Father Gregory will breakfast with us to-morrow," said Ferris to me.

"A priest?"

"Open the window," smiled Ferris; "there is a small grey bird here."

So I opened the window and it flew away.

"Good-night," whispered the little maid, and kissed her hand to the open window.

"Diane!"

She came to me quietly. Ferris had vanished; Solomon peered dreamily at us with filmy eyes.

"The Spirit-bird has gone," she said.

Then, with her arms about my neck, I raised her head, touching her white brow with my lips.

When my wife read as far as you have read, she picked up the embroidery which she had dropped beside her on the table.

"Do you like my story?" I asked.

But she only smiled at me from under her straight eyebrows.

The next morning I received her ultimatum: I am to cease writing about beautiful women of doubtful antecedents who inhabit forest glades, I am to stop making fun of Howlett, I am to curb my passion for rod and gun, and, if I insist on writing about my wife, I am to tell the truth concerning her.

THE REFORMED PIRATE

BY A. HAROLD BROWN

YE ASK me how I came out West,
List to my little tale;
Of rum, and gold, and scuttled barks,
And savage fights, and glingin' sharks,
Upon the pirate's trail!

We wus a gory cross-bon'd lot,
Wot captured ships with zest;
But though of joy I got me fill,
I couldn't save a cent—Until
I heard about the West!

That's why, m' lad, ye see me here,
A-growin' bloomin' wheat;
I wus a pirate in my youth,
But now I've cut me wisdom tooth,
And fallen on me feet!

Comrades Three

BEING THE STORY OF A TRAIN WRECK THAT NEVER CAME OFF

By A. A. Strachan

"I AM very sorry, men," said the Major, "and, personally, I would like to keep you on, if for no other reason than because of the many dangers we have shared together in the past, but the Commissioner's orders are imperative—you are discharged."

Shortly Cuthbert relaxed his attentive posture; Jumbo Evans gave the chunk of tobacco he had concealed under his tongue a vigorous turn and glanced at Tim Sullivan tentatively, but for the moment the three old timers of the Mounted Police who had served their country faithfully for eighteen years and more, were struck dumb by the Major's announcement. They had joined the force when Western Canada was an uninhabited wilderness and they had had to rough it in a way undreamed of by the newer men in these days of rapid development, surrounded by the luxuries of civilization.

They had borne the rigors of Yukon winters and when the South African war broke out had as cheerfully followed their beloved Major to the Cape and had fought in every battle in which their gallant regiment was engaged—not, I am bound to say, from any very strong patriotic motives, but simply as a matter of duty, and to earn the magnificent sum of seventy-five cents a day, which the Government paid them for the job.

The three men were inseparable comrades and had been together in the same troop for years. Occasionally one or another of them, having managed to keep his name off the defaulter's sheet for a few months, would be promoted, and perhaps reach the rank of sergeant only to make a break that quickly reduced him to the ranks again.

"Well," said Tim Sullivan, who was Irish, and used considerable brogue, when excited, "if we're fired I suppose we needn't stand to attention any more. We'll drop the soger an' sit down and talk it over like gintlemen, Major, dear?"

"Certainly, " said the O. C., "sit down, boys, I'll be glad to listen to anything you have to say."

"It is just this," said Cuthbert, "I think it's a dam' shame, after all our years of service, to get a bob-tailed discharge, like this, and us due for a pension in another year. Do we get nothing?"

"I am sorry to say you do not," said the Major, "I asked to be allowed to give you six months' pay, each, as some compensation for the pension you would soon be entitled to—but it was turned down."

"And so, we get the dirty kick-out," cried Evans, wrathfully, "with about eighteen dollars a head, about a dollar for each year of our service—all that's coming to us from this month's pay."

"You should have saved—", began the Major.

"Saved, Major"? said Cuthbert, "a fat lot we could save on seventy -five cents a day."

"You had enough to buy whiskey,"

said the O. C., severely, "and that got you into trouble. Why, men, your defaulter sheets would make a good sized Troop Order book. I warned you, time and again, of what would happen, if you did not cut out the drink, and this is the result. An order was issued to reduce the force, and naturally this new Commissioner, who knows you only by your defaulter sheets, has selected you three, amongst others, to be discharged."

"Oh, hell," said Evans, "what's the good talking? Shut up, Shorty, and let us go—it ain't the Major's fault."

"No, I'll see you get an honorable discharge," said the Major, rising.

"I don't want it," snapped Sullivan, "I'm fired, that's enough. I want to get out of this dam' red coat as soon as I can, that's all, and may the devil light on Canady, the Gover'ment and the whole rotten outfit. Come, boys, let's get out of this."

And the three men turned about and left the orderly room, cursing the ungrateful country that had turned them adrift, penniless, in their old age.

For a week the three discharged policemen lingered around the post, waiting for something to turn up. The divisional superintendent of the Canadian Pacific had been interviewed and had promised to see if he could find positions for them on the company's secret service. Ex-Mounted policemen were in demand by the railway companies in the west as plain clothes men, and the trio were in hopes of striking something good; but, as yet, the expected letter had not come.

Their late comrades had been very good in subscribing a small sum to help them on the road. This, and the balance coming to them from their pay, had sufficed to provide citizen's clothes but what was left soon melted away in the hotel bar and by the end of the week the trio were practically cleaned out. But what did that matter? Had not Mr. Lane, the Canadian Pacific superintendent, promised them jobs, as swivel-eyed detectives, and was not the pay better, and just as sure, as the government itself?

In this hopeful mood Tim Sullivan visited his sweetheart, Norah, a servant at the Major's and tried to persuade her to wait for him until he had made good in his new job.

"Why, Norah, darlint," he said, coaxingly, "ye know we were to be married when I got me pension, if I'd stayed in the force, and that would have been more than a year to wait,—what 'ill I be now, in a year?"

"Most like," snapped practical Norah, "ye'll be in jail, or in yer grave, what with yer drinking and carryin' on. I tell ye, Tim Sullivan, I'm done wid ye, and I'll thank ye not to come bothering me any more."

"But Norah, dear,—" began Tim.

"I'm not Norah dear," said the girl, angrily, "didn't ye promise to give up the drink? Either do that or give up me. I'll not marry a drunken blackguard, like you have been."

"But, Norah,——"

"Listen, Tim Sullivan, and them's my last words to ye; quit drinking and perform some noble action, that will redeem ye in the eyes of them that know ye, or I don't want to see ye any more."

"I'll do it, Norah," said Tim, "I'll never touch another drop, and I'll kill the first saloon keeper I meet. Won't that be "'a noble action?'"

Before Norah could reply the door opened and big Jumbo Evans thrust in his head.

"Aw, come on out of that, Tim Sullivan," he said, "the mail's in and there's a letter for you as long as my arm from the superintendent."

"Hurray!" cried Tim, making a dive for Norah, which she evaded. "Didn't I tell ye I'd get a gentleman's job? In a year's time I'll be chief of the detective buray of the C. P. R., an', Jumbo Evans, ye whisky-swilling pig, ye'll have to touch yer hat and call me Sor."

"I will, like hell," said Jumbo, "you come on outa this, and open the letter and hand out our commissions."

They started on a run for the post office, where the town mail was scattered on a table, for each one to pick out their own, and, having procured the long blue envelope, the pair hurried to the hotel bar to find Shorty, so the three could be present at the opening.

Cuthbert was shaken out of an afternoon nap, in a hotel chair, and sat up blinking, while Jumbo opened the momentous communication.

"Sir," he read, "Your application and that of your two comrades for positions on the secret service of this company, I am sorry to say have to be declined. Enquiry as to character at Headquarters of Mounted Police, has met with very unfavorable replies as to sobriety, which is a very necessary qualification for entrance into the service of this company,—I am etc., T. Lane, Superintendent."

"There," concluded Jumbo, folding up the letter, "our last hope is gone of making an honest living, an' we better hit the trail for Hoboville."

"Dam'," hiccuped Shorty Cuthbert, "if I'd the price of a stick of dynamite I'd blow the (hic!) C. P. R., to hell."

"An' I," said Tim, "'ud blow the dam' Gover'ment to heaven. Let's go an' run our faces for the drinks."

The Crows Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific railway crosses the Bow river at Lethbridge, on the longest bridge in the world, thence it runs westerly to Fort McLeod, on to Pincher Creek and crosses the Rockies by the famous Pass.

The three comrades knew that road well, knew it long before the advent of the railroad, for they had been in "D" Troop when Steele rode through the Pass in '86 on his return from Kootenay to Fort McLeod,—a difficult task, and one calling for men of iron calibre.

The morning after the receipt of the letter from the railway company declining their applications, the three pulled out from McLeod, and turned their faces westward, intending to tramp the ties to Fernie, perhaps to Rossland, in quest of employment. There was plenty of work to be had from the farmers and railroad contractors, but the comrades knew, after spending their best years as troopers, they were totally unfitted for that kind of labor.

"We're no horny-handed sons of toil," growled Evans, as they trudged along the track, discussing the great question of the unemployed, "my lily-white hands were never made for pick and shovel. I'd rather rob a bank."

"Or hold up a train," chimed in Shorty. "Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "we have our six-shooters, —they are all the real property we possess. We can't eat 'em nor pawn 'em. What's the matter with us holding up the East-bound express to-night, as she comes down the Pass? We can make it."

"Och! what's the matter with you two galoots?" asked Tim impatiently. "Do you want to end your days at Stony Mountain, or are you hankering for a padded cell at Selkirk? Let's have no more of this rotten talk. We may be drunken blackguards but we're not thieves. Us for the mountains before sundown. I know a decent boy of a Mullingar man, who kapes a signal-shack across the Kootenay river an' who will welcome us to a bed and bite—So, by your right,—forward, march."

On trudged the three again without a word. Early in the afternoon they reached Pincher where they refreshed themselves at the police detachment and rested for about an hour, for the unaccustomed exertion of a thirty mile tramp, on railway ties, was a pretty trying experience for cavalry men. But Tim, who had constituted himself leader of the expedition, by reason of his regimental number being the lower, which in the force would have ranked him as senior constable, would not let them have more than a short rest, so that by four in the afternoon he had them counting ties again. Their language for the first few miles of the resumed journey was too sulphuric to bear repeating.

That signalman's shack was certainly a very long time in coming into view. As they rounded each curve the leg-weary trio eagerly scanned the stretch ahead, expecting to see their goal, but night found them, apparently, no nearer to it and a spirit of insubordination threatened to break out in the ranks.

"No grumbling, you pair of cast off gover'ment mules," said Tim, "you're only fit for gravel-crushers, anyway. Just one mile more and you'll see the light of Barney Doolan's cabin. Hurry

up, for he's surely waiting supper for us."

"Well," said Jumbo, meditatively, "he's an old policeman, like ourselves, and, as there seems to be no Roy'l Alexandra hereabouts, fit to accomodate multi-millioners like us, I suppose he will give us a hand out. So one more mile, and if that don't fetch it us two poor orphans will break your Irish neck, Tim Sullivan, and save the hangman a job."

After another half hour's tramp the welcome signal light of Gray Horse Siding came in view, and the spirits of the travelers rose. All grumbling ceased and the three pushed forward with renewed energy. This lonely siding was situated at the eastern end of what used to be called Gray Horse Canyon, where the road crossed a deep gully, and began to climb into the Pass. No one ever got off or on there and the station was merely for signaling purposes. The lonely resident of this dreary spot was, as has been said, an ex-Mounted Policeman, and his duties were to inspect the track, twice a day, between the Pass and his siding, and to get the signals by day and the signal lamps by night.

The bright glare of the "line clear" signal was blazing along the tracks as the three weary ones approached the shanty, but no sign of a human being was to be seen around.

"Dam poor look-out Barney keeps," whispered Tim, as they approached the door, "but, I suppose, there's nothing worth stealing, around here, 'cept the lamps."

The shack seemed to be deserted. No light shone from the solitary window, but, as Tim pushed open the door, he thought he heard a snore.

"Aha !" he cried, entering, "so you are asleep on guard, Barney, me boy. That's three months in the clink."

There was no reply, and Tim began, instinctively, to feel uneasy.

"Strike a match, one of you fellers," he said, in an undertone, "I've a hunch there is something wrong with this lay-out."

Jumbo struck a light, and held it above his head.

"Great snakes, and jumping grasshoppers!" he yelled, starting back and dropping the match.

"Here," cried Tim, "you idiot, what's the matter with you? Light another match. There is a lamp on the table."

In a second the lamp-light flooded the room and the signalman was discovered lying on the floor in a pool of blood with a gag between his teeth and his arms and legs bound securely with a half inch lariat.

The signalman was conscious, but unable to move or speak. It took only a few minutes to untie him. The blood on the floor came from a bullet wound on his left leg, a little below the knee. The bullet had shattered the bone and rendered him unable to stand so they laid him on his cot and while Jumbo started a fire, to get hot water, Shorty got ready a compress, to stop the bleeding.

For some moments the wounded man seemed too dazed to talk but Tim began to question him.

"Now Barney, me boy," he said "I want you to give an account of yerself, and, remember, anything ye say may be used in evidence again' ye. How did ye come to shoot an' rope an' gag yerself? Answer me that, if ye please."

"Don't be a blethering idiot, Tim Sullivan," said Jumbo, impatiently. "How could he rope and gag himself?"

"That's what I want to know," replied Tim. "Be still, boys, he's comin' to."

With a gasp, Barney Doolan sat up, a battered and bloody figure.

"I remimber now," he said, "an', Tim Sullivan, 'tis God's mercy ye're here. I got a crack on the head that knocked me cold, but I'll get 'em yet. Help me over to the key—there's not a minute to spare."

"Stay where you are," cried Shorty, as the injured man moved. "I can handle the key. What's the dope?"

"What's the time?" demanded the signalman, in turn.

"Eight-thirty-two."

"Thin there's not a second to lose. Call Preston an' tell thim to hold the west-bound."

"There's something wrong with the wire," said Shorty after tapping the

key for a moment. "Sure she's not down somewhere?"

"They've cut it," said Doolan, with a groan. "Try the west—call Mountain Peak."

"That's cut, too," said Shorty, trying the dead wire. "Can't get anything either way."

"The divils!" moaned Barney, falling back on his bed. "Oh, the divils! They're takin' no chances. An' me with this leg. My God, boys, what's to be done?"

Tim Sullivan, who had been doing what he could for the injured leg, laid it gently down now, and bent over Barney.

"Tell us what happened, Barney, dear," he said, "an' tell it quick."

The loss of blood was making the signalman light-headed, but he gathered himself together.

"'Twas this afternoon," he said thickly. "I was walkin' the west track, an' I found the rails ripped off on the bridge that spans Gray Horse Canyon. I didn't stay to look for the men who did it, but beat it back here to report before anny-thin' happened. An' I got back here all right, but before I cud get to the key they lit on me. I had me hand on the key, I'm tellin' ye, whin they covered me an' tould me to throw up me hands. I thought I cud send in a call before they cud get me, but Preston was slow to answer, an' I got this bullet in me leg an' a wipe over the head that put my light out. An'—an'—what's to be done?"

"Who were they?" demanded Tim.

"'Twas Dutch Abe an' his gang."

The three ex-Mounted Policemen exchanged glances. Dutch Abe was familiar to them all, and instinctively each man reached for his revolver and examined its loading. Again Tim bent over the signal-man, who was fast relapsing into coma.

"How much time have we, Barney?"

"West-bound due here at nine-forty-five," he murmured. "Not a minute to spare."

"An' this is the end o' the month," commented Tim, whose eyes were on a flaring dancing girl calendar, "an' the express messenger will have the pay for the Fernie mines in his car, or I'm as Dutch as Abe. 'Tis that they're after. Shorty, ye'll take your old lantern in your fist an' double back along the track as fast as the Man Up Above will let ye an' stop that train."

"What for?" grumbled Shorty. "We owe the C. P. R., nothin' to my my way o' thinkin'."

"An' have I been tachein' ye your duty for eighteen years an' you don't know better than that?" said Tim sternly. "Think o' the wimmen an' childer on that train? Are we going to stand by an' see Dutch Abe get thim? Ye know what he is. Run, as ye niver run before."

By this time Shorty had got the lantern ready and had pulled off his coat, to be able to run the faster.

"Cover the light," cautioned Tim, "until you hear the train coming, for some of the spalpeens might see it from their hiding place and that would give you away. Ye've got your gun,—that's right. When you hear the train a-coming get between the rails, wave yer danger signal, like a McLeod tin chimney in a gale o' wind, fire off yer gun and yell like a Blackfoot Indian loaded up on fire-water, and if that don't stop her, hit the engine-driver over the head with a brick. Then, after you climb on board and put them wise, steam along here,—slowly, mind,—and be ready for the fire-works. Now, then, off with ye."

When Shorty had started on his mission, like a marathon runner, all his fatigue forgotten, Tim turned to Jumbo.

"Now, then, Jumbo, me boy, it's up to you and me. How far is it to this place, where the rails are torn up?" he continued, bending over Doolan.

"About a mile west" was the faint answer.

"Well, Barney, me boy, we'll be leaving ye for a bit. Mr. Dutch Abe will be hiding there, and him and me have a little score to settle."

"Before ye go," said the signalman, "put a danger lamp in place of the clear light, outside, there."

"And warn Abe that the jig is up? Not on your life, me boy. If Shorty can't stop that train we will have to let Abe do it. Come, Jumbo, and

make that big body of yours as small as you can."

The light was extinguished in the shanty and the wounded man lay back on the bed, helpless, while the tall forms of the two ex-policemen cautiously groped their way amongst the stunted bushes that grew by the side of the track, and were lost to sight in the blackness of the starless night.

Around the smouldering remains of a camp-fire, underneath the trestle bridge that spanned Gray Horse Canyon, three men squatted silently, smoking cigarettes. The red glow of the dying fire cast a fitful light and revealed two saddle horses, tied to one of the supports of the bridge. A third horse, hitched to a rough-looking buckboard, stood at a little distance, where a winding trail led to the level ground above.

Dutch Abe and two of his gang of outlaws were about as villainous a bunch of cut-throats as was to be found in any part of the west. Horse-stealing, robbery with violence, arson and murder were crimes charged against them and they were badly wanted by the sheriffs of nine states, but more particularly, by the North West Mounted Police, who had chased them time and again, but, so far, had failed to effect their capture. Rewards, aggregating five thousand dollars, were offered by the States of Washington, Montana and Dakota, and one thousand dollars by the Canadian Government, for Dutch Abe himself dead or alive.

The three desperadoes smoked in silence. A look of intense alertness and expectancy was on each crime-hardened face. Each man's rifle rested against his knee. Every now and again Abe would consult his watch by the red glow of the dying fire. Suddenly one of the gang started, grasped his gun and sprang to his feet, peering intently into the darkness.

"What in hell ails you, Tex?" growled the chief, "Seen a spook?"

"Nix," said the bandit, returning to his seat, after a short pause, "thought I heard a twig snap."

"Jack-rabbit," said Abe, unmoved, "not a soul within twenty miles, except the hoodoo at the shack, and he ain't running around none. Train's late, ain't she?"

"Listen, "said the third man, holding up his hand.

Faint and far away to the east the scream of a locomotive whistle floated on the night air.

"Here comes our meat now," said Abe, briskly. "You all know what to do. We'll scatter from here in a minute, but there is plenty of time and I want you to pay strict attention——"

"Up with your hands, you dam' spalpeens, or we'll plug you full of holes!"

This startling command saluted the ears of the outlaws, out of the black darkness, and caused a panic. The robbers, however, did not obey the order; instead, after an instant's pause, each man reached for his rifle, when, from the opposite direction, a second voice broke the stillness.

"Drop them guns, you scoundrels," it said, "We have you surrounded and if you make a move we'll simply wipe you out."

"Fire and be damned," screamed Abe and, like a flash, he sent a bullet whizzing in the direction of the voice.

"All right," shouted the first voice, "your blood be on your own head. Give it to them, boys,—Fire!"

Like the scattering volley of a skirmishing line, Tim and Jumbo emptied their six-shooters into the demoralized gang, who, thinking themselves surrounded by a troop of Mounted Police, had no thought but to fight to the last, and kept up a steady fire into the darkness. But they were fighting an unseen foe, while, on the other hand, they were prevented, by the nature of the ground, from getting to cover. They were caught in a trap of their own setting. On one side rose a sheer wall to the top of the bank, in the opposite direction the gorge of the canyon dropped to the river, a thousand feet below, and in front and rear they were menaced by, as they thought, a dozen belching guns. The fight, therefore, was short and sharp, and when the smoke had cleared away Abe and another man were stretched on the ground, while the remaining desperado was discovered on his knees, with his hands

over his head, yelling for mercy.

Tim, six-shooter in hand, advanced into the circle of light and called to Jumbo, who came limping towards him, with a bullet in his leg—but his gun held ready for action.

"Rope that calf, Jumbo," said Tim, "and stop his dam' row. Hullo, Abe," he continued, as the outlaw chief slowly raised his head, "How are you?"

"I'm—all in—dam' you!" he panted.

Tim gathered up the fire-arms and threw them in a heap. Jumbo had bound the man who surrendered with a lariat from one of the saddle-horns; the third man was dead. A glance was enough to tell them that Abe was mortally wounded, so the comrades compared notes.

"How is it with you, Jumbo?" asked Tim.

"Bullet in my calf. How are you, old man?"

"Left arm broken above the elbow.—Here comes the train!"

At that moment a loud blast from the engine cut the night air and, with a grinding of brakes, the express came to a standstill a few hundred yards from the broken bridge. A crowd of passengers and trainmen with lanterns, swarmed along the bank and upon the bridge, peering down eagerly at the scene below. Many of them were armed and were covering the two ex-policemen until Shorty yelled to them to stop.

"Can't you see it is all over but the shouting? We're too late for the circus."

"That you, Shorty?" called Tim, from below, "Everything went all right, eh?"

"Like a bloomin' half-breed wedding. And you?"

"We got 'em, easy as falling off a log," laughed Tim. "Jumbo and me surrounded them, while they was waiting for you folks to take a tumble. One's a stiff, another's a prisoner and Abe, himself, is about to cash in. Say, is there a doctor in the crowd?"

There was a doctor, as it happened, and in a very few minutes the two outlaws were placed under guard in the baggage car, where their wounds were attended to, while Jumbo and Tim, in the sleeping-car, were receiving medical attention and the thanks and congratulations of the passengers and trainmen, amongst whom was Mr. Lane, the western Superintendent of the road.

"Mr. Sullivan," he said, warmly grasping Tim's uninjured hand, "I want to thank you, and your brave comrades, in the name of the company, for this night's work. Had it not been for your promptness, courage, and astonishing ability, we would have had to face one of the worst disasters this road has ever known, and a loss of life that would have plunged the whole country into mourning."

"Aw, cut it out!" interrupted Shorty, "we wasn't thinking about your blasted company at all. It was the wimmin and children that counted."

"I know," continued the Superintendent, "that no thought of reward entered into your calculations in this noble action—"

"Hould on," said Tim. "What did you say?"

"I said, your noble action, this night, was without thought of—"

"My 'noble action,'" repeated Sullivan, meditatively. "That's what Norah wanted me to do. Perhaps she'll marry me now."

"I don't know who Norah is," said Mr. Lane, "but if she is your sweetheart, she has every reason to be proud of you. If you and your two comrades will enter the secret service of the company, we will be glad to have you on your own terms."

"A moment, Mr. Lane, if you please," said a tall, military-looking man, who had been quietly looking on, while this little dialogue was taking place, "I think I have a prior right to these men."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said the Superintendent, "I don't think you have."

"They shall decide, "said the Colonel. "Men, you don't know who I am, nor did I dream, until to-night, that my ignorance of your real merits was going to cost the country so dear. I happen to be the Mounted Police officer who was responsible for your discharge from the force some time ago, but after this night's work I see my error. Men like

you cannot be spared. Canada cannot do without you."

"Aw, rats," said Shorty.

"She thought she could do widout us a week ago, Colonel," said Tim.

"She did not know she was losing such good men."

"It took her a helluva long time to find it out!" said Shorty.

"I need only say," continued the officer," that, if you will come back there will be a sergeantcy for each of you and, perhaps, something better in the near future."

"And will our time still count for the pension?"

"Certainly it will."

"And we'll get the reward coming to us for corralling Dutch Abe?"

"Of course. You get that, anyway, whether you re-join or not."

"What do you say, fellers?" asked Tim, turning to his comrades. "Shall we take another blanket? Sergeant Sullivan sounds all right to me."

"Where you go I go, "said Jumbo, "Sergeant Evans' is good enough for me."

"And I go with Jumbo," said Shorty, "sergeant or no sergeant."

"Anyway," concluded Tim, "although we've had our misfortunes, we were not cut out for swivel-eyed detectives. All right, sir," he said to the officer, "we'll report for duty at McLeod to-morrow and bring along our prisoners——an' bejabers I'll marry Norah, after all."

THE PLOUGHMAN

BY S. JEAN WALKER

SEE as he toils upon yon upland lea,
How each long furrow patiently is rolled,
How the dark lines are lying fold on fold.
The soft spring winds are blowing round me free,
Drawing the leaves in love from earth and tree.
The saucy squirrel frisks near with daring bold,
The mating birds flit by with love-born glee,
Where fronds are springing from their leaf beds curled.

Does he, too, feel a subtle thrill and glow,
Or, are his thoughts so borne with sordid care,
That these sweet joys are to his soul denied?
And yet he is a part of all, and so I know,
Will life all blend and be a picture fair,
When our last furrow's turned at eventide.

Where the Otter Hides

By J. H. Reed

With Illustrations by L. Pern Bird

THIS land is full of sylvan beauty. It is not alone the broad landscape, with its great breadth of colour, its greens and gold, ever varying as masses of clouds, sailing before the wind, throw dark shadows over the golden grain or the emerald of the meadows, only to break into smiling radiance as the sun kisses them once again with its living, quickening beams.

Every nook has a charm of its own. Here is a deep rift scored in an upland of the hills. A singing rill, a foot or so broad, rushes adown the rocky bed with sweet music, tumbling over many a mimic waterfall into the pools below. Young oaks clung to the banks with masses of polypody on their outstretched arms, and an ancient holly stretched its long pendant branches downward, as though its tips would sip of the waters below.

The banks were a vision of beauty. Hanging curtains of lady ferns, delicate and fragile, and the long, sword-like fronds of the snake-fern, with serrated edges, hung in rich profusion down the steep sides.

Here and there the star-like asphodel lifted its beautiful flowers, asking the solitary visitor to admire its golden blooms. Mosses clustered on the fringe of the rill, and, loving the soft cushions, the delicate bell-like pink flowers of the water pimpernel lay, soft sheltered, on the mossy stems; while here and there were the charming blue cups of the tiny ivy-leaved campanula. These two delightful flowers were surely made for fairy balls. Nothing could be more lovely to adorn the belles than the little pimpernel, and the brilliant campanula would for certain be chosen by the young dandies when dancing round the fairy rings in the silver light of the harvest moon.

Sunbeams threw shafts of light on the nodding ferns, and made the waters glisten with jewels as they broke into spray in falling over the rocks into the pools below.

The picture was finished as a yellow wagtail, with its beautiful plumage, flitted from rock to rock, as though the beauty was all its own.

The farmer looked disconsolate; he did not like the boats floating above

field and wood; there was "something brewing somewhere." The boats to us were only beautiful bits of snowy masses rent from far-away cloudland, and making the blue above more lovely. To the farmer they were little worries, because of the broad acres of gold across the farms which were waiting to fall before the reaper. We cared not for wind or rain, for the otter hounds were to hunt our stream to-day.

The meet was at the foot of the slope by Stogumber Station, and the company all on foot, in striking contrast to the mounted hunters when the stag is chased across the heather-clad hills rising behind the uplands. The hounds were fine-limbed, strong, and fit. There were a dozen or so of the kind which hunt the stag and fox, and three shaggy creatures with dark coats were of the old breed of otter hounds. One of the huntsmen held in leash two wiry, sharp-nosed, keen little terriers—the most eager and excited of all. I held them while the huntsmen crossed an awkward fence, and was surprised at the strength of the pull of the little creatures, who would not be denied their share of the sport. Their special work was to bait the otter in his retreat and turn him out for the hounds to hunt.

The master, secretary and huntsmen were in scarlet coats, with grey bowlers, breeches and stockings. The latter had a tuck above the boots; when turned down it covered the tops and prevented mud and gravel from getting inside while dashing across the stream when the hunt was keen.

The rest of the followers were very mixed: keen old sportsmen clad in grey, carrying poles with blunt iron ends for probing the banks to drive out the otter lurking below; bright, enthusiastic girls, heedless of brambles and nettles, water and mud, so that they could see the fun; and visitors from distant towns eager to share the frolic of the chase.

Some of these visitors had quaint ideas about the hunt. One asked if the otter was brought in a bag and then turned out for the hounds to chase. The bag was not forthcoming, but it was reported to the master that an otter had been marked down stream, and so a move was made towards the old mill below.

To hunt an animal well and with success knowledge of his habits and ways is needful, but of the otter less is known than of most animals, for he is a night prowler and rarely seen. To hunt in the dark to find food for the young litter at home, as well as for itself, seems a somewhat hopeless task, but nature has given the otter a wonderful weapon for the work—a nose which is a very network of nerves to scent the fish on which it feeds. As the old huntsman in the "Compleat Angler" said: "I can tell you that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him." He starts on the search for food after sunset, and ere rosy morn tinges the sky seeks his lair again, for the "witches of Kirk Alloway" never shunned the break of day more than an old dog otter. All day long he is shy to see the sun, and is snugly sleeping on the dry ledges of a drain, mayhap, very near to the farm, or, to put the hounds off the scent, he may reach a snug retreat by an entrance under water, which, rising upward, leads to a dry and safe hiding place.

But, like other thieves of the night, they leave clues behind them. There is the otter's seal, the footprints on the margin of the brook, the impress of the five toes—a dog and a fox have but four—and then the "drag," the sure tell-tale marks where he fished last night, and these will help in the hunt to-day, for we are on the trail.

The master had seen the signs of a fine animal, and the hunt began in earnest amid the rank foliage below the old mill. Hounds were racing through a mass of the huge leaves of the butter bur, and from the high bank it was a pretty sight to watch the red coats flitting amid the dark green foliage. Through the tangled undergrowth hounds and hunt came into the meadow. The hounds swam every deep pool, and searched every nook with the greatest eagerness, the hunt following, now by the banks, then dashing across stream, or scrambling through thorny hedge of bramble brake. Naught stopped man or

THE FARMER LOOKED DISCONSOLATE, FOR TO HIM THE [illegible]

hound, boy or girl, when the hunt was keen. A splash now and again told a little tale, or a deep muttering of a short word a larger rent and deeper scratches than usual.

The stream has many a bend, and on the hounds struck the line where the otter had left the bank to make a short cut across the meadow, perhaps on the way to its lair. With noses

NOTHING STOPPED MAN OR HOUND, BOY OR GIRL, WHEN THE HUNT WAS KEEN

close to the turf and tail upcurved, it was interesting to watch the hounds search every inch of the way until they took to the water again.

Now an old hound speaks; its bell-like tone arouses the greatest excitement—the otter is there. On both banks the greatest keenness was evinced to see the rare animal.

The master is in a pool, waist-deep, searching every nook; poles are in deadly earnest probing the banks to make the otter bolt, and watchers are on the alert, up and down the stream, to catch sight of a hunted animal stealing away; but nothing came of it, and the disappointed are again away downstream to try once more.

So the laughing, merry hunters follow, and the hunt goes on, the splashing and the dashing of hounds through the waters frightening the fish, and sending the bewildered moorhens scurrying away.

"Drag" was found here and there, and by-streams as well as the main stream for two or three miles were searched, until scent and signs were no more, and so we must hunt back again.

At the old spot, on the return, there was the same excitement, the uplifted voice of the old hound, the dashing into the stream, and the same failure as before.

The next move was to the waters above the mill, and so by the alders and willows and the ever-curving waters we came, and now and again a fine bit of colour was seen.

Masses of purple loosestrife with spikes more than a foot long, great plants of pink willow herb, and hemp agrimony, all in glorious bloom, fringed the bank where the hunt was abandoned, for the cunning old otter had foiled master and hounds now, only to be hunted another day.

Otter hunting is good fun for city visitors; they can follow afoot without let or hindrance, save for barbed wire, thorns, and an accidental spill into a bed of nettles, which worry once in a while. It is a summer sport, and for the many who ride not, and mind not a mishap at times, the beauty of the stream and the many adventures are delightful, especially if the otter is not caught after all.

There are four interesting villages within two miles of the farm, so there is plenty of choice for evening service. Bicknoller clusters around the mouth of its beautiful combe, Stogumber hangs on the side of a hill and wanders

a little way up a valley, Sampford Brett is across the meadows, and we hear the music of its bells floating over the plain, and rejoice, for they tell of fine weather on the morrow, much needed for the delayed harvest; and, hidden in a deep valley, Monksilver, which we select for evening service.

It is a glorious evening, and as the two score villagers sing of the golden gates—within—the sunbeams throw a glorious radiance across the golden grain—without. Through open doors and windows we see the rolling hills; their sloping, ample sides are laughing for very joy, and the great fields of waving grain send whisperings of sweet music adown the aisle on the still, evening air.

The spirit of gladness pervaded the service. There were good voices in the choir, and it was a surprise and delight to listen to the beautiful old-world anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains." It brought memories of another choir of long ago in a far-away eastern shire. The vicar, in simple and well-chosen words, exhorted his little flock to "Sing unto the Lord a new song." It was a pleasant and helpful service.

The story runs that the south aisle was built by a pious blacksmith, who made a vow to enlarge, as a thank-offering, the church in the village that brought him prosperity. The date is 1350, and the windows are good examples of the Perpendicular period. In the upper tracery the ancient glass remains. Here are the four evangelists the bleeding heart, the wounded hands, the crown of thorns and the upright pillar and whips which told of the sufferings of Christ. In another window are the pincers, hook-knife and hammer, the tools of the craft of the smith who loved his church.

By the door is an old alms box with a triple lock, bearing the date 1634. We wonder why it needed so many locks; maybe it betokened a want of trust. Evidently a watchful eye must be kept on the vicar or his churchwardens, for there must be a meeting of the three ere the box could be opened in those early Stuart times.

The village, with the brook laving the edges of its cottage gardens, all aglow with old-fashioned flowers, is pretty, though small. An old chronicler more than a century ago said: "The average christenings are annually six, and the burials five"; and it grows but slowly.

Mists hung over the hills, fleeting, white cloudlets passed over the blue, while a bow hung in the clouds, encircling farm and homestead, and smiling a blessing on the good friends left behind, as we sped homewards, carrying with us clustering delights garnered in this charming Quantockland.

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier. After a long and arduous flight, she reaches Scouto, and finds Zeuxis, who is completely crushed at the sight of her. She demands his return, and he hesitates. Just as he has yielded, and restored her the bonds he had stolen, Leopold Magniff appears from his yacht, and claims Anne as his wife, taking her on board his craft, where Zeuxis follows and kills him. In his dying moments Leopold gives Anne a full confession, exonerating the Chevalier, and orders his crew to take her to France. Once arrived, she secures a special train and arrives in Paris just in time to free Charles.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SPRATT TO THE RESCUE.

In which I discover that the Code Napoleon is by no means a negligible quantity.

My dramatic appearance before the military tribunal had been none too soon. In accordance with the usual procedure the court had convened at six o'clock in the morning. In fact, at the moment of my appearance with the proof of Charles's innocence the judges were already preparing to retire for the consideration of their verdict; and that verdict could have been of one nature alone.

My proofs threw an entirely new complexion upon the affair. While insufficient to secure Charles's immediate acquittal, they were of a nature so startling—implicating, as they did,

three Powers of Europe and unveiling an international conspiracy—that an adjournment was immediately obtained. A week later, when the tribunal reconvened, Charles was acquitted with the merest formalities, his sword restored to him, and, a little subsequently, he received the coveted Legion of Honor from the President's hand.

He told me afterward that he had never doubted the ultimate verdict of the court; what had driven him almost to frenzy was his inability to learn anything concerning me. Of my wild flight to Corsica he had been kept in complete ignorance.

Of this, and the ensuing death of the two chief conspirators, they say I told the presiding judge in detail. But of all that I have not the least remembrance. A violent attack of meningitis, the result of the physical and mental distress which I had undergone, confined me to my bed for weeks, during most of which period I was raving in delirium. I lived over again and again those awful scenes in Corsica and aboard the yacht; and ever I seemed hurrying to catch a special train which just eluded me at every station on each railroad line of France.

When I opened my eyes at last to consciousness they fell first upon Charles's mother. I was back in my room in Clichy, and she was seated beside me, watching me with that anxious and yet serene gaze which I had learned to know during those arduous days after my first arrival there. When she saw recognition in my eyes she began to weep quietly. She bent down and pressed her lips to my forehead.

"Charles?" was my first word.

"Hush!" she said, smiling, and tiptoed softly out of the room. A moment later she reappeared, Charles at her side. He knelt beside my bed and raised my fingers to his lips. He was attired in his complete uniform; I understood the meaning of that. There was no need to ask the judges' verdict.

We were supremely happy during those early days of my convalescence, when I could sit in my invalid chair under the pergola in the gardens, inhaling strength with every breath of the soft September airs. In those days we four, Charles and I, his mother and our grandfather, the old Comte, forged a link that has made our lives inseparable. We shall never part, any of us, so long as we live; and in spite of his four and eighty years I hope and think that there will be many more years of activity for the Comte d'Yves.

One day, when I was almost well, I suddenly thought of the bonds which I had brought back from Corsica; those famous bonds without which this history would never have been written, nor Charles and I ever have met. I asked for them, and Charles's mother, who had been anticipating such a request, rose and brought them to me from the drawer of her escritoire.

"Is it not strange," I said, "that Magniff has not inquired for them? Or has he?"

Charles looked at his mother inquiringly, and she nodded her head. "Tell her, Charles," she said.

"Magniff will be here to-morrow," he answered. "Then he will require them."

"But what is he coming for besides?" I asked. And then the dreadful knowledge flashed over me. "For Clichy?" I demanded

Charles nodded. "The interest fell due yesterday," he answered. "There is no hope of meeting it, Anne. Clichy must pass out of our hands; we have grown, in a way, reconciled to the loss and have already planned our future. We have packed everything and start to-morrow evening for Paris."

"Has not the tragic death of his son softened him?" I asked.

Charles laughed. "It has embittered him," he answered. "The fact is, Anne, he has aged greatly during the past month; he seems to be approaching a mental and physical breakdown; but with the death of Leopold he has concentrated all his thoughts upon the fulfilment of his long-cherished revenge for the affronts which he claims my grandfather put upon him so many years ago. I have pleaded with him to make some new arrangement which would leave Clichy to us. Some of our foreign investments have

turned out unexpectedly profitable and would permit us to take a new mortgage and keep up the estate. But Magniff's sole thought is his revenge—and so, to-morrow, Clichy surrenders to the enemy for the first time in her history."

I could not restrain my tears. "If only I had not sold him the bonds," I said. "Charles, grandfather, can such a bargain hold, seeing that I did not know the incalculable value that they were to him? Why, I could have obtained millions. You told me that he must have the bonds to deliver to the American government; that they are already sold. Why, I could have bankrupted him."

"The word of the d'Yves has never been withdrawn, Anne," answered my grandfather. "What the law is, matters nothing. You sold the bonds; unless the sale itself were invalid in law, it were better to lose Clichy than to try to reclaim them upon the grounds you mention."

"But," I said angrily, "he owes me 50,000 francs for the bonds—the price at which I sold them. Can he not be made to pay this before we lose Clichy, so that we can meet the interest upon the mortgage?"

Charles shook his head sadly. "Under the law," he said, "he need not pay for the bonds until the formalities connected with their transfer have been completed. That is the reason why he has not asked for them before. He does not mean to pay for them before Clichy is his. You appealed to him upon this subject once before in vain. And we—well, I asked him again fruitlessly."

We said no more. I wished to leave before Magniff's arrival, but the others vetoed this proposition emphatically.

"We must stay and surrender in person, Anne," they told me. "We'll haul down our own flag."

And so, the following afternoon, we sat in the reception room awaiting the old banker's arrival.

He came at two o'clock. It was the first time that he had set foot in Clichy in some five and twenty years, and he did not conceal his sense of triumph. Shocked as I was at the change in him —for he presented the aspect of extreme old age—I could not but feel disgust at the insolence of his bearing, at the scarcely veiled contempt with which he treated us. His first word was as to the bonds; and, when I had handed them to him, he scrutinized them for long, reading each letter carefully, as though to assure himself that I had not tricked him with a forgery. At last, satisfied, he handed me his receipt.

"If you will send me your future address, Mademoiselle," he said blandly, "a check for fifty thousand francs will be sent to you within a week upon the conclusion of the legal formalities." And he sat back and gloated and rubbed his thin hands together, chuckling over our discomfiture.

My indignation overcame my powers of repression. I could not hold back the words that poured forth from my lips.

"So you have achieved your life purpose, your long-sought revenge," I cried. "You turn an old man from his home, the home of his ancestors during eight hundred years—and for some fancied slight in the long past. Well, make the most of your triumph during the few years of life remaining for you. But when he meets you before the judgment seat of the Almighty, how will you justify yourself? Hasn't life taught you anything? It's hard enough for all, but unless it teaches forgiveness and justice, compassion and humility, of what use is it? Has not your son's death shown you the the futility of revenge, has it not taught anything to you?"

"Anne!" said Charles's mother imploringly.

The old banker smiled, as though the situation amused him. "I only claim my own," he answered, rubbing his hands again. "I am a business man, Mademoiselle. Business knows none of the abstract qualities you have enumerated."

Then the grotesque came treading upon tragedy's heels. Our ancient servitor flung upon the door.

"Les Cooks, Madame!" he announced impassively.

"The what?" cried Charles, startled.

The ancient man explained. A *char-a-banc*, containing some Cook's tourists—foreigners, he expounded, apologetically—had come from Paris and begged permission to see the famous castle of which they had heard so much.

"Show them in," said Charles's mother. "Have tea made. Pray remain, Monsieur Magniff. This is your property now."

"It will be at six o'clock this evening," said the banker, implacably.

"Les Cooks!" announced the serving man from the doorway, and upon the word a party of three entered—a man and two women. My eyes opened wide with amazement. Was I dreaming? Or were these really Mary Jenner, my one-time room-mate. . . . and little Mr. Spratt. . . . . and Estelle Christie, whom I had left in London?

"Anne!" screamed Estelle, flinging her arms round my neck. "O, my dearest Anne, who would have thought of seeing you here? We read all about you in the newspapers, and when Mary Jenner came to London to ask me where you were I told her that we must positively go to Clichy, even though you weren't there."

"Not here?" I stammered.

"Why, Anne, the newspapers said that you had gone to Copenhagen to instruct the Crown Prince in the art of aviation."

"A little device of mine," said Charles, smiling. "Just to avoid newspaper reporters."

Estelle opened her eyes.

"Well," she gasped at last, "If I don't make Cedar Plank, Iowa, sit up and hum when I get back, I'll send my resignation to the Ladies' Club." And I believe she meant it.

Then Mary and I kissed each other, and next I introduced the whole party to one another, not exclusive of Magniff, who, retiring into a corner immediately afterward, absorbed himself in reading something that looked like title deeds which he drew from his coat pocket. It was evident that he resented this comic interlude in the development of his own personal, private melodrama.

"So Mr. Spratt and you really took the trip," I said to Mary.

"Not alone, not alone," said Mr. Spratt hastily. "We're with a party in Paris—a large party of Winnipeg teachers. Just came out to Clichy for the day to see the place where we thought you weren't, you know, Miss Anne."

"I condole with you on the disappointment of learning that it was the place where I was," I answered. Somehow the memory of the innumerable snubbings that I had administered to Mr. Spratt compelled me to continue them.

But to my amazement Mr. Spratt refused to be snubbed again. Instead of blushing and retiring behind the person nearest him he looked at me quizzically, until I had to lower my eyes. And then I knew that something had happened!

It was another Mr. Spratt that faced me. He seemed to have emerged from his shyness like a butterfly from its cocoon. He was not embarrassed in the least degree. I glanced from him to Mary and saw that her face was rosy.

"Mary!" I gasped. "When—when is it to be?"

"In—in June," she murmured, looking like a fresh beet.

I recollected a certain letter in my possession in which she had alluded to her fiancee as "an odious little persecutor", and for a moment mean thoughts assailed me. For, though I had never in the least reciprocated Mr. Spratt's undoubted passion for me, I did not like having Mary, my best friend, commandeer him from me. Then my good angel came to my assistance.

"I congratulate you both," I said, "and wish you the greatest happiness in the world."

Then we had tea, while Magniff brooded in his corner. I noticed that he had glanced repeatedly toward the mantel, and, after cogitating upon the cause of his manifest uneasiness, suddenly the truth flashed upon me.

He meant to take possession at six o'clock! And it was now a quarter after five.

I resolved to give him the worst three quarters of an hour that he had ever spent in all his money-grubbing life. Our eyes met across the party. I read hate and hostility in his; what he saw in my own I do not know, but after a while he ceased to watch me and again began reading his title-deeds.

I was thinking so busily that I hardly heard the conversation that was taking place until suddenly Mary sprang out of her chair and came over to me, her eyes beaming.

"Anne," she cried, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you—?" I muttered absently.

"That you were engaged," said Mary, looking hurt and reproachful. "O, I'm so glad and proud of you, Anne! And will you both promise faithfully to come to Canada when the next school year ends?"

Then, like a worm that turns, Mr. Spratt turned himself about in his chair.

"Speaking of the school year," he said, "are you aware, Miss Anne, that under law you forfeit your contributions to the teachers' pension fund?"

"Dear me, how dreadful!" I answered sarcastically. "It is such a serious matter."

"It is serious," answered Mr. Spratt, hugging himself, "not by reason of the amount involved but because it strikes at a principle deeply rooted in the laws and customs of the Anglo-Saxon race—it penalizes marriage. Now in France they manage things differently. The admirable Code Napoleon, as you have doubtless read in the copy of my work which I presented to you—"

"Dear me, Mr. Spratt, will you be very offended if I mention that I didn't quite finish it?" I inquired.

Mr. Spratt ignored my interruption completely.

"That admirable compilation, the Code Napoleon," he resumed, "distinctly lays down the principle that the betrothal of a minor annuls all pecuniary contracts that have not been actually put into execution. Consequently under the Code your pension fund would be returnable."

"But I am not a minor," I interrupted.

"The age of majority, under the Code Napoleon, is not necessarily twenty-one, Miss Anne," said Mr. Spratt in grave rebuke. "For certain purposes, as this, it is twenty-five. In other cases—"

I saw the banker drop his title deeds and grasp at the seat of his chair. His face was drawn and tense. Next moment I amazed Mr. Spratt by springing to his side and clasping both his hands in mine.

"Say that again; I didn't catch it," I panted. "Under the Code Napoleon I am a minor for financial purposes and the—the betrothal—"

"The betrothal of a minor annuls all contracts of a pecuniary nature, that have not actually been carried into effect," reiterated Mr. Spratt. "Therefore—"

"My dearest Anne, what are you driving at?" asked Charles.

I walked over to Mr. Magniff.

"My bonds," I said, and flung down his receipt before him.

He rose up, tottering, and grasped the edge of the table.

"It has been carried into effect," he almost screamed. "You can have the money at once—before six o'clock. I don't mind renewing the mortgage—I was—I meant to all along. I—I—I—"

"My bonds, please," I repeated quietly.

"I'll give you a hundred thousand for them, then," he cried. "You wouldn't rob me, bankrupt me, by a legal trick like that? You're people of honor. That's all very well for tricky tradesmen, but not for the d'Yves. You can't afford to play a trick like that on me."

"My bonds, Mr. Magniff," I reiterated implacably.

Charles came up and placed his arm round me. He understood.

"No, let him keep the bonds, Anne," he said. "He's right. We don't do things like that."

"Then," I said decisively, "you must keep Clichy. That is the price of them. Do you agree?" I continued, turning to Magniff.

He groaned as though my words had been a thrust of a sword. I pushed some paper toward him and, dipping a quill into the ink, placed it in his hands.

"Write," I said, dictating. " 'For value received, namely, bonds (I enumerated them), now in my possession, I hereby agree to relinquish to Anne Ives all rights that I possess to the castle and estate of Clichy, together with the mortgage upon the same, which I now hold, and all the accumulated interest.' Is that legal?" I asked, turning to the astounded Mr. Spratt.

"Irregular, but unassailable under the Code," answered the little man, rising heroically to the occasion.

Magniff signed his name and Estelle and Charles affixed their signatures as witnesses.

"Now go, Mr. Magniff," I said, pointing to the door. "And, if you can profit by it, take with you that forgiveness which you yourself denied."

Mary and Mr. Spratt have promised to spend their honeymoon with Charles and me at Clichy next July. "And all that I regret," wrote Mary in her last letter, "is that you have had nearly a year's start of us in matrimony. But you haven't had any start of us in sheer and undiluted happiness."

"We'll take them riding in our new aeroplane," said Charles, when he had read Mary's letter. Then we went out to look at her in the new hangar. Charles says that when aviation becomes safer he'll let me ride again. But after my flight to Corsica I'm not sure that I shall ever want to.

Charles pointed to the name upon her frame, and smiled. "That will puzzle your friends," he said. "They don't know all that we know, do they, Anne?"

The name is "La Mascotte."

The End

VAGABOND AIR

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THE wind is warm, the wind is sweet,
The weary winter's done;
And I, a ragged fluter, go
A-singing in the sun.

Oh, some folk sing for minted gold,
And some for fame, and some
Because a maiden's eyes are blue
And crocuses are come.

Ah, let them sing for love or praise,
Their chinking shekels run,
But flute and I will jog along,
A-singing in the sun!

From a Brave Man's Journal

FIRST PAPER

By Arthur Hawkes

THE resurrection of books is a delightful phenonemon of these modern days. Tne cheap edition is a commercial speculation. The dear edition is a commercial sacrifice. The Champlain Society of Canada exists largely for uncommercial resurrection purposes. It knows that there is a wealth of literature about Canada, written when the country was a curiosity in geography, which should be turned to modern account—some of it burned out of popular remembrance, some of it stillborn on the knees of History, all of it valuable against the day when the full story of this great land will be justly written.

The latest resurrection is of the Journal of Samuel Hearne's Journey 1769-72 from Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, to the Northern Ocean—to the mouth of the Coppermine River. It was first published in 1795, after Hearne's death, and now reappears with an introduction by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell and notes by him and Mr. Preble of Washington. The book is the first of the Champlain Society which deals with the West—an appropriate circumstance, perhaps, because the West was first reached by Englishmen from the Hudson Bay Coast, and was for long regarded as promising nothing but fur to the progress of civilization. It is appropriate too, that Hearne's book should have been edited and expounded by a mining engineer, for it was a by-product of the hunger for mineral wealth which, at different times, beset the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay. For nearly fifty years the secret of the fate of Captain Knight's expedition was hidden on Marble Island—an expedition that was designed to discover precious metals on the mysterious, unexplored and fatal road to China, whose later victims included Franklin and his heroic men. After the Knight remains had been discovered in 1767 an overland search for minerals was projected. The Indians who came to Fort Churchill from the far north-west told of great deposits of copper on a a river that flowed into the farthest sea. They produced chunks of the metal—such, I presume, as I have seen in Mr. Tyrrell's possession, that were brought to Churchill by Indians of this present time. The lust for mineral wealth took hold of Governor Norton at Churchill, and he sent young Hearne to find this precious store. Hearne was neither a mineralogist nor a master of men. His years were but twenty-four, and though he found the copper, the day of dividends from it is not yet. But the story of his adventure comes back, and it is as interesting as a mining prospectus, and with nearly all the appearance of truth and a great deal more of its substance than are embalmed in most documents of that kind.

Hearne was very much less than a mining engineer. His editor is very much more. He has led expeditions across some of the country traversed by Hearne, which had been traversed by no other white men since Hearne. He was in the service of the Geological Survey of Canada, and has reported the results of many years' investigation from the Winnipeg River to the Yukon,

in a series of reports that are as full of scientific meat as they are devoid of romantic fancy.

In Mr. Tyrrell's written work you have to find for yourself the glamour that properly belongs to the deeds his pen so modestly describes. He does not show you the color and glow of exploratory work, but lets you see where it is.

Let me take an example of what I mean. Says Tyrrell:

> It has been my good fortune to travel over parts of the same country through which Hearne had journeyed one hundred and twenty-three years before me, and into which no white man had ventured during the intervening time. The conditions which I found were just as he describes, except that the inhabitants had changed. The Chipewyan Indians, whom he found occupying advantageous positions everywhere as far as the north end of Dubawnt Lake, had disappeared, and in their places the country had been occupied by scattered bands and families of Eskimos, who had almost forgotten the ocean shores of the north, from which they had come. They were depending entirely, for food and clothing, on the caribou, which they killed on the banks of the inland streams and lakes. Traces of old Indian encampments were seen in a few of the scattered groves that are growing along the banks of the Dubawnt Kazan Rivers, but these camps had evidently not been occupied for many years.

This matter of fact paragraph is really a text for what might have been an absorbingly interesting discourse. Mr. Tyrrell justly says of Hearne's book, that it will "always remain a classic in American Ethnology". Hearne reached the Arctic ocean because the Indians took him there. There was enmity between Indians and Eskimos, and when the Hearne party caught an Eskimo encampment at the last falls of the Coppermine River, they slew them in a manner which Hearne describes with disturbing faithfulness. The place of the massacre has ever since been called "Bloody Falls". Mr. Tyrrell has not been to Bloody Falls; but he knows all about the feelings of the Eskimo towards the Indians, though he contents himself with telling us that the Indians have disappeared from the Barren Grounds.

Picture, if you like, the deserted camps of the red men, the scattered bands of the Eskimo, living on caribou meat; the advent of Mr. Tyrrell and his party at the place on the Kazan River where Hearne crossed and where the migrating caribou cross now as they did in his day, to be speared by the Eskimo. See, as Mr. Tyrrell can in his mind, a solitary Eskimo marching southward to a Hudson Bay port, carrying a letter from Mr. Tyrrell to any Hudson's Bay Company's factor, requesting that the bearer of a pair of field glasses that were lost on the barrens be rewarded with a carton of tobacco, for which payment will be made through the Government bankers in Ottawa. Imagine if you can, the terror with which a camp of Eskimos on the Yatkyed River observed the approach of Tyrrell's canoes, thinking that they carried the dreaded Indians, believe that these same dreaded Indians have abandoned the Barren Lands, because of their fear of the terrible Eskimos, try to transport yourself to that region of caribou and loneliness, reflect that there is land, land all the way, on which you may walk from the elegant cities of the St. Lawrence to the Coppermine, contemplate the possibility of a railway running to Bloody Falls, and you get an idea of how Tyrrell could have thrown a spell over his own experience, which while it might illumine Hearne's period, might also outshine Hearne's narrative.

Where Mr. Tyrrell can put his hand on a spot mentioned by Hearne—though Hearne's locations on his map are nearly all faulty because of the partial efficiency of his scientific equipment—and say, "I found it here, even as it was in Hearne's time," he does it with the air of a man who cares only for the accuracy of his record, and who is content to relegate to a footnote, what a little vanity would have put under a headline. For example, where Hearne says,

> "On the thirtieth of June we arrived at a small river called Cathawhachaga, which empties itself into a large lake called Yath-kyedwhoie, or White Snow Lake. Here we found several tents of Northern Indians, who had been some time employed spearing deer in their canoes, as they crossed the above mentioned little river," Tyrrell contents himself with this note:—
>
> "After leaving Lake Beralzoa, and before

reaching Cathawhachaga River, he had crossed Thlewiaza or Little Fish River, Magnus Lake, and several other lakes and streams which are probably tributaries of the Tha-anne or Rocky Bank River. Cathawhachaga is evidently the Kazan River which I descended in 1894, and it is interesting to note that while, in Hearne's time, it was within the hunting grounds of the Chipewyan Indians, at the time of my visit, one hundred and twenty-four years later, these Indians had left it, and its banks were inhabited entirely by Eskimos. Hearne doubtless crossed the river four miles above its discharge into Yath-kyed Lake, at a place called by the Eskimos Paleluah, where the stream is deep and narrow, and has but a moderate current. This is a well known crossing place for the caribou on their annual migrations from the forest to the Arctic Coasts and back again, and the Eskimos wait to spear them while they are swimming across the stream, just as the Indians doubtless waited when they occupied this country. Its position is in latitude 62° 36' north, 28' south of the position assigned to it by Hearne in the text, and the longitude 4° 6' west of Fort Prince of Wales. His map does not here agree with his description, but places this crossing of the Kazan River in latitude 62° 40' north, very nearly in its true position. Cathawhachaga is a Chipewyan word meaning "where fish are plentiful in the river".

This footnote is Mr. Tyrrell all over, —the geographer first, last, all the time. In Hearne's time it was Indians who slew deer at the "well known crossing". In Tyrrell's time it was the Eskimo. What a fine opening for a description of the place and of the Eskimo method of chasing the swimming animal, keeping behind him, (for a caribou can strike murderously with his forefeet as he swims) till he approaches land, and then stabbing him through the kidneys, so that he falls just as he leaves the water.

But Tyrrell is editing Hearne, not rivalling him. He connects his latitude and longitude, and draws a map which shows how far out Hearne's calculations were—the geographer, the scientist who merits the praise so fitly awarded his work in Sir Edmund Walker's preface.

Sir Edmund says a new edition of Hearne's Journal has long been needed. The moment of publication is opportune, not merely because it is a classic of North American ethnology, but because Hearne became the Governor at Churchill, which may soon be a railway terminus. Hearne was on the ground long before any attempt was made to Christianize the Indians. He chiselled his name in the smooth rock at Sloop's Cove, by Churchill Harbor on July 1st, 1767—exactly a century before the Canadian Confederation. Mr. Tyrrell photographed the inscription, which is as clear cut as the day on which it was made. Ten years after his journey, and while he was in charge of Prince of Wales Fort, Hearne surrendered it to La Perouse, who was the last of the French to assert Gallic dominion on what is now Canadian soil.

No more curious memorial of the lengths to which military science carried our ancestors is furnished in the wide world than the fortress which Hearne, whom masterful Indians could always keep in check, was supposed to hold against France, and which he evacuated without firing a shot. As Sir Edmund Walker dryly says, he was mightier with the pen than with the sword.

The idea of protecting the lonely trappers of mink and martin, in the illimitable hinterland of Hudson Bay, from the French by a fort which could only be reached from the sea during a third of the year, seems grotesque enough now. That it was grotesque enough then is clear from the fact that Hearne marched out of it, as if it had been a tar-paper shack. The walls are there now, the cannon are there. Here is Mr. Tyrrell's description of it:—

Fort Prince of Wales, from which place Hearne started on his expedition, was built by the Hudson's Bay Company in the years 1733 to 1771. It is said to have been designed by English military engineers, and, according to Joseph Robson, was built under the direction of the resident Governor, though Robson himself had much to do with its construction.

The fort, which is one of the most interesting military ruins on the continent, stands on Eskimo Point, just west of the mouth of Churchill River, and though some parts of the walls have fallen, it was, when I visited it, in much the same condition as when built, except that the houses within it had been gutted by fire. It is 310 feet long on the north and south sides, and 317 feet long on the east and west sides, measured from corner to corner of the bastions. The walls are from thirty-seven to forty-two feet thick, and sixteen feet nine inches high to the top of the parapet, which is five feet high and six feet three inches wide. On the outside the wall was faced with dressed stone, except towards the river, while on the inside undressed stone was used. The interior of the wall is a

rubble of boulders, held together by a poor mortar. In parapet are forty embrasures, and forty guns, from six to twenty-four pounders, are lying on the wall near them, now partly hidden by low willows, currant and gooseberry bushes. The three storehouses and the magazine, which once occupied the centres of the bastions, have disappeared. Within the square enclosure, are the stone walls of a house 103 feet long, 33 feet wide and seventeen feet high, which is said to have had a flat roof covered with lead.

I have discussed some of the more modern aspects of this republication of Hearne's story, because I wanted to show that in digging up the past in Canada you surely came across many little-known assets of the present. The Champlain Society is discovering Mr. J. B. Tyrrell to a great many people who have not read his brother's account of the first journey across the Hearne country, in which Mr. J. W. Tyrrell was naturalist and interpreter. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell is our only authority on David Thompson, of whom he told the British Association at its Winnipeg meeting in 1909 that he was the greatest land geographer in British History —and made good the assertion. He has a unique store of knowledge about Hudson's Bay posts on the Saskatchewan River, which could be worked into a volume of great public value, if only "the Company" would recognize that it owes complete disclosure of the archives that are hidden in London to the modern British Canadian world.

As a journey, Hearne's venture had many singularities. He started on November 6th, 1769, with two white companions, and several Indians of whom Chawchinahaw was chief. The Indians made fools of the whites, and starved them so that they returned to Churchill after twenty-four days' march. Hearne set out again on February 23rd, 1770, without European company, but as before, with Indian men. On August 11th, not far from Chesterfield Inlet, he left his quadrant standing in the wind, while he lunched. It was blown over and broken, and he returned once more to Churchill, which was reached on November 25th,—after a wasted year.

Hearne made his third start on December 7th, 1770. This time the trip was successful, because Hearne was not really in command of the expedition. His second journey had been only less disagreeable than his first because his Indians flouted him. For the third he was led by Matonabbee, an Indian leader who knew how to lead, and of whom Governor Norton wrote with a touch of irony in his letter of instructions:—"Your present guide has promised to take great care of you, and conduct you out and home with all convenient speed."

Matonabbee's gift of leadership meant everything to Hearne, who would surely never have reached Arctic waters on his own account. Governor Norton had thought that the chances of success lay largely in the smallness of his party. Matonabbee knew better. He was not afraid of starvation; and he knew the inestimable value of womenkind. In his own way he told Hearne he was a fool to imagine that a mere bachelor's party could make the round trip to the Coppermine. His philosophy of the usefulness of women is reported by Hearne:—

> He attributed all our misfortunes to the misconduct of my guides, and the very plan we pursued, by the desire of the Governor, in not taking any women with us on this journey, was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned all our wants: "for" said he, "when all the men are heavy laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? Women," added he, "were made for labour; one of them can carry or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance. Women", said he, again, "though they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence."

The journey occupied eighteen months and twenty-three days, and the final return to Churchill was accomplished two years seven months and twenty-four days after the start with the villainous Chawchinahaw. No enormous deposits of mineral were found on the Coppermine River, and Hearne was not competent to judge the formations there. As Mr. Tyrrell says, his book is chiefly valuable for its

accounts of Indian life in that far north which has disappeared, and which he describes with a vivid realism.

Hearne's book, like others dealing with the Barren Lands, suggests an interesting, though fruitless speculation, as to whether the Britishers who have been lost at different times in the North could not have saved their lives if they had lived like Eskimos in times of stress. Caribou were and are available, summer and winter, right up to the Arctic Ocean. Where Eskimos can live, Europeans need not perish. Three years ago I parted from Mr. Stefannson and his comrade, Dr. Anderson, who were off to the Arctic to study the Eskimos. Stefannson had previously spent a winter with them, and put on flesh during that time. As to what may be done by those who know, in high latitudes, is shown by this story told by Hearne of the return to Churchill by way of Great Slave Lake:—

On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the summer of one thousand seven hundred and seventy; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moons passed since her elopement it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring rabbits, partridge and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beaver, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, etc., which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These by long friction and hard knocking produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations; because if she had, the above mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near half a score different men the same evening.

All of Hearne's stories about the women of the North are not like this idyll of the snows. He tells, for instance, that when the braves went forth to war, the custom of women demanded that each should bring back a

woman of the enemy so that the pleasure of a killing might be enjoyed by the stay-at-home dames when the conquerors returned. This sort of story might shock those who would fain believe that all the bad practices among the aborigines of North America were introduced along with the white man's firewater. Drink has, of course, been a curse in the remote wilds almost from the earliest days of our invasion thereof, and it is interesting to read how the dangers and pleasures of civilization were unexpectedly encountered by Hearne when he was hundreds of miles from any civilized place. Says Hearne:

> Somewhere south of Great Slave Lake, on the twenty-fourth, a strange Northern Indian leader, called Thelwsa-nell-ie, and several of his followers, joined us from the eastward. This leader presented Matonabbee and myself with a foot of tobacco each, and a two-quart keg of brandy, which he intended as a present for the Southern Indians; but being informed by my companion that there was not the least probability of meeting any, he did not think it worth any farther carriage. The tobacco was indeed very acceptable, as our stock of that article had been expended some time. Having been so long without tasting spirituous liquors, I would not partake of the brandy, but left it entirely to the Indians, to whom, as they were numerous, it was scarcely a taste for each. Few of the Northern Indians are fond of spirits, especially those who keep at a distance from the Fort; some who are near, and who usually shoot geese for us in the spring, will drink it at free cost as fast as the Southern Indians, but few of them are ever so imprudent as to buy it.

The Indian post has always been an interesting feature of life in the vacant spaces of America, and Hearne gives an instance of receiving an answer to a letter. The date is March 14th, 1772.

> As we were continuing our course to the east south east, on the fourteenth we discovered the tracks of more strangers, and the next day came up with them. Among those Indians was the man who had carried a letter for me in March one thousand seven hundred and seventy one, to the Chief at Prince of Wales's Fort, and to which he had brought an answer, dated the twenty-first of June. When this Indian received the letter from me, it was very uncertain what route we should take in our return from the Copper River, and, in all probability, he himself had not then determined on what spot he would pass the present winter; consequently our meeting each other was merely accidental.

And so one might go on dipping almost at haphazard into the journal and picking out paragraphs so illuminating as to remain forever in your memory. Except Fort Churchill, which may speedily become a railway and shipping terminus supplied with the most modern plant, there is little likelihood that any of the country traversed by Hearne will become a resort of more than a handful of modern civilized people. Two or three years since, a famous American writer came to me for data on which to found an article with the title "To the Pole by Rail." He was to sketch a loop-line that would go north from Edmonton to Athabasca Lake to the spot where, just over a hundred years after Hearne's journey, the wheat was grown which took the first diploma at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, thence to the copper deposits which Hearne searched for, and then to swing south-easterly to Churchill, so as to bring into access the vast herds of caribou which still roam over what are rather erroneously called the Barren lands—herds like that Mr. Tyrrell photographed in 1894, and which furnished one of the splendid halftone illustrations of the work which Mr. Tyrrell has edited with so much efficiency and restraint.

The Hearne book makes you long for more. The wealth of literary lore about the country which has made modern Canada—I mean the region between the Lake of the Woods and the Pacific Ocean—is very much more abundant than one would suppose. Some of it has been handled in the spirit of the antiquary rather than with the facility of the interpreter of vanished years and things for those who are growing wheat and sawing timber and picking fruit in places where fur traders followed their perilous calling, where the Indians alternated between the practices of barbarism and slow and painful approaches towards civilization—places which are permeated with the romance of colonization, and which, almost since yesterday, have become flourishing communities, apparently as far removed from their old associations as the East is from the West.

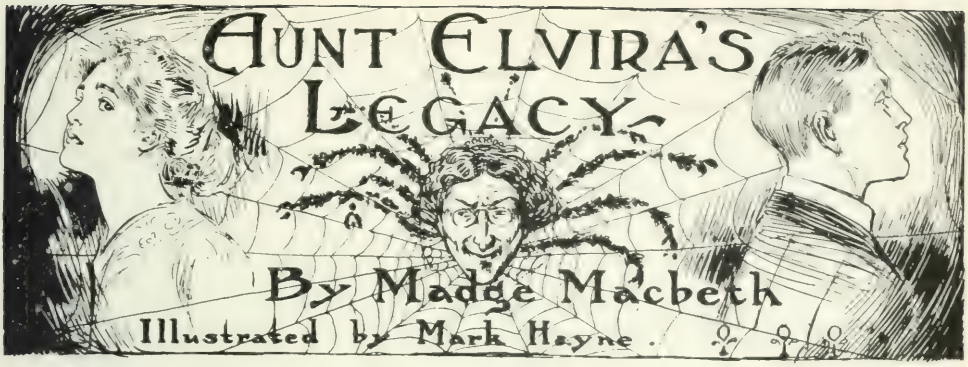
How close to and how far from the former days we are you may judge from some facts that have come my way as I have followed up two or three questions that have occurred to me during the reading of this edition of Hearne.

While Hearne was Governor of Churchill, there was sent to him David Thompson, a fourteen-year-old Londoner who had been in a Westminster Charity School—the Grey Coat Hospital. The boy clerk had so little to do during the winter that, fearing he would forget how to write, he asked the Governor for more pen work. Hearne gave him part of this identical journal to copy. Hearne had journeyed southwestward from Churchill to the Saskatchewan River whereon he had founded Cumberland House, which is to-day the largest inland depot of the Hudson's Bay Company entirely devoted to fur. At Cumberland House young Thompson, during a subsequent winter, learned from one Turner how to find his whereabouts by the stars, an accomplishment which he magnificently turned to account by the multitude of calculations that are spread through forty manuscript volumes of his journal which are in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto, and were transmuted into his great map of North America, some parts of which are to this day incorporated in the finest maps of this country.

David Thompson ranged for many years from Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Columbia and from Montreal to the head waters of the Saskatchewan. No adequate account of his great labors has ever been published, but his autobiography, which was bought many years ago by Mr. Tyrrell, is in the press as one of the forthcoming publications of the Champlain Society.

Two years ago Mr. Tyrrell was once more on the Saskatchewan River looking for evidence of the existence and disappearance of sundry posts along that noble stream. His enquiries were rewarded by a letter from one Turner of Coxby, which told him among other things, of the existence of a fort on the South Saskatchewan hard by where the Riel Rebellion of 1885 did its worst work, the occupants of which, with one exception, were massacred by Blackfeet Indians about 1795. Mr. Turner said that he himself fifty-eight years before talked with this survivor who owed his life to the fact that he was hunting horses at the time of the butchery.

So when you go back to Hearne you touch Thompson and a race of men who have left their mark upon a sub-continent, but whose trials for civilization, whose labors for science have been almost entirely without recognition, but who will yet be given high place among the pioneers of British-Canadian civilization.



TO many, the story of Tantalus is but a myth to be learned at school, then promptly forgotten —along with a large number of other things which we deem a necessary part of our education. To a few—a wretched few — however, that story is so real, that it links itself indissolubly to them through life, weaving its cravings into every glance of the eye, every sigh which escapes them, every breath that they draw.

Tilly Crocroft was one of the few. All her life she seemed just to have escaped attaining her heart's desire. Trivialities in childhood had been temptingly before her, but when she stretched forth her baby arms, lo, the sugar plums vanished, only to reappear a little beyond her reach. The pleasures of girlhood receded as she advanced, the necessities of womanhood were just too far away to grasp: and yet it seemed each time, as though Fate had meant to be kind.

At twenty-six, then, Tilly was an untamed and unsatisfied creature, good to look upon—persistent and determined, watching each wave open-mouthed, so to speak, and quite decided that somehow she would yet wrest from Destiny that happiness which she felt to be rightly hers.

As she walked slowly down the principal shopping street of her native town, Browning's words occurred to her, and she laughed with something like bitterness.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" she said aloud. "Dear me, my arms ache from 'reaching' but even the grasp eludes me! Just once, O Fate, just once, to be able to nurse, to feed, then to satisfy a desire—I wonder how it would feel! To have one little wish granted—I can't imagine it!"

Her soliloquy was interrupted by a new train of thought: she caught sight of a young man just ahead of her. Although walking in the same direction, so that Tilly only saw his back, she recognized him at once and made a little *moue* of disgust.

"One wish is partly answered," she thought, "for I do not have to share much atmosphere with either Aunt Elvira or Robert."

She slackened her pace to avoid passing the young man, preferring not to see him: but even in this small thing she was thwarted, for Robert Boynton wheeled suddenly, as though he had forgotten something, and barely escaped colliding with Miss Crocroft.

He was a handsome young man, of thirty-three or four, with a quizzical smile, and tiny wrinkles about his large gray eyes, proving that the smile was in almost constant use. He bore himself with an air of confidence and assurance which keenly irritated the girl to whom he was now bowing his apologies, and caused her to treat him with a contempt and dislike she did not take the slightest pains to conceal.

"Ten thousand pardons!" cried Boynton with a fine shade of irony in his voice. "Who would have expected to see the charming Miss Crocroft abroad so early? A rare treat for the energetic inhabitants indeed! It is reported upon excellent authority (if one can trust the accounts of these

scintillating celebrities, given us by the papers) that from nine to ten she has her masseuse, from ten to half past, her manicurist, from ten thirty until eleven, she takes the Swedish movement and fencing lessons, then receives in her boudoir until the luncheon hour. Trades-people wait upon her pleasure, fawning sycophants crowd round the door, begging a favor, a word, a faded flower——"

Boynton had turned again and walked with Tilly, whose annoyance was so obvious that she looked almost plain.

"If I cared to take the trouble," she interrupted, "I might carry on your grotesque idea, and inquire why the popular, the feted, the idolized Mr. Boynton is walking—yes, *walking* —abroad at this hour?" She looked him over slowly and carefully, making a mental note of his well-worn, ready-made clothes, and a wicked little smile crept into her eyes, as she continued. "Attired in clothes of the very latest London cut, straw colored gloves, and lavender tie he was the cynosure of all admiring eyes—etc., etc. What! I can scarce credit my senses, when I see papers, unmistakably insurance papers, protruding from your pocket. Have you just taken out a five hundred thousand dollar policy?"

"Clever, but nasty as ever," was the man's audible comment in the direction of a telegraph pole they passed, "So like her dear auntie!"

Tilly winced.

"Then why suffer my presence longer? I am sure you are going out of your way, and I have no intention of running into one of these shops to be rid of you, for I am due at the office—let me see, yes, exactly at nine—I should be there now. So *good* morning, Robert!"

"Well, thank you, for your cordial invitation," Boynton called, over his shoulder, "Yes, I'll be sure to come early—since you *insist*!"

They went their divers ways, crossly. When Tilly reached the office of the struggling yellow sheet which called itself a newspaper, her associates chaffed her about getting out of bed on the wrong side. She turned in her copy slowly, and with effort—the day was spoiled, because Robert Boynton had crossed her path, and she loathed him.

To Robert was added the grievance that he had almost tried to be nice and had been repulsed. What a little vixen she was, with all her airs and graces!

He was trying to write up a couple of policies which had been promised him (even a small commission helps) but either the men were out of sorts, or he was, and he made no further progress than on the day before. So altogether, *he* spent a very fretful day.

They were connections, though not relations. Their common relative, Miss Elvira Higginbotham, was also their one bond of sympathy—they both roundly detested his spinster step-aunt. And, to all appearances the sentiment was returned by her. It began with religious differences between their parents,—who had since been mercifully removed from this vale of tears—and Elvira, but Miss Higginbotham had religiously preserved the feud even unto the present generation. Just why Tilly and Robert held each other in such violent detestation it is hardly necessary or interesting to explain. Suffice it, that Aunt Elvira was at the bottom of it, and she fed the flame of hatred in each breast, with the ardour of a philanthropist nursing a community of starving tenementers. Whenever she had an opportunity, she threw them together, then in a most capable manner, goaded them into fine exhibitions of temper and malice toward one another, which resulted in a hearty loathing of both Aunt Elvira and themselves. It began when they were too young to understand it all, and now there seemed to be no help. They had long since ceased being tricked into meeting at her home, a scheme it had taken them many weary months to perceive, but she often managed to bring them together elsewhere, and by so doing passed a most enjoyable afternoon or evening. And, wily serpent that she was, she dropped sufficient hints regarding the disposition of her fortune, to cause hope to blossom

"YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. MACKAY, I BELIEVE," INQUIRED ROBERT BOYNTON OF THE LAWYER. "HILLY, . . . HOW ARE YOU? IS THIS ANOTHER OF AUNT ELVIRA'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES?"

in their hearts—they were, after all, her only natural heirs—so that they rather hesitated to disregard openly, her whims and fancies. Consciously or otherwise they looked forward to a time when some reward would be their portion for these years of humiliation and insult, and at least they tried to hide their natural dislike for her. There were times when each said, "I'll dance attendance upon her no more—let her take her money and fly to perdition!"

However, these two young people were but human, and money is a splendid labor-saving device, so it seemed wise to practice discretion. And this laudable attitude in no way hoodwinked the estimable Miss Higginbotham. She realized with fateful certainty the chain of reasoning likely to occur to them, and resolved to derive as much pleasure as possible from this fruitful source. For her forms of amusement resembled those of Nero, in that they must always be at the expense or discomfort of someone else.

Tilly Crocroft was surprised one morning a few days later, to find an official communication bearing the stamp "Mackay & Todd, Attorneys", upon her desk. The letter requested with legal brevity her presence at said office of Mackay & Todd, at the noon hour of that same day—on a matter of importance immediately concerning herself.

For a mad moment she had visions of legacies from lost or forgotten relatives who had made millions unknown to any one, in undiscovered gold fields; then, as is often the way with the most innocent conscience, Tilly's trembled and asked itself the question, "What have I done?" So alternately building air castles and framing defense for imaginary crimes, she worried through the forenoon.

Twelve o'clock found Miss Crocroft sitting stiffly upon Mr. Mackay's stiffest chair, impatiently waiting to hear the nature of the matter in hand, while the gentleman who had summoned her methodically sorted and stacked the loose papers strewn upon his desk.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Tilly, unable to bear the suspense longer. "What are you waiting for?"

As if in answer to her question, the door opened, and Boynton walked briskly into the room. He stopped short on seeing her and was about to withdraw, but noting the look of surprise—astonishment—on the girl's face, he reconsidered his action and came slowly forward.

"Good morning!" He shook hands with the lawyer. "You sent for me, I believe, Mr. Mackay. Tilly, how are you? Is this another of Aunt Elvira's little pleasantries?"

"I don't know," answered the girl sullenly. "Of course I never dreamed that *you* would be here."

Boynton shrugged his shoulders. The lawyer's office was the last place he had expected to see Tilly. Evidently his aunt's ingenuity in planning meeting places had been taxed to the utmost, if she had to bring old Mackay into her schemes!

"Trapped again, that's all," he said. "Where is the little ray of sunshine?" He lowered his voice so that only Tilly caught the words. "Is she not lurking somewhere near to watch the fun?"

Tilly started and anger's dull red glowed in her cheeks. "I never thought of that," she replied. "Of course she must be hiding here. Mr. Mackay, where is Miss Higginbotham?"

The gentleman thus peremptorily addressed, removed his skull cap, and adjusted his spectacles with irritating slowness, before answering.

"My dear young lady," he said, with just a shade of reproach in his thin high voice, "I don't keep tab upon the movements of even such an important client as the estimable Miss Higginbotham. For all I know, she may be—"

"Then she is *not* here?" was Tilly's suspicious inquiry.

Mr. Mackay's surprise changed to visible annoyance.

"Here?" he repeated. "Here? By such a question I gather that you consider her capable of magic, becoming invisible at will, and all that sort of thing. Otherwise—" he looked around the small square office and spread out his hands.

"Well," interrupted Robert, "what does she want with us? Of course you realize, now, that this is but another of her screaming little jokes?" He turned to Tilly, and she nodded.

Mr. Mackay rose—he ha pacquired the habit of standing when speaking—and, arranging a few notes, addressed the young people before him.

"Your worthy relative, the esteemed Miss Higginbotham," droned the barrister, "wishes to allow you the privilege of enjoying her large fortune, in the near future. Not that she contemplates a sudden call to the world beyond—" Mr. Mackay raised his eyes, impressively to the dingy, cobwebbed ceiling, while the other two, cast theirs suggestively downwards, "but she feels that the abundant affection she bears you—and you bear each other—" "Viper!" whispered Tilly —"warrants this sacrifice, on her part. Briefly, then," concluded Mr. Mackay, as though he had made the foregoing amply clear, "briefly then, she desires to turn her fortune over to you during the remainder of her life, reserving merely a sufficient amount to supply her modest needs."

He paused, gratified by the look of astonishment and incredulity upon the faces of his hearers. A joyous light glowed in Tilly's brown eyes, and she turned impulsively to Robert, forgetting he *was* Robert.

"Is it a dream?" she asked.

He however, recovered himself almost instantly. Perhaps he knew his aunt better. Turning to the lawyer, he sternly demanded,

"And the conditions, Mr. Mackay?"

"Ah, the conditions," repeated Mr. Mackay, suavely. "Yes, there *are* conditions, but ones of so happy a nature that it should be easy—nay, a pleasure, to comply—" bowing stiffly to each in turn. "They are that Mr. Robert Boynton," he consulted his notes, "and Miss Tilly Crocroft shall immediately enter into the holy state of matrimony and live, to all appearances (Miss Higginbotham's very words, I assure you, my dear young people) *happily*, for the period of one year. If, at the end of that time, the

TILLY TURNED IN HER COPY SLOWLY AND WITH EFFORT — THE DAY WAS SPOILED

parties aforementioned desire, by mutual consent, to separate—thus forfeiting the fortune at their disposal—they are at liberty to do so. *Only* in the event of such a step, they must understand that they *forever* forfeit any claim to further patronage or legacy from their beloved relative, even at the time of her lamented demise."

The wily smile which followed this announcement made Tilly faint, and again she turned to Robert.

"Is it not horrible?" she whispered, weakly.

"Horrible!"

Somewhere near, Fate laughed.

Boynton's rage would well have repaid his spinster relative, had she been there to see. He said little, but every fibre of his being revolted at this crowning piece of maliciousness. Had he been alone with the lawyer, his language would have partly conveyed the state of his feelings to that gentleman. As matters stood, he restrained himself with difficulty.

"And if we refuse?"

"Oh, you are not to refuse, at once," hastily replied the lawyer. "In fact, you *may* not refuse or give your answer, one way or another—for three days.

During that time you may not confer with one another (unless it be in my presence, or Miss Higginbotham's) and you are to give your answer, *here*, just previous, let us hope, to the consummation of the happy event."

Tilly closed her eyes and shuddered.

They found their way to the street, in silence.

"Of course, we will say no?" she rather asked than asserted.

"The privilege is yours to refuse. *I* can hardly do so, in decency. Neither will I press my suit."

Tilly laughed hysterically.

"I have pressed mine often enough, heaven knows. *You* needn't be so far above doing it."

"Then we will say yes?" asked Robert.

The girl's eyes rested on him a moment. She longed to read what thoughts passed through his mind—whether *he* deemed it hopeless to live with her, with a fair semblance of happiness, *and* all Aunt Elvira's money. Of course for herself she should say *No*. What could be worse than seeing him every day! But the money would bring compensations—

Boynton interrupted.

"I would suggest that we have lunch together, and discuss this nicely devised little compact, but the sad truth is, Tilly, that I haven't the price, and anyway we should have to bring old Mackay. Imagine it, not the price of a lunch!" A tinge of bitterness crept into his voice, then he added quickly. "Try to bear this separation bravely—it hurts me more than it does you—dear."

The exaggerated emphasis on the word 'dear' made anger blaze in Tilly's eyes. She had felt almost sorry for him a moment before, but he always spoiled things, sooner or later—how she hated him!

"Let us, by all means, say—" she commenced, then faltered. A handsome carriage drove to the curb, and an obsequious lackey jumped swiftly to the ground, opening the door for an elegantly gowned woman to alight. Quickly, another vision rose in Tilly's mind—the picture of herself living in such luxury, with carriages and servants at her command—Tilly Crocroft, whom Fate had always elected to knock, to bruise and to twist.

Robert bent forward just a little—perhaps he, too, saw a vision. He repeated her words.

"Let us, by all means, say—"

"Think it over," she finished, lamely enough, turning away.

At the limit of the given time, Tilly had firmly made up her mind. She wanted the money, she longed for a home, a place where she could ask her friends to come, a little space wherein to reign—just once. She longed for clothes such as in her idle moments, she had planned and dreamed of, she thought of the theatre and its allurements—and Robert? Well, one must pay a price for every luxury.

Attired in her one and only suit, readymade, with a home-trimmed hat on her head, Tilly smiled as she climbed the stairs to Mr. Mackay's office, upon her "wedding day".

Suddenly her knees trembled and she caught her breath sharply. What certainty had she that Robert would consent — suppose he should say No! The thought sickened her; she had weighed it all so carefully, making up her mind that the game was worth the candle, she felt she could not, now, have those dreams unrealized; she could not bear the disappointment the humiliation of having Robert refuse the money—and her.

Although conscious of Aunt Elvira's presence the instant she opened the office door, Tilly's eyes at once sought Robert, trying to discover even the barest hint of his decision. But in vain. He greeted her with his accustomed elaborate politeness, and reminded her a little sarcastically of the presence of their 'benefactress', as he termed her.

Aunt Elvira came swiftly to the point.

"Well"? she questioned tersely, looking from one to the other in her irritating, nervous way.

"Well?" she asked, again, "Speak up! Are you tongue-tied, or paralyzed? Robert, *you* may answer for yourself—Yes or no?"

"You place me in a most embarrassing position, dear aunt", answered the young man, inscrutably, while Tilly watched him, closely. "Surely in a procedure of this unique nature, the lady in the case may claim the privilege of having the first—as well as the last—word." Without waiting for his aunt to speak he turned to the girl, who had not even seated herself, and asked with a nice shade of deference, which she was quick to note and appreciate.

"What is your answer, Tilly?"

For another agonizing moment Tilly Crocroft looked deep into Robert's eyes, and, again, she failed to read what she sought there.

"It is 'yes', she faltered, in a whisper. "If you can stand it, I can."

To be continued

THE PATH O' DREAMS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

O, SOME may take the high road that leads them up and down
Through ranks of haggling traders and through the noisy town,
With dust to choke their nostrils and stones to bruise their feet;
And none but stranger-faces their yearning eyes to greet,
But let us go a-tramping beside the singing streams
And smell the olden roses along the path o' dreams.

O, some may choose the high road that roars of whip and wheel,
And trudge the endless pathway that bruises heart and heel,
But let us loiter slowly along the drowsy miles
Where crabbed care is absent; there are no worry-whiles—
Aye, let us go a-tramping beside the singing streams
And smell the olden roses along the path o' dreams.

At Black Man's Pass

By Floy Campbell

OFTEN, when the chase had led him far from the Keep, the Count had spent the night under the hedge, wrapped in his scarlet cloak; so, when we all gathered in the court at sundown, and Alain the page told us how he and his master had swerved from the hunt, following a new quarry that the Count's falcon spied, and how, his palfrey stumbling and straining her leg, he had been forced to turn back, we had no care, though the Count was not returned. We feasted merrily and slept sound. The next day, as the sun drew toward the west with all his clouds, and our sun came not to us again, we grew uneasy; and the feast that night was but a silent one and sad. When morning was gray we were up one and all, though we had made no rendezvous; and with Alain at our head, we set forth into the forest.

The Count was not always a good master, perhaps; proud as the devil, revengeful, and hot as the devil in his temper; but to those who were not froward, kind, too, and generous; and he was the last of the name, and his death might mean the setting adrift of all his house. So we grieved for the most part truly, and sought him in sadness and sincerity. We were no longer at ease about him. All remembered how once before, some years back, he had been found in the forest, pinned to a tree by an arrow through the shoulder that had near been his death; and we knew that he had bitter enemies still, as a man of his ruthless temper must ever have.

Where he and Alain had parted we began our search. The trail from the horse, two days' old now, was lost in the passing and repassing of many beasts, so we hunted blindly, spreading in a half-circle from the spot, and beating the bushes as for a deer. Two days we spent fruitlessly, gathering each night about the board of the Keep, heavy with our quest, and hopeless. It was his dead body we sought now.

The third day we came upon a high pass over the hills, called Black Man's Pass. Beyond it was a quaking bog, pathless and treacherous. To the left the cliff rose, steep and impassable. To the right the dark rock sank away in a jagged chasm, through which raged a torrent compounded of all the little streams that trickled from the hills and seeped through the bog. This chasm, inaccessible from the bog at its upper end, was blocked on the forest side by a mighty whirlpool, and no man had ever entered it, and lived.

It was the ravens circling above the gulch that bade us look. The low sun

was yet reddening the hills, but in the chasm it was already deep twilight, and, straining our eyes through the darkness, we could barely see, far below, the mangled body of a horse, half devoured, and, to one side, a gleam of scarlet that we knew must be the Count's cloak. None dared descend in that dim light. Some stayed there the night, and others went again to the Keep for ropes.

Near noon of the next day, when light was come again in the chasm, Alain tied the rope about him, and we lowered him; but half way down the jagged rocks cut our heavy cable as a knife cuts whipcord, and the boy barely saved himself from sharing the fate of the horse and man below. Every smith in the village and in the Keep was put to it at once, welding together chains of iron that no rock could cut, while we searched for another way of entering the chasm, shouting to Alain on his narrow shelf of rock, to keep up his courage through the long night.

Noon of the fifth day it was, and the chain was ready at last. It did its work, but it was too late. The scarlet cloak hid no mangled body, nor could we find the bones of the Count among the bushes near. His body must have fallen in the brawling torrent, and been whirled into fragments at the Pool of the Forest; or else wild beasts had dragged it from the spot. There was no trace of it, save the scarlet cloak.

It was with great labor that we brought Alain safely to the pass again. There was nothing farther to do, we thought, but gather together the chains and cables, and make our way back to the Keep, and summon the new Lord whose coming would put an end to our old lives forever. Silently we set about our preparations.

Why was it that we turned? We heard no sound, I swear; but uneasiness had grown in us from the night before, until now it was a torture, and made us start at a breath. We turned, at least, as one man, to see that strange figure standing behind us, as if just risen from the marsh below. The blue eyes, like flames of blue, we saw first; great eyes, and burning pale, in a bronzed and bloodless face. Who he was no one could at first say, for the eyes looked out from a tangled mask of hair and beard burned red by the sun and rain. The body was powerful; not tall, but of great muscles. The feet were bare, and the great toes were separate from the others, and thumb-like, able to grasp, as are the feet of an ape. Most horrible, though, were the two arms, cut off midway between the elbow and the wrist.

For a moment we stared in silence, doubting him some goblin of the woods; then from John came the cry, "'Tis Elawm—he who shot the Count with the arrow, whose arms were cut off for the deed. Cross-bows, men! Up, and kill!"

The two maimed arms were raised, and we could not shoot, though John shouted again, "The Count's murderer, men!" and wept—yes, wept—John! and snatched at my cross-bow, cursing that his own had been left behind.

The creature spoke. "Could I push man and horse over the cliff?" he sneered, and laughed, and shook his maimed arms. And we muttered, and shifted our weapons. Then John spoke again.

"Aye, by your hellish arts could you," he said, his eyes on the eyes of blue flame. "You willed it, and it has come as you willed. Tell us, then.

"Aye, tell, tell; and by God His grace if you have done aught, you shall answer it," I cried, and lifted my bow and aimed it.

The creature laughed—a strange laugh. Then he spoke, at first in a low monotone, as one repeats a story stale with long brooding over.

"I am Elawm. Five years ago I was like you, a man among men, beloved, envied, alive, with life sweet at my lips; and now—" he shook his maimed arms above his head—"now ye see me, and ye know how I came to be the thing I am—who made of me this beast, and why. Ye know not all; but ye shall know.

"For after my skinned arms had been hewn off for human slaughter, and I had hanged myself, then I knew I must kill Robert of Gorioch. Nay, if ye would have my story, put down the cross-bows—so.

"I had meant that he should die slowly that first time, but they found him too soon, and they brought him back from the gates of the grave to tell them my name—and then they flayed my arms for the deed, and cut them off before the staring crowd; but they bound up the stumps; and when I would have died, they cut the rope and forced me to live out my maimed life. Then it came to me that I must do their will and live—yea, must do their will and live, that I might do God's will, and rid the world of Robert of Gorioch.

"They had betrothed her to him, but it was me she loved; for he had made me the messenger to her, and she had seen me with a maid's seeking eye, and believed me at first to be the Count himself; so she loved me. And when she was brought to his house, and he found that he would have in her but a forced and unwilling bride, he was too proud to own that he was unloved, and yet too proud to take by force the flesh that shrank from his touch; and so for revenge he proclaimed that she had done the deed of shame with me, his henchman; and he drove us both out from his gates.

"Her father shut the door against her, telling her to go to her lover's arms; and he sickened and was dying of the black misery that preyed upon his heart because of her. Then she came to me in agony, and begged me to right her. She was as pure as snow —pure as the silver clouds of Heaven— but who would take my word against the Count's? And he had told his story with foul circumstance and foul laughter, slavering her whole fair life with the poison of his mouth.

"So I planned my first murder of the viper; but a snake is hard to kill. And they found him too soon, and he told them my name.

"And so I went armless among men, and she shrank among women, shamed and white, and he still swaggered in God's sunlight, an insult to God's self.

"What could she do, a shamed maid, but seek refuge with God? What could I do, a handless and masterless man, but snare birds and beasts in the forest? I took them with traps sometimes, and sometimes with nets. Two stumps of arms have little skill, but they suffice, if they are strong, and one is patient; and the bared foot can be taught much of the cunning of the hand. So I learned afresh a new woodcraft, and knew the secret places of the forest and of the mountains. Then I laid my plans."

He paused, but no man stirred nor spoke. We stood astare at the flames of blue that were his eyes, and listened for the voice, till it again sounded, rising from the dull monotone with which he had commenced his tale to a full resonance, like the chant of a harper who tells in hall of great battles.

"An old woman who loved me made my nets. I had her make me a great one for deer—but it was not the King's deer I hunted, but the devil's. I hollowed out a trench, and covered it with leaves and branches, that his horse might stumble there, and throw him. I caught and trained birds to lure his hawks toward me. Many times my plans failed. His men followed him, or the dogs came with him; the horse did not stumble, or he kept surely his seat. But at last all fell as I had planned it. The men followed the first raised quarry, and his hawks alone swerved to the lure of my doves. The horse stumbled, and threw him into the very midst of my hidden nets. I gathered them together, and bound his arms to his sides before his sense returned, and I laid him across the horse, and we followed on up the mountain. Here, where the narrow path looses itself across the black, wet rock with its sheer descent of hundreds of feet into the chasm below—here I unbound him, and laid him down, and led the horse to the cliff's edge. Then suddenly, sharply, I struck the beast, and he reared and started forward in pain and fright; and then, turning in mid-air, he fought on the slippery edge for a footing, and at last slid over with a shriek of human agony; and we heard deep down, deep down, the thud of his falling body on the rocks. That was a hard thing to do. I see it still in my dreams, and shudder at the look in the beast's eyes, and the sound of his scream; but I meant you to seek him

long, and, finding him, to leave your search, believing that his master had perished with him; and I knew no other way.

"When the scream of the horse had died away in fainter scream after scream from all these cliffs, I took the Count on my back again, and we followed the path that was no path, down, down, to a little glen, through the stream yonder, and across the shaking bog and the pools where no foot but mine has ever ventured, until we found the place I had chosen. No man of you could find it without me; and I shall never turn my face toward it again. It lies yonder, a single bare rock in the midst of the swamp that fills the bottom of this cup of hills. There I laid him down, and, freeing him from the net bit by bit, but ever keeping him bound hand and foot, I hewed away the leathern armor from his chest and thighs. If the axe between my skilless stumps bit sometimes into the flesh—that was a small thing. I had been flayed alive for him, and knew the taste of agony. I drew the net over him there on the black rock, and fastened it hard and close, and under the shadow of the one bush I sat to watch. By day the sun beat on his bare flesh and burned his blinded eyes, and the rock that was his bed scorched the sole of my foot when I stepped from my patch of shade. By night the white mists crept up from the marshes like ghosts of past sins, and gathered thick about him, and danced and twisted above him, so that the chill of death entered his soul; and the dews of night were his drink and his meat. By day the stinging insects danced in swarms above his bound and helpless body, and the ravens circled, watching and waiting. By night the owls shrieked through the darkness, and voices whispered and wailed through all the marsh and hillsides.

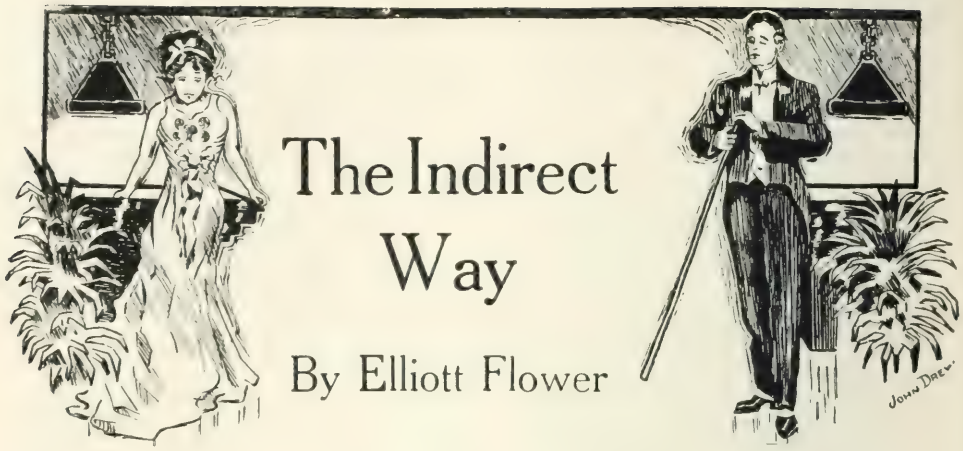
"He was proud. He would not beg for mercy. For a day he was silent, for a day and a night he said no word, though his lips were gnawed to ribbons in his fight for silence. But after the second morning came, flushing on the western hill, he grew mad, and his raw lips and parched throat shrieked horribly against the bright, deaf, shining sky, until the sound died at mid-day into hoarse moans for lack of water.

"Was it three days he lasted so? I do not know. The time was sweet to me, and doubtless seemed shorter than it really was; and he was a strong man, and could endure much. But he died at last, in the rose of the morning, cursing God and me with horrible curses; and I pray his soul may be in hell-fire now.

"I have watched until the feast of ravens is finished. There is no more now to see. You may shoot your bolts if you will, or send me after him by any road you wish. It will not be longer nor harder than the road I chose for him. Nay, I fear not that God will condemn me for doing this his bidding; but if he should, then in hell would I find my heaven, watching the eternal agony of Robert of Gorioch."

The creature stepped slowly toward us, but there was no word spoken, and no hand lifted. I dropped my crossbow at my feet, and John laid his hand on it, but the spell of the eyes was upon him, so that he could not aim it; and he dropped his head upon his arms, and sobbed, and so the thing went away into the forest, and we stood silent, like men bewitched.

Rolling of thunder and the plash of rain roused us; we looked toward the marsh, but none dared venture there for duty or for love; and so, without a word, like men ashamed, we turned heavily back to the Keep. They all stole away in the night, each man alone; and I, too, went my ways. I could not look upon the forest and the Black Man's Pass again.



The Indirect Way

By Elliott Flower

I MUST have dozed over my work. At any rate, I became suddenly conscious of the fact that a little imp of a fellow was sitting cross-legged on a pile of manuscript. He smiled at me quizzically, and I regarded him with amazement. I had not supposed there were such things as goblins, but here was one under my very nose.

"Oh, your eyes do not deceive you," he remarked at last; "I'm really here."

I was much relieved.

"Came to see about you," he explained.

"What's the matter with me?" I demanded.

"I've heard you doing a good deal of grumbling," he suggested.

"I have reason to grumble," I declared defensively.

"Have a pretty hard time, don't you?" he queried.

"Infernally hard time," I answered.

"Editors don't appreciate you, do they?"

"I should say not."

"Nor publishers?"

"Worse than the editors."

"Wife can't dress as she would like to, can she?"

"Not within a mile of it."

"House isn't what you'd like, either, is it?"

"Too small, but I can't afford a larger."

"Precisely. Can't live as your wife thinks you should, can you?"

"Never hope to."

"Children cost too much, don't they?"

"No."

This startled him. "What!" he cried.

"My wife," I explained, "says the trouble is not with expenses but with income; I don't make enough. She maintains that we should spend more than we do, but we can't because I haven't got it."

"Amounts to the same thing," he remarked. "Makes things rather awkward, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Always difficult to base an income on expenses," he commented; "much better to base expenses on the income; but lots of people try to work the reverse action. Anyhow, we've got to accept things as they are. I've come to see what I can do for you."

"Well, what can you do?" I asked.

"I can give you one wish."

"One is enough!" I exclaimed jubilantly. "I wish——"

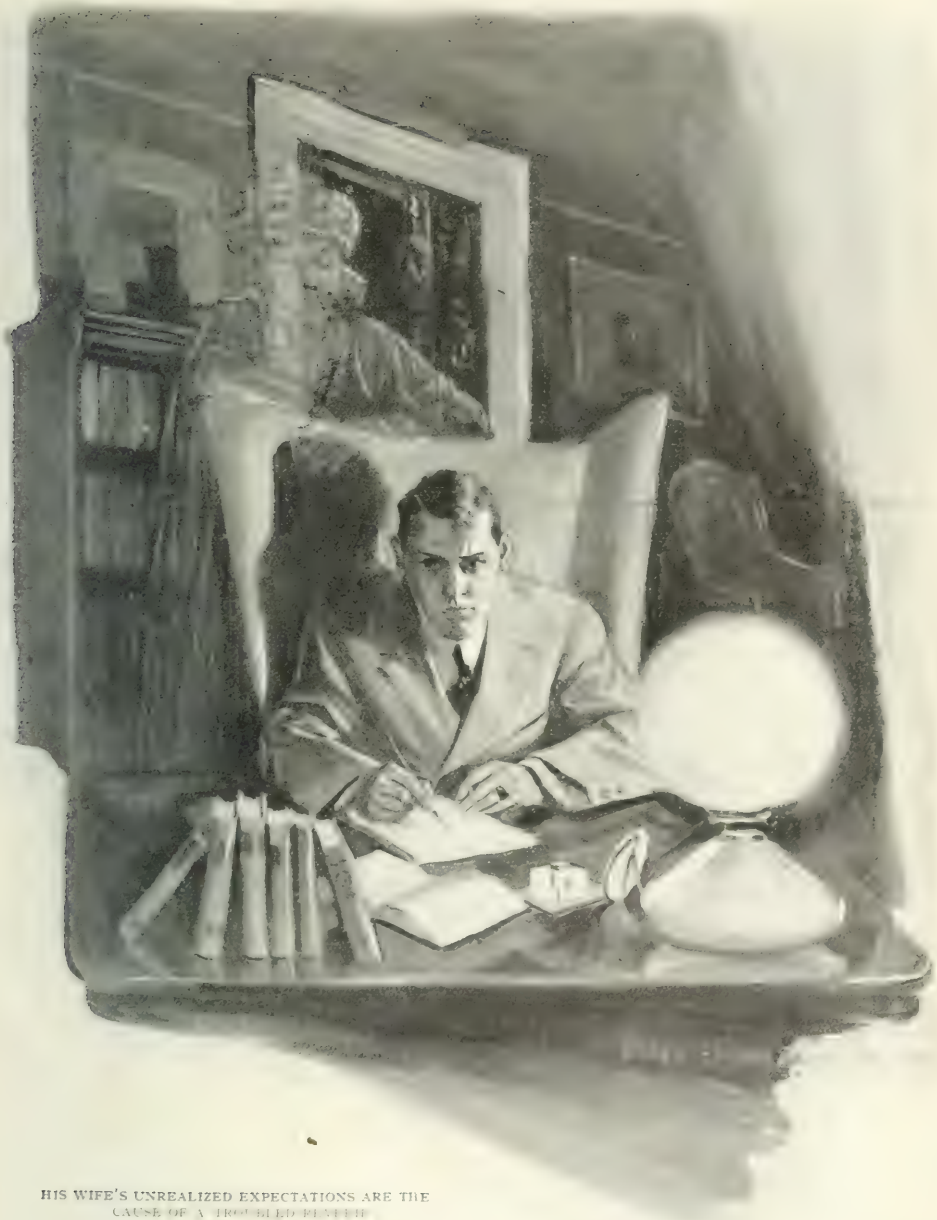
"Be careful," he cautioned.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. "Don't you suppose I know what I want? Do you think I can sit behind a pile of unpaid bills and be in doubt?"

"Mere wealth is barred," he informed me. "You may not wish for money. Anything else you choose to ask for is yours. But you have only one wish. Don't waste it."

"Money barred?" I queried, crestfallen.

"Why not wish for a house?"



HIS WIFE'S UNREALIZED EXPECTATIONS ARE THE CAUSE OF A TROUBLED FUTURE

"What good would that do me without money to run it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You may wish for fame," he suggested.

"Fame in a garret!" I exclaimed. "Not for me. Famous men have died of starvation, and I have my family to think of. Happiness and fame are not even related."

"Health?"

"I have it."

"Longevity?"

"It might be a curse. I can think of nothing worse than old age and poverty."

"Having a wife and children," he reflected, "there is, of course, no love affair in which I could help you along."

"No beautiful princess in mine," I announced hastily. "Think of what the neighbors would say, not to mention the family dissension. But how would it do to wish for success?"

"Too indefinite. You must be more specific."

"Financial success?"

"That's money."

"How about happiness?"

"Again too indefinite. What would give you happiness?"

"I don't know," I admitted frankly. "I know of many things that would help, but not one that is sufficient in itself and not one that is not dependent, to some extent, upon money."

"Is there no happiness without money?" he demanded.

"Not in this age," I replied, after a moment of thought. "Money itself is not happiness, but is it not the basis of everything that is—I mean, that is permanent, not merely ephemeral, happiness? Figure it out yourself."

"I'm not doing the wishing," he retorted testily.

"Love in a cottage," I pursued, "depends on the cottage. It may last a good while in a nice vine-covered cottage, but it can't live in a hovel. Again, even the vine-covered cottage becomes hateful if it happens to be next to a palace. Life, with most of us, is a series of comparisons, and what money can and does buy is the basis of those comparisons. With wealth barred, what can I do with a single wish? Give me a dozen, and I might work the thing out."

"One," was the relentless reply.

"That's only an aggravation," I complained. "What's a house or a steam yacht or a trip to Europe or fame or genius or social prestige or a garage by itself? What's even a faithful, non-notice-giving cook as a sole possession? Every one of these things calls for a few auxiliary wishes to make it of any permanent benefit."

"Oh, well, if you don't want to wish," he remarked disgustedly, "there's no more to be said about it, of course."

"But I do," I insisted, and then, as an idea that seemed to me an inspiration flashed to my brain, "How about diamonds?"

"Mere wealth in your case," he declared. "As an accessory diamonds would be all right, but diamonds alone would represent nothing but the money for which you could sell them. Be frank. You don't want them for adornment, do you?"

I laughed bitterly. "For a man or the wife of a man in my position to wear diamonds," I replied, "would be both a joke and a scandal."

"Precisely," he returned. "To wish for something merely for the purpose of converting it into money is to wish for money."

"Oh, well," I said resignedly, "as I am barred from everything that assures permanent benefit, I'll have to do the best I can. I wish——"

"Wait!" It was my wife's voice, and I now discovered that she was standing behind my chair. "I have heard it all," she explained, "and I know you'll make a botch of it. Have you forgotten our ambition to live in New York?"

"No, I haven't," I retorted, "but I am not going to use my one wish to get us into more trouble than we're in now."

"May I have that wish?" she asked of the goblin.

"Certainly," he replied. "Either of you may exercise the privilege for the family."

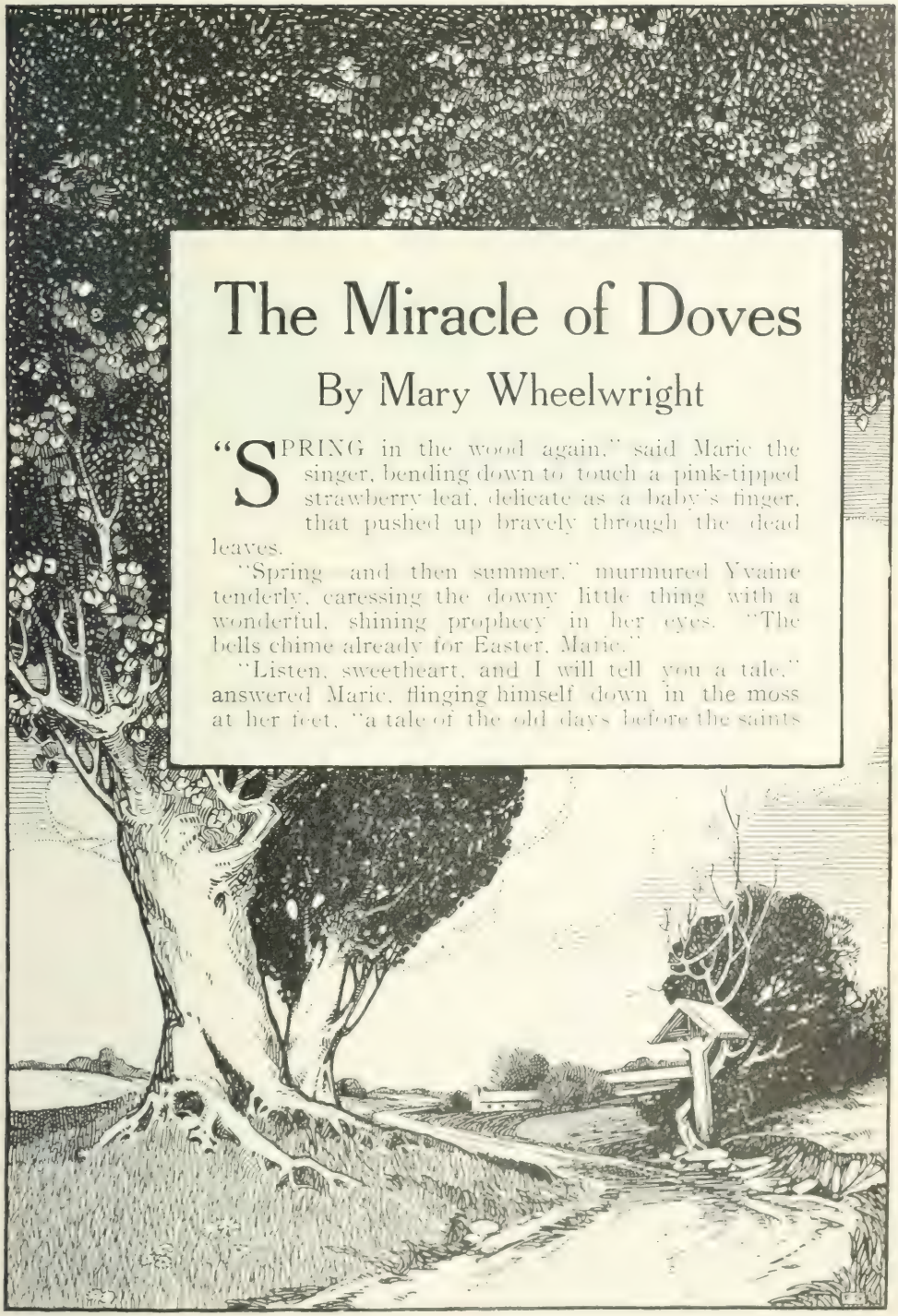
"Very well, then," she said, "it is my wish——"

"Hold on!" I expostulated. "You'll make a mess of it."

"It is my wish," she persisted calmly, "that we may live comfortably and contentedly in New York."

"Ha!" cried the goblin; "the wit of woman! The wish is within the specifications, and yet no one can live comfortably and contentedly in New York without money and lots of it. You win."

My wife was shaking me. "For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed, "come upstairs and go to bed like a respectable citizen! I have been worried to death by your insane gibberish, and it seemed as if I just couldn't wake you up."



The Miracle of Doves

By Mary Wheelwright

"SPRING in the wood again," said Marie the singer, bending down to touch a pink-tipped strawberry leaf, delicate as a baby's finger, that pushed up bravely through the dead leaves.

"Spring and then summer," murmured Yvaine tenderly, caressing the downy little thing with a wonderful, shining prophecy in her eyes. "The bells chime already for Easter, Marie."

"Listen, sweetheart, and I will tell you a tale," answered Marie, flinging himself down in the moss at her feet, "a tale of the old days before the saints

came to the land with their prayers to the White God and the cross in their fingers. . . . . Listen ! . . . Do you not hear the laughter among the birches ? "

Truly there was a faint, sweet laughter echoing afar in the shimmering woodland. Yvaine threw up her white chin and laughed softly in answer as Maric sent a clear salute ringing to the far shadows. Faintly came the answer, faint and sweet as a distant bell ringing once—but not again.

"It is the boy Spring," said Maric softly. "Spring himself, who once came boldly and lightly up through the winter-bound meadows, whistling and shouting for pure joy. Oh, truly, in the old days he footed it freely on the boulders in the open sunshine, singing scraps of minstrelsy, and airy catches that woke the grass in the brown earth and the squirrels nested in the tree-tops. Then it was that the little yellow blades sprang up before his feet, and the ferns thrust up round green heads, and the sap murmured and stirred in the tree-boles, and the dogwood trembled into pale stars, and the birds ventured north in the early mornings, and the rabbits came frisking out of their holes at his whistle. Before him the land lay hushed and silent; behind him it sang and leafed and blossomed with violets like a land new-made.

" Boldly and gaily he came up through the country-side that anyone might see, never hiding, never fleeing, laughing through the villages with the children at his heels, stopping at a tavern door to drink a cup of May wine with the farm-lads, or tease a pretty wench with promise of many lovers. All the world knew him and loved him; and he loved all the world, hailing it 'Brother.'

"But one sad year they came no longer forth with garlands to greet him. Outside the gates of the first village stood the new priests with crosses uplifted, and grim faces, and robes the color of the frozen fields.

For the first time in his life Spring knew fear. The gray priests uplifted the crosses and cursed him for a heathen spirit. In the village gateway the people peered out and cursed their playfellow. One little lad made to run from the gate to his side, but his mother struck him in the mouth. Then the boy Spring shrank back from them; nor came again to the villages.

"Late was the year that season. The corn rotted in the furrows, and the wheat in the drills, and the gilly-flowers at the doorsteps, and the children sickened at their mothers' knees. For in all the land there was not one to greet Spring, and he slunk sadly from copse to copse, hiding himself from every living thing.

"Summer came, and brooded sadly over the land; and Autumn fled away early with Winter whooping at his heels. Little was the harvest; little the store of grain in the bins; and by the next March the people were famine-pinched and gray.

"Now, there was one Yraon, a poet, who saw the first dim shadowings of leaves where Spring lay, and he crept out in the dawn, seeking among the

groves, singing the old songs under his breath, and crying to Spring of the sore need of the people. . . . And, Spring, hearing, came to him timidly.

" 'They are in want, ye say?' And Yraon bowed his head.

" 'But how shall I send them a message? They would cast me out,' said Spring heavily, and the tears ran out between his slim fingers, for he was but a lad.

" 'Send the hare,' said Yraon. 'He is kin to humankind, and they let him eat from their gardens.'

" 'And a gift?' said Spring. 'They will not harm him if he bring a gift.'

" 'Send him with a gift to the children,' said Yraon.

" 'Then I will send him with eggs," said Spring. 'My birds will give me one for every child in the village, and there is nothing the children love so much.'

"To every house in the village the little hare went, from manor to cot, leaving an egg for every child, rich or poor, baron's son or herdboy. In some he left the egg of the lark with its gift of song; in some the robin's blue egg for faithfulness and love; in some the little wren's for sweetness and housewifeliness; and in some the thrush's for rollicking gaiety. Everywhere he laid the gift of Spring. At last he came to the altar, where the old priest slept, and the tapers burnt low with the dawn. Trembling, the little hare crept to the lowest step, and laid upon it the last egg in his basket—the egg of a dove.

"And lo, a miracle! The old priest woke at the rush and flutter of wings, for the chapel was filled with white doves rising and soaring, circling and sweeping, above the altar, and at the lowest step quivered the little brown hare, the messenger of Spring.

"They had keen eyes in those days. The old priest understood, and he lifted his wrinkled hand in blessing above the little hare.

" 'Peace go with thee, my brother,' he said gravely, 'and with thy master. It is a sign from above. We bar his way no more.'

"Yet, since then, although Spring comes every year to the fields, he rollicks no more in the villages, but rather comes quietly among the copses and meadows, singing softly under his breath, and none see him but those who journey to his woodland house. As we have done, sweetheart."

Softly Yvaine laid her slim hand on the singer's lips, and in the sudden hush a faint sweet echo of laughter floated among the silver birches—faint and sweet as a distant bell ringing once—but not again.

Mackay and Westminster Hall

By John F. Langan

THE Canadian West, is known as the land of wonders, the land of bigfish, big trees and bigger mountains, the land where cities grow from stump patches to metropolitan completeness in a few years. It is a land where big things grow and where big physical results are being achieved every day. But mere bigness will never make a district great. Greatness is a thing of the spirit. It is only as the west does big things in educational and religious lives that she will become great. The most striking evidence that the West is going to do great things as well as big ones is furnished by the history of Westminster Hall.

On the fifteenth of March, 1908, when Rev. John Mackay, D.D., the newly appointed Principal, arrived in Vancouver, the entire institution practically stood inside of his boots.

It is true there was a Board of Management and Senate who had called him to the position, but they had no clear idea as to what form the college was to assume, or what had better be done next. They had no money, no building, no libraries, no scholarships, no students even. The Principal went to work with a will, and for the first year did the work of three or four men. He carried on two complete courses of lectures, and a part of a third, did the correspondence, arranged for professors, solicited funds to carry on the work, and looked after the thousand and one details of administration while preaching twice every Sunday to get his work before the church.

Ten years before, he had spent four months in Vancouver, and had tested the mettle of her business men by getting them to organize a Y. M. C. A., which is to-day one of the strongest in the country. In those four months he made many firm friends who have been a source of great strength in his new work.

By the eighth of April four students had appeared, and classes were begun in the McGill University building. Three brilliant young teachers accepted the Principal's invitation to assist him in teaching for the first year—Prof. D. J. Fraser, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal; Prof. Richard Davidson, Ph.D., of Toronto; and Principal Robert Magill, Ph.D., of Halifax, and with their able assistance, together with that of a number of local men, the work of the first season was carried through.

Meanwhile, two friends in the East had given funds for founding libraries—Mrs. Archibald, of Toronto, $5,000 for the endowment of the Frederick W. Archibald Memorial Library, and the family of Mr. G. S. Vipond, of Montreal, $300 a year for the Frederick Cameron Vipond Memorial Library.

On the tenth of May possession was taken of a new building, purchased for the college by its Board on the first of that month. It was empty and bare and dirty then, but in ten days a miracle of transformation had been wrought. A Ladies' Auxiliary, with Mrs. P. McNaughton as President, and representatives from all churches within reach of Vancouver, was formed when the building was secured.

In the short period of ten days they had not only organized but collected over two thousand dollars, purchased the furnishings and had them in place, making the empty, dirty building into one of the most homelike and most beautifully furnished colleges in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

From that time on they have maintained the furnishings and looked after the housekeeping arrangements of the college without a penny of cost or an hour of trouble to the Board of Management. The women of the west are worthy of the west.

The second year brought eighteen students in theology and nearly fifty in all departments, and teachers came from all over the world. From Canadian colleges, Drs. Gordon and Welsh, of Montreal, did splendid work and left their permanent impress on the whole country. But Scotland, too, sent her two most distinguished Biblical scholars and teachers, Drs. James Denny and George Adam Smith. Dr. Denny spent two months drawing men of all denominations from all over Canada to his special lectures, and charming students and congregations alike by his intense earnestness and simple goodness. Dr. George Adam Smith, newly made Principal of Aberdeen University, spent only four days in the city, but left a memory and inspiration that will not soon die. The coming of these men and the excellence of the work done all along the line has put Westminster Hall in less than two years in the very front rank of Canadian theological colleges, and has made it known throughout the English-speaking world When its name was chosen it was sought to make it as distinctive as possible. The Westminster confession is the standard of the faith of the church, and in the early days of Presbyterianism the school where ministers were trained was called "The Hall." These two distinctive titles were linked together into Westminster Hall, a name that is destined to live among the great names in Canadian religious history. That the last west is proud of it is

shown by the splendid way in which all classes in British Columbia and Alberta have rallied to its support. Every minister in these two provinces has shown himself at least interested, and many have exerted themselves to the full in its behalf. Pulpits everywhere are open for its staff, and all feel that this is their college and they are proud of it. Mr. G. F. Gibson, chairman of the Board of Management, and William Stephen, its first treasurer, and other laymen, have done splendid service.

Financially its record has been wonderful. Capt. and Mrs. J. J. Logan have given $40,000 to endow the Chair of New Testament, and nearly four hundred special subscribers have pledged an annual amount of nearly ten thousand dollars.

Messrs. David Morrice, Montreal, Price Ellison, M.L.A., of Vernon, and Alexander MacDougall, of Montreal, have each given scholarships of the annual value of $100, and the J. A. Logan family one of like amount. There are now nine scholarships, of the total annual value of about six hundred dollars, two libraries with an annual income of five hundred and fifty dollars. The Logan Chair of New Testament is endowed, the whole building beautifully equipped at a total cost of about three thousand dollars, and premises worth over thirty thousand dollars, with only a debt of about fifteen thousand dollars on it.

During the first year Principal Mackay was the only permanent member of the staff, but in June, 1909, Rev. Geo. C. Pidgeon, of West Toronto, one of the most brilliant and popular ministers of the church in the East heard the call of Westminster Hall and joined fortunes with it.

For 1910, besides the Principal and Dr. Pidgeon, Mr. D. J. Fraser, of Montreal, Dr. Wichee, of San Auselino, Cal., Dr. Jordan, of Queen's, and Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Toronto University, were on the teaching staff in addition to one of the most brilliant teachers of the old land, Prof. J. J. Anderson Scott, D.D., of Cambridge, England.

The Pacific slope is the strategic centre of the world movements of the twentieth century, as they affect the British Empire. Here Orient meets Occident, here Australia and New Zealand meet the last outpost of the Empire, facing to the far east. For all the problems of the new age, the far west is not far off, but vitally central.

All world problems are in the last analysis spiritual and can only be solved along religious lines. A theological college equal to the world's best, standing at the heart of the life of that golden last west to which the eyes of the whole world are turning, can exert a tremendous influence for peace and purity and all round righteousness which alone "maketh a nation great."

Westminster Hall has pointed the way to three churches, and when they, too, have planted strong and efficient colleges within the sound of the Pacific, there will be a centre of theological light and leading second to none in Canada.

By such institutions as this, the West is going to become great. If the men of the West see the vision of the glory that awaits it in the future years of this new century, they will see to it that Westminster Hall and all similar institutions stand strong and efficient for the greatest of all works which it is given them to do.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

AN APRIL FOOL

"The first day of April
Hunt the gowk another mile."

AN APRIL "gowk" is an April Fool. The term is very familiar to all upon these shores who know the North Countree. It is there the popular name for the cuckoo, which between you and me is no fool but an artful grafter. The gowk of Scotland is "gowk" in Norse and "gaek" in Swede. Naturally the Indian term is Gaekwar and Baroda is the haunt of the Fool of the Durbar.

There have been many guesses and some plausible suggestions made to account for the April fool custom but no one younger than Noah will confess to any knowledge of it. And Noah is as dead as Marley's Ghost. When they make an April fool north of the Tweed they will tell you one has gone on a "gowk's" errand. Sometimes the person played upon is sent with a letter which tells the recipient to "hunt the gowk another mile," and so on he goes from one to another till the poor fellow stops from exhaustion. There is an old story told of a beggar on the Scottish border supposed to have been the original of Scott's "Edie Ochiltree," who once went to visit one of his patrons—a poor Scotch laird, who had recently erected an expensive and fantastic mansion of which he was very vain, and which but ill corresponded with his rank or his resources. The beggar was standing leaning over his pike-staff, looking very attentively at the edifice when the laird came forth and accosted him.

"Weel, Andrew, you're admiring our handiworks here?"

"A weel am I, sir".

"And what think ye of them, Andrew?"

"I just think ye hae thrawn awa' twa estates, and built a gowk's nest," was the pithy reply.

The most horrifying example of an April fool that ever came the way of the writer was one time that the first of April fell on a Sunday. A clergyman—a specialist in his line—was billed to preach in a remote Irish village. When the worthy man climbed the little stairway leading to the pulpit the congregation was staggered at the sight of a lady's bustle pinned in the spot where it belonged to the outside of his sacredotal garment. The outraged Beadle gasped. The Sexton closed his eyes, and a child's laughter rang shrill. But no one dared to move. And the child's crime, as I have reason to remember, was expiated later by the application—in the hands of a solemn parent—of a sharp birch to the official spot. On investigation the bustle proved to belong to my mother.

Who had abstracted it and pinned it to the clergyman's surplice "only the Divil himself knew," as the cook said. "And the Divil never goes to confession."

A CRY FROM THE WEST

AT times the Pedlar on his leisurely journeyings picks up a letter which he finds in his path and pops it into his pack for future reference. Such a one from a woman living on a ranch in the Western States asks for attention.

"A living death," is what this correspondent calls life on the farm. She draws a dark picture, but let us look at it for a moment.

"There is not ink enough on earth," she cries despairingly, "to describe the tortures of the women of South Dakota, and the women of the farm! It beggars description. Fifty miles from a doctor; several from a neighbor, and—the most awful, inhuman part of it all—a woman cannot claim a chicken off the farm. A woman in South Dakota should never say 'home', she should say 'my husband's home', because in reality, and according to law, she does not own a leg of a chair in her own home." This lady concludes with an appeal to agitate against "the laws affecting married women in South Dakota. Women marrying in those districts should have half of the property owned by the man before marriage, and half of all accumulated afterwards. This is only fair and just." Much more follows to the same purpose.

As though to substantiate in a fashion what this lady writes, an article on "The Farm" in a recent authoritative publication throws a further and equally sinister light upon the argument. The young wife was warned by her friends that she could not keep up her habits of neatness, wear her pretty dresses, exercise her accomplishment of piano playing, continue her reading, visit her neighbor and do all the daily work expected of a farmer's wife on a western ranch. But with gaiety of heart and the delightful assurance of youth, she waved all this aside and began the task which almost killed her. It did not occur to her that she could be "pushed, driven, dragged or otherwise coerced" into doing like those other women she heard about. She was quite sure she would never grow to look like her husband's mother and sisters—faded, wrinkled women, whose hands had grown horny with uncouth work, whose figures had gone to pieces, whose very hearts had withered in their breasts because of the endless monotony of work, the loneliness and drudgery of the life, and the nervous breakdown which was bound to come and which would hurry them to the madhouse or the grave.

LIFE ON THE FARM

THE woman in the story—a real life story—loved her farmer husband. That love never wavered for a moment. On his part he was kind, gentle, and loving. He did everything he could to make the life as easy and pleasant as possible for the wife. He was well to do, and ambitious and hardworking along his own lines. The farmhouse, while new, and fresh, and even dainty in its fittings, was without those conveniences which make work so much lighter for the housewife. There was no sink, no bathroom, no water laid on. There were neither china closets nor book shelves, and there was no getting female help later when the baby came, save such desultory help as happened along for a few days at a time. But the young wife made light of these things at first. Her husband drew the water from the well, and split the kindling and piled the wood. He also provided the wife with a horse and buggy of her own which she drove to church or town or used when visiting the neighbors. You can see that Love ruled the roost here from the beginning; that the man was kind and considerate, the wife capable, eager, and willing.

How then did they "fall down" on the situation? How could such a splendid, hopeful beginning end in disaster and break-up?

WORK AN ENDLESS CHAIN

IT DID so mainly through the man's ambition to buy land and increase and improve his farm equipment.

THE WIFE LOST HEART AND HEALTH

Everything went into the farm. The man rode all day over his land overseeing the work. He went for the mail and stopped to converse with friends and gossips in the village. Every day brought him some recreation, some mingling with his fellows. At night, tired out after so many hours in the fresh air, he fell into a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. At times he worked with his men, and, as his land increased, he had to hire more help, buy new machinery, extend his outhouses and farm buildings. Had you asked him about his work he would reply in a surprised tone that he knew few men who labored as hard and heavily as he.

His wife rose at four, built her fire, and had breakfast on the table when the hands returned from milking and feeding. Breakfast done and the milk put away and the dishes stacked, she raced through chicken feeding, egg hunting, fruit and vegetable collecting for the dinner. She flew through her house-work, sweeping, dusting, setting to rights; then off to the kitchen where the pile of dishes stood awaiting her. She got them cleaned up, prepared the vegetables, made hot bread, baked the meat, got ready some sort of dessert—in fact put down a splendid dinner for husband and four hands when they trooped in at noon from the field. After dinner came another stack of dishes, churning, cutting out soap, picking (in summer) fruit and canning same. An hour was spent mending and making with the help of the machine, then there was supper to get ready. Another cleaning up, and at night a woman so tired that sleep was impossible owing to muscle-twitching and ache in the bones. This before the baby came, when an "ignorant stupid quack" was the only help this woman could get when her hour was upon her.

Every day brought its own heap of work. There was washing and ironing and baking and soap-making. The horse had long since been impressed into farm work. The husband had gone on buying land and engaging help until sometimes thirty men had to be fed. There was no getting anything like permanent female help where this couple lived. It became too much. The wife lost heart and health. The end came in sickness and breakdown. When the wife was down and out, the man was left to face all the work. What happened is told by the woman in this significant sentence:—

"I could not lift a hand or move myself in any way. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I saw, as distinctly as things are supposed to be revealed in visions, that it had taken but five days of what I had stood for years, to turn a good man into a brutal savage."

You have now before you, in parts, the letter and the story. The letter is dated from Mitchell but a few weeks back. The story was related about the same time. An odd coincidence. Is the dark picture painted in broad quick strokes so quickly in the letter one on which you would wish to gaze? Is the story true?

AND WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

A WOMAN bending over a crystal sees this: There are two women in the crystal. The woman who is looking into the glass knows both of them. She sees one seated before a desk sorting papers. Behind her steals the other woman, crouching, a dagger in her hand. A mist comes over the crystal. When it clears, the dagger is seen embedded between the shoulders of the woman who is seated. The other woman has vanished.

That evening a letter is despatched to one living in a foreign country by the woman who saw the murder committed in the crystal. She writes;—

"I have seen this day something that makes me shudder even as I write of it. You are seriously threatened. Your very life is in peril. I dare say no more than this; beware of Madame G—. I saw her and you together not an hour ago in the magic crystal. Do not laugh. Deep in your soul you believe in Spiritualism. It was at the house of A—— here in London that I saw you in the crystal. You know that he is the greatest medium the world has ever produced. You have experienced his uncanny influence

yourself. Believe me or not, some great peril is hanging over you. Your star appeared through glass which seemed to be smoked. When I pointed this out A—— said 'That is the death sign. I have never known it to fail. Your friend is in danger. I see——' here he trailed into a trance. It was while he was apparently insensible that the story unfolded in the glass globe. I am losing no time in setting as much of it as I care to tell you down here."

Late that night a wire crossed Russia asking for details. None were forthcoming, and the matter died away.

Six months later a woman was found murdered under certain conditions. It was the woman who was seen to be stabbed in the crystal but she was poisoned, not killed with the knife. And Madame G—— who was seen in the magic glass murdering her, was half a world away at the time! The letter quoted above was discovered among the dead woman's effects and the writer and Madame G—— were sought for. They were not found. In a night Madame G—— had disappeared. Nor could either of them be traced. They may have been Revolutionaries and have vanished as such people do, never to be seen again. The sensation faded away with the burial of the murdered woman at her home in Northern Russia.

A trial is being held in India at the time of this writing which recalls that old story. A Miss Orme, aged fifty, was found dead in her bed at the Savoy Hotel in Mussoorie, the cause, poisoning by prussic acid. Her companion, Miss Mount-Stephens, was arrested and charged with the crime. At the trial going on as I write, it comes out that this lady companion told her employer that she saw her being stabbed by another woman in a magic crystal. Yet Miss Orme is not stabbed and dies by poison administered—by whom? That is for the courts to say. The stories are remarkably alike in the matter of crystal gazing. Did you ever look into a magic crystal? I did once and I saw—an ass.

THE WOMAN WHO IS LOOKING INTO THE GLASS KNOWS BOTH OF THEM

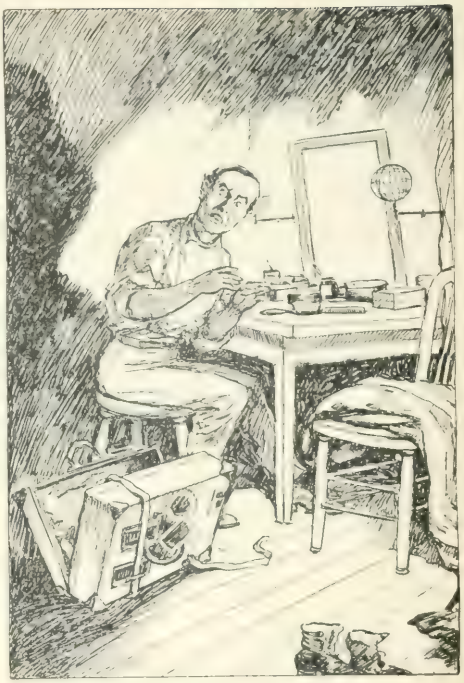
IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER

THE other day a woman living in a town across the line, was convicted of being a "common scold." Instead of having—as the neighbors suggested—the ducking stool revived for her benefit, the judge put it down to "nerves," and advised the services of a specialist.

But the "brank" would have suited the case and the lady better. An extraordinary instrument the Brank! It is—I saw a pair of branks in the Tower of London—a sugar loafed hat made of iron hoops with a cross at the top and a flat piece projecting inwards

to lay upon the tongue. This was fixed on the head of "the patient" who, led by a rope was marched through the town for admiring friends to view.

Did you ever happen to get a permit to see the dungeons and torture chamber in the bowels of the Tower? You go down a steep stone stair into a very long, very dark, very grim place where on the stone floor, the holes in which the rack was fixed for the torture, are still visible. It is the terrible dungeon of the White Tower, this, where Anne Askew was stretched, and Wyatt was tortured. They are the very same flags and walls where one can see the marks made by the horrible Scavenger's Daughter, where, if you like, you can finger the spikes of the Spanish collar, and stand over the covered Pit where in the red days of Mary and Elizabeth the rats ate at their leisure—of living human flesh. The jolly old Beefeater who shows you about may even open for you the door of black oak built by William Rufus many a century ago, and you will look in on the "Little Ease" a scooped hollow in the thick wall, where in the "good old times," conspirators, bishops and women were tortured, and from it, through a breach in the wall, you can look into a black void, in which your voice when you speak booms and reverberates until it is finally lost in far cavernous corners. Here, behind walls eighteen feet thick lay at one time over a hundred Jews imprisoned that money might be wrung from them to pay for the follies of a Stuart's profligate court. But lest I ramble too far, and am forgotten and locked up in this replica of the worst hell the imagination may picture—even Hades' fire would be cheerful—I must burrow deeper to the little dungeon where the fashionable tortures of the time were kept for women—iron toques, steel spiked mantles, boots of metal, and such interesting garments of cruelty. The Merry Whirligig for gadding wives is the most humorous of these. It is a cage, a round wooden cage turning on a pivot in which the poor gossip was sent endlessly spinning at frightful velocity. "If you will gad, Mistress, why take a good dose o' it."



"ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M PACKING UP!"
WAS THE POOR FELLOW'S ANSWER

It is whispered that near by were holes through which husbands could peer while their wives were thus merry-go-rounding. For them, in their turn, there was the Drunkard's Cloak—a tub worn bottom upwards, there being a hole for the head, and two smaller holes in the sides for the hands to pass through. This machine proved to be the best cold cure yet discovered, for no man was seen to wear it twice.

Well, other times, other manners. We have the Indian list for the drunkards while we let the ladies—God bless them!—gad and gossip where they please.

. . . . . .

THE MAN OF FORTY

SOME talk has arisen lately over that very poor Oslerian joke re the men of forty and sixty. A certain reporter went the rounds among the six and seven decade men and discovered that nine out of every ten held governing positions: nine out of ten were actively engaged in business and finance. In fact the men of sixty-five or thereabouts proved to be the most

alert of any. Which brings to mind a story.

A poor fellow of an age was looking for a job as a comedian. He was about as funny as a crutch and had lost jobs faster than he could get new ones, but after many ups and downs he was given a "tryout" in a pretty good company.

The Manager watched his work from front that night and thought it pretty good. "I'll just sign that chap up, he mused as he went back of the scenes. He knocked on the funny man's dressing room door.

"Who's there?" came in response to the rat-tat.

"It's the manager of the show," was the reply.

"All right—all right! I'm packing up!" replied the poor fellow in a wavering voice.

It doesn't pay to lose heart at any old age when one is hunting a job, does it?

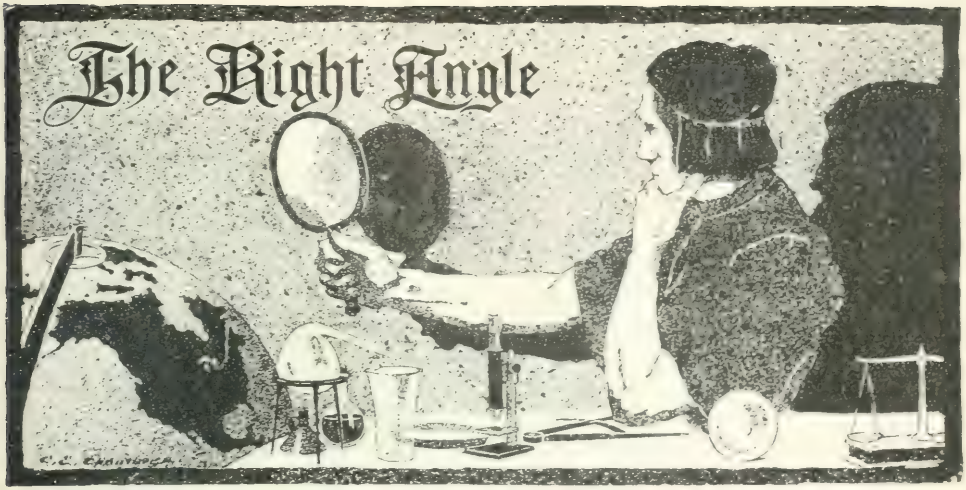
THE CONVERSATION

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE parlor light was low and dim,
Yet not too dim and not too low;
He talked to her and she talked to him—
Yet what they said they did not know.
They talked about the latest play,
They chatted of the newest book,
But somehow each one seemed to say
A different thing with smile and look.

They talked about the flood in France,
And of the row at England's polls,
Of an amusing circumstance,
Of chocolate, of breakfast rolls.
Of making change on trolley cars,
Of pictures in a magazine,
Of what they put in good cigars,
Of how to crank a big machine.

At last he said that he must go;
It took some time to say "Good night"—
The parlor lamp burned dim and low,
But both their hearts were glad and light.
In conversation aptly led,
The evening had been nicely spent,
Though neither knew what either said,
Each knew just what the other meant.



NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER?

ROALD AMUNDSEN is a man of imagination, but he does not know it. His discovery of the South Pole was a matter of fact performance. There is no tinge of fancy in anything he has said about it. Yet an endowment of high imagination was necessary to the conception, and the first prompting could only have originated in a splendid dream. So it has been with all the discoverers, save only Balboa, who found himself looking at the Pacific from that "peak in Darien" with something of disgust, for he was after gold, not water. Columbus, Cabot, Vespucci, Drake, and the whole illustrious line of continent finders, followed high visions to vast realizations. They made their dreams come true, as Amundsen has done.

To every intent, Captain Scott synchronized his location of absolute south, with that of Amundsen, and Scott is another of the same kind, though less picturesque in his outer acts. Amundsen made the North-west Passage in 1909. He was the first man to demonstrate northern continental limits, and show open water around the north end of the earth's axis, an achievement on which any man might have rested the right to fame. Anybody else would have roared it to the world from the first telegraph station. Instead of that, he wired an urgent request for an immediate remittance of funds, from which the world drew the startled inference that he must have made the passage, because he was alive, though broke.

The century is not yet twelve years old, but it has brought wondrous things. No principal point or part of the earth's surface remains now unvisited or unknown. The quest for the poles has come to an end, after almost three hundred years of terrific strain, and the loss of many, many lives. Two years ago England's thousand years of isolation was ended by Bleriot's flight across the Channel. A year earlier Zeppelin had carried passengers through the air, across the Alps. Three years before that, the Wright Brothers made sustained mechanical flights. Still earlier, Sir Oliver Lodge had found means to utilize the Herzian waves. Marconi followed with his coherer, and intelligence began to pulse over long distances by electric agitation, without wires. An up-rush of minor invention that, in other days, would have been astounding, has accompanied these great things, so fast and yet so quietly that the people have scarce made note, though they affect the conditions of life at their very base. If the man of a hundred years ago could wake up for an hour, what he would see would send him hustling back to his grave, appalled and shaken. We are only in the beginning of a new order, even at that. It is probable that if any of us now living could similarly wake for a moment a hundred years hence, we could not pull the sod up over us again half quickly enough.

THE CASE OF DOCTOR SINGH

WHAT is to be done about the Sikhs in Canada? This long standing and unpleasant question has become acute once more in the case of Dr. Sunder Singh, who is raising a vigorous protest against what he believes to be a personal persecution. Doctor Singh is a physician, holding degrees from Glasgow and London, who is now endeavoring to win a professional footing in Vancouver.

Opposed to this apparently legitimate effort stands a charge that his presence in Canada is a violation of the immigration regulations, and that he has evaded an order for deportation. He denies it.

According to the terms of his denial, he is here by right, and has within the last three years waited upon high officials of the Dominion, one of them being "the minister in charge of deportations," and has moved about freely, with no attempt to evade anything. He seems to believe that this hostility arose out of his repeated pleas for his people, amounting to a sustained demand that they be exempted from restrictions originally intended for Chinese and other Asiatics of a wholly different order.

It may be conceded to Doctor Singh that he has had comparatively little to say about himself. He might have said much, for he has a record in the British schools, and the credit of a year's successful service as medical officer aboard an ocean steamer. Moreover he is reputed to have brought $1,000 with him when he came over. By ordinary comity therefore, he stands upon definite privilege, apart from the immigrant class. The specific accusation is that he did not come into Canada by the direct route from his place of origin, a thing obviously impossible because of his intervening residence in Great Britain. This direct route requirement is the one against which he has argued most steadfastly, and the difficulty of doing anything about or to it without inviting trouble through discriminating against orientals of other races is probably responsible for the irritation that has reacted to his present discomfort.

British Columbia is sensitive on the subject, for good and well known reasons, heartily shared by the Pacific states of the Union. It is embarrassing, for that part of the country is in pressing need of labor, and white labor is not to be had. To give objectionable orientals a permanent place in the population would never do at all, and Doctor Singh declines to accept the expediency of a temporary presence. He contends that the Sikhs, being of Aryan stock, and moreover subjects of the Empire, with a proud record of loyalty to the crown and brave service in the field, should be exempted from the rules against alien and (as he views them) inferior peoples, even those of the lowlands of India who are moved in masses under labor contracts. He complains that the direct route order, passed in council about two years ago, required that the wife of a Sikh must travel by one continuous route all the way from India to Canada. There is no such continuous route. The journey would have to be broken.

These governmental measures were not idly taken, but the reasons why and the necessity for their continuance do not appear to have essential bearing on the case of Doctor Singh himself. He is not a coolie. He never has loomed as a possible charge upon the public. Trouble would seem to have fallen upon him, not because he is here in person, rightly or otherwise, but because he has attacked a labor condition, or something that indirectly affects a labor condition. That is, he has not scrupled to exercise the right of the freeborn to free speech. Why should he be denied that right, or deported because of its exercise? Oral agitation of any open question is not a thing to be afraid of, or made a cause of personal oppression. To admit that it could, would be to confess a weakness amounting to national stultification. Why not hear him for his cause? If he fails to sustain it, no harm is done. If he can sustain it, good may follow. This is not the country nor the time for putting the gag upon any man who peaceably states his opinions or argues his beliefs respecting any matter of public policy.

LITTLE GREY SONGS

ABOUT three years ago a working girl slipped and fell on an icy pavement, and was carried to a Catholic hospital near by. The fall had broken a hip bone, and it was found she had a serious spinal disorder. She was half famished at the time. She said her name was Leonie, but that was all. She was quite alone in the world. For two years she lay on a hospital cot, never complaining, always gentle and appreciative. Now and then she wrote what she called "little letters" to herself, and put them under her pillow. After her death, Sister Josephine of the hospital gathered these writings, and found them wonderful and strange. It so happened Sister Josephine was a woman of cultivation and insight. She sought about, and easily found a publisher (Houghton, Mifflin & Company). The book had immediate appeal, for the "letters" were poems showing a sense of profound things. They glimpsed knowledge of a long arc in the cycle of life, and their manner of expression was simple, yet very clear—the mark of a rare poet. Here is one of them:

My little soul I never saw,
  Nor can I count its days;
I do not know its wondrous law
  And yet I know its ways.

O, it is young as morning hours,
  And old as is the night;
O, it has growth of budding flowers,
  Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart,
  And far and fair and still,
Yet ever beats within my heart,
  And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange,
  And sees life far away,
Yet far with near can interchange
  And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths,
  And yet it does not die;
My soul has broke a thousand faiths,
  And yet it can not lie.

My soul—there's naught can make it less;
  My soul—there's naught can mar;
Yet here it weeps with loneliness,
  Within its lonely star.

My soul—not any dark can bind,
  Nor hinder any hand,
Yet here it weeps—long blind, long blind—
  And cannot understand.

It is a wistful case. A finely attuned genius stumbles upon the surface of our sorrowful star, and stays only long enough to give us some few sounds and tones from the celestial country, and then goes home again. An angel visit.

IMMORTAL CHESTNUTS

A KINDLY reader takes pains to point out that a "Chestnut and Cheese" story printed in our February number is "a very old one." It relates to the drunken gentleman who collided continually with one small tree until he believed himself lost in an impenetrable forest. The kindly reader is right. The story is old. It was stepping on its own beard when Noah was busy with the ark. The fact of its age does not affect its quality in the least, unless to make it mellow, and richer than most new ones. Look at the heading of the department in which it was printed—"Chestnuts and Cheese". Does that mean fresh mintage? The contrary, rather. It means good things, old or new.

Baring-Gould tells us in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" that there are no new stories, all being variants of seven original roots. What of it? Everybody knows that a few of the most hoary go on forever, through comparatively brief alternations of remembrance and oblivion. The impenetrable forest one goes with that other aged tale of the midnight derelict who circled the outside of a paling around a public monument until he made the discouraging discovery that he was fenced in for life; and with the Irish explanation that all blackberries are red when they are green, and the regret of the Dublin vagabond that he could not be measured for new clothes because he was that ticklish.

This kind of dope springs eternal. It is "just as good", and mayhap better, if you've never heard it before. It takes a mighty funny joke to live forever, but there are many such that age can not wither, nor custom get a chance to stale; which may be one of the perfectly sound reasons why there is nothing new under the sun. A chestnut is not ashes in the mouth, but a thing always of sweet flavor.

THE DAY THAT IT WAS RAINING

THE day that it was raining
She hurried through the town,
And all the little raindrops flashed
Like jewels coming down.
They called to one another,
Delighted as they were—
And though there was not any sun
A rainbow came with her.

The raindrops tapped the windows
For folk to look without;
They roused the lazy flowerets
That slumbered roundabout;
The raindrops all were laughing
Instead of being tears—
Such a gay rain has not been known
In half a hundred years.

The day that it was raining
She came along the street,
And all the little raindrops ran
To dance about her feet.
And so, where'er she wanders,
Down street or shady lane,
The folk that look upon her see
The sunshine in the rain.

IT IS far better to take things as they come than it is to miss them as they go.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FASHION

"AH!" exclaims the arbiter of fashion. "I have it!"

In a moment, however, his look of delight changes to one of perplexity.

"It would be splendid," he says. "This year we have made woman the shape of a test tube. If I can only scheme some way to make her the shape of a retort next year——. But I fear that is impossible."

"I thought you knew women better than to say that," observes his assistant scornfully.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

JUDGING FROM RESULTS

THERE used to be a police judge in a Kentucky town who liked a toddy before his dinner. In the same town a newcomer started a distillery whose product before long was famous for its fire and its potency.

One day, after court adjourned, the old judge was sipping a toddy at his favorite bar when a friend came in.

"Judge," said his friend, "did you ever try any of the new whisky they're making down the street here?"

"No," said the judge; "but I reckin I've tried everybody that did try it."

NATURE is said to be infallible, yet it gave the rooster a comb and no hair.

WAY DOWN SOUTH

"SOME of those Southern roadbeds are pretty rough," the commercial traveler remarked. "I remember on one occasion ordering soft fried eggs for breakfast in the dining car. After I'd waited quite a while the colored waiter returned and said: "Sorry 'bout dem fried eggs, boss. De cook says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry eggs dey scrambles."

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